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COMFORT

*The Key to Happiness and Success
in over a Million and a Quarter Homes*

JUNE
1920



"My Aunt's Necklace"

See Story on Page 3.

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COMFORT

EDITORIAL

THOUGHTS THAT BREATHE AND WORDS THAT BURN

The Suffering Public Is Organizing for Protection against the Ever Impending Strike Menace

SINCE our May issue went to press developments of a startling nature growing out of the demands of the railroad men for a large wage increase have shocked the public into a realizing sense of the possible horrors involved in the ever impending strike menace, and have started a movement for concerted action among the people at large for relief from the disastrous consequences of a tie-up of the railroads or of other public utilities.

As explained in our May editorial, the one million eight hundred and fifty thousand railroad employees in this country are demanding wage increases that average five hundred and ninety dollars more pay per man and amount to a total yearly wage increase of one billion one hundred million dollars. The railroads as a whole are not earning operating expenses and fixed charges, and it is conceded that the Interstate Commerce Commission must permit them to raise their freight rates and passenger fares in order to save them from bankruptcy and keep them going. Therefore any increase of railroad men's wages must be provided for by a further increase in carrying charges, chiefly by higher freight rates. Higher freight rates mean higher prices and higher cost of living, or in other words that the burden of paying the proposed wage increase would necessarily be passed on from the railroads to the people; and it was on this ground that the railroad managers refused to take the responsibility of granting any considerable wage increase without the approval of the Railroad Labor Board which Congress had authorized for the settlement of railroad wage disputes.

President Wilson has since appointed the nine members of the Railroad Labor Board selected, as required by law, three of them to represent the railroad wage earners, three to represent the railroads, and three to safeguard the rights and interests of the public. The chiefs of the railroad labor organizations reluctantly consented to submit their demand for wage increases to this board, and it was assumed that the entire membership would, as in duty bound, abide by the action of their officers. But a certain unruly member started an unauthorized strike of switchmen, yardmen and trainmen in and about Chicago, which, despite the efforts of the Brotherhood officers and of a large majority of the members to curb it, grew to very troublesome proportions not only there but through the Middle West and to the East as far as New York, for a time nearly paralyzing freight and passenger traffic throughout the large and populous central area of the country. In some localities factories had to suspend operation for want of coal or other material, and even the mails were delayed; freight traffic on some railroads had to be limited to transportation of the necessities of life and even at that the food supply of New York and some other large cities was endangered. Nor were the agricultural sections exempt from serious inconvenience resulting from the strike.

These strikers were rebellious members of the railroad labor organizations known as the Brotherhoods, and were incited to secede by propaganda in the interest of the I. W. W., the Communists, extreme Socialists, Bolsheviks and other radicals bent on overthrowing the Government by force. This strike, which the Brotherhoods were pleased to call an "outlaw strike" because not authorized by but in defiance of their authority, was, as they claimed, instigated by these radicals for the purpose of instituting one great Communist-Labor Union in place of the railroad Brotherhoods and the various other labor unions now affiliated under the American Federation of Labor, and thus prepare the way and provide the instrumentality for a general strike in every line of industry, transportation and other public utility, as a means of reducing the country to a state of famine, misery, anarchy and despair conducive to their plan for a bloody revolution and overthrow of the Government by force.

For this reason the railroad men who remained loyal to their Brotherhood organizations did all in their power to break the strike, and in this they were backed by the Government and by public sentiment most effectively expressed in the form of a legion of volunteer strike-breakers. College students and business and professional men helped run the trains while millionaires even donned firemen's overalls and shoveled coal on the locomotives. The strike was soon broken and most of the strikers have gone back to work—not with their old rating, however, but to start again at the foot of the ladder as new men.

By this experience added to that of the coal strike in which the Kansas mines were kept in successful operation by volunteers the public has learned the lesson of the strike menace and has been aroused to the necessity of preparedness to meet and overcome its evil consequences.

As a rule the rights and interests of the public are but remotely, if at all, concerned in strikes of factory hands or other industrial laborers, and in such controversies between this class of employees and their employers the public has no right to interfere. But strikes which suspend or cripple the operation of public service companies such as steam railroads, street railroads, water, gas, electric light, telephone or telegraph companies, or even of coal mines, and thereby imperil the health or lives of the people, or subject a community to great inconvenience, suffering and financial loss, affect the vital interests of the public. In such case the public is an involuntary third party to the strike and, having rights and interests at stake that are paramount to those of either of the other parties, is justified in taking effective measures to prevent being pulverized between the upper and nether millstones in the strife between labor and capital. All labor-disputes that involve the public welfare should be required by law to be decided by arbitration, and strikes that affect public utility service should be prohibited.

Heretofore the "helpless public" has been the goat of such conflicts, and in too many instances this power of torturing the community has been used as a club to force the granting of demands supported by actual or threatened strikes. But at last the patient and long-suffering worm has turned on its tormentors and is manifesting a disposition and power to defend itself. When the Boston police struck last fall the citizens of Massachusetts rallied at the call of Governor Coolidge and patrolled the city until a new, permanent police force was organized, volunteers worked the coal mines of Kansas during the coal strike, as previously stated, and then the Kansas legislature, on Governor Allen's recommendation, enacted a law which forbade such strikes and created a special court with power to decide all wage and industrial disputes between coal miners and their employers. But it is in and around New York that the popular movement to form permanent organizations of volunteers prepared, when called on, to keep trains running and food and other necessities moving in future industrial crises has made the most progress. And regarding this a New York banker, who did his "bit" as a locomotive fireman during the recent railroad strike, says:

"We are organizing to meet the threats of 'Red' revolution, of the 'one big union,' and of 'industrial chaos' that we hear on all sides.

"Our citizens are enrolling themselves for training as street-car conductors and motormen, as railroad brakemen, switchmen, firemen, and the like.

"Our girls are volunteering to learn how to operate telephone switchboards and to become telegraph operators, and others are ready to learn the work necessary to keep in operation other public service utilities."

Thousands have joined the "Citizens' Protective

Union" in response to the appeal of the New York Chamber of Commerce for "volunteers to enroll themselves and take a pledge to remain in readiness to serve in any capacity in an effort to keep the usual methods of travel and communication going, both in transportation of passengers and of food commodities." The "Middle Class Union" was recently incorporated under the laws of the State of New York for the purpose of "organizing the great host of unorganized individuals who are neither labor-unionists, politicians, nor capitalists." Its object is to secure fair play for all classes and to resist class tyranny whether attempted by would-be profiteers on the one hand or by promoters of unreasonable strikes on the other. The activities of the "Middle Class Union" are not to be confined to the limits of New York State but are to be nation-wide, and it is claimed that already it is working to establish branches in thirty-six states. The "Middle Class Union" differs from all other "Unions" in that it does not seek to obtain special advantages for its members. Its slogan is "Fair Play for All," and its members will benefit only to the extent that the community benefits by its efforts. Though strictly non-partisan it is expected to exert a purifying and uplifting influence in politics, as its local branches will naturally become rallying centers for voters to discuss the relative merits of aspirants for political honors and combine for the nomination and election of such candidates as they deem most interested and best qualified to represent the people and serve the interests of the public rather than those of any class.

New Revolution Blazes Up in Mexico

CIVIL war has raged with varying intensity during the past nine years in Mexico and within the last few weeks an extensive and formidable revolt has sprung up against Carranza, the self-constituted President, which bids fair to rid that distracted country of its pestiferous ruler. Few will regret the fall of this usurper whose tyranny has alienated the support of his former followers. A treacherous enemy to the United States and secret ally of the Kaiser, he did his worst to betray our country in the World War. On the overthrow of former President Huerta, in the accomplishment of which our Government was largely instrumental by its persistent hostility and finally through the seizure and occupation of Vera Cruz by our army and navy, Carranza took advantage of the chaotic condition to set himself up as President of Mexico by force of arms. He refused all requests and demands, at that time, to submit to the will of the people to be expressed through an election, and until now has maintained his despotic sway by military power. After years of usurped power the pressure of public opinion finally compelled him to order a presidential election soon to be held. He entered the list of candidates and to make sure that he should be elected he distributed his army in such manner as to intimidate the voters who favored the candidacy of his rivals. Because of this the other presidential candidates have joined forces in the present insurrection which promises to become a successful, speedy and almost bloodless revolution.

Scores of his best officers, after first advising and then demanding his resignation from the presidency, have left Carranza and given their support to the revolution; his soldiers by regiments and divisions have been deserting him and going over to strengthen the forces of his enemies. With such remnant of his army as still persists in following his fortunes, he is fleeing before the rapidly advancing revolutionary forces which have already made triumphant entry into the capital city. Good-by to Carranza and good riddance of him, for whoever may be his successor the chances are that the change will be for the better, for the welfare of Mexico and the peace of America.

COMFORT'S EDITOR:

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MY AUNT'S NECKLACE

By T. Rogers Lyons

See front cover illustration.

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"AND are you going to sit still and let them get away with it?" The Athenian nose and the Puritanical chin almost came together—my aunt had a decisive way of speaking.

"But Aunt," I remonstrated, "you have had three detective agencies, and the city police have been more than usually active, and they could find no trace. What would you have me do?"

"I would have you get out and find it."

"Me?"

"Yes, you. You don't seem to have anything to prevent you. If you had any business, or any inclination to attend to business if you had one, you could be excused, but as you do nothing but loaf and wander around anyway, you might at least put in time looking for it. That necklace was worth \$50,000 and I don't want to lose it."

"But I am not a detective."

"There are many things you are not. You have a degree but you are not a lawyer. You have a college education but you are not a scholar. You have plenty of money but you are not a capitalist or a business man. You have unlimited leisure but you do nothing but waste it. I believe, in spite of appearances, that you have brains, and I would suggest that you give them a little exercise—find that necklace."

It was something over a year since I had returned from college, with the degree spoken of, and as my income was more than ample to cover all my wants, I failed to see just why I should plunge into disinclination at once. My disinclination to go to work at once was the thing that my aunt could not understand; otherwise Mrs. Van and myself were very good friends.

And it was a peculiar situation.

There had been a theater party, given by one of aunt's friends—a very exclusive affair. As was usual on such occasions, the ladies wore considerable jewelry, or jewelry of considerable value.

At this time Mrs. Van had worn her diamond necklace part of the time, for sometime during the evening the necklace disappeared. Mrs. Van was positive that she had the jewelry in her possession when the last curtain fell. It further transpired that one of the ladies who occupied the box with my aunt was acquainted with the leading lady, Miss Garcia Empon, and that it was arranged that Miss Empon was to meet Mrs. Van and go home with her. For that reason, very soon after the final curtain, Miss Empon came into the box before aunt left; in fact, aunt had been introduced to the singer and had spoken with her a few moments. Aunt insisted that it was during these few moments that she lost that necklace. Of course no one believed her; at any rate, when she reached home the necklace was gone, and since that time no one in Mrs. Van's employ, at least, had found any trace of the missing ornament.

And she wanted me to find it. I thought at the time that she was asking an impossibility of me; so I said to her, with the very finest brand of sarcasm that I could command:

"Why surely, Aunt, any one ought to be willing to do so simple a little thing as that, especially if so doing would oblige you in the least."

But alas for my particular brand of sarcasm, I had drawn it too fine, or aunt had not been educated up to it, for she said:

"Well, if you feel that way about it, I'm satisfied; draw on me for expenses, but get that necklace. You always were a good sport, Jim, even if you won't work."

What could I do? Could I rudely shake a confidence of this nature? She really believed that if I would permit myself the necessary ambition, I could succeed where other, and perhaps better, men had failed. It was clearly up to me. But, shades of departed sleuths, how?

That night as I retired to rest I sincerely wished that I might be taken up in the arms of Morpheus and waffled to that celestial region where I might commune a few moments with the late departed Sherlock Holmes. I felt in need of assistance; I was to go to sleep as plain James R. Kirk but I was to rise up a detective—perhaps. Likely not.

Before another day had passed, however, I knew all that any one on our side of the puzzle knew, and that was not much. I learned that it was not likely that Miss Empon was a jewel thief, but that the lady herself was about five feet two, natural blonde hair, plump figure, weight about 125. Several photographs supplied other details too numerous to mention. The one distinguishing mark was that Miss Empon had a small brown mole just under the lobe of her left ear. I was further informed that the Euxine Opera Company had disbanded about two weeks after Mrs. Van's theater party, and that Miss Empon had departed for parts unknown. The departure was no secret; she had told the detectives candidly that Garcia Empon was a "stage name," but she had so fully satisfied everyone that she was not in any way connected with the matter that they had failed to obtain her real name or learn her destination.

Therefore behold a young man with ample means about to pursue an opera singer—which I am given to understand is sometimes done in real life as well as in fiction. This time an opera singer with a mole in the vicinity of the lobe on the left ear preferred. But why pursue her? Simply because nothing else would satisfy my aunt, and for the better reason that there was not any other shadow of substance to pursue. Of course, it was generally admitted that Miss Empon had nothing whatever to do with it; my aunt, being the minority of one, however, holding a contrary opinion.

She might be anybody. She might be anywhere. It might transpire that she was really

Mrs. Smith, and after having had her fling had meekly gone back to Smith and the children and was at that moment peacefully sequestered in a flat in Hoboken, or Kansas City, or Dawson City. Maybe she had gone back to the farm. One lifetime was really too short to even figure out the numerous possibilities, but, relying on the accepted theory that "once an actress always an actress," I figured that I might snoop around among the profession and see what I could pick up.

Having always had a taste for mimicry, I made up, so far as clothes and cravats went, to impersonate an actor, and as such I moved in theatrical circles unchallenged.

Confidently I searched New York, hopefully Chicago, then traveled west, chasing my forlorn hope through Kansas City, Denver, and on to San Francisco. The end of a most promising lead found me in Atlanta, Georgia, all but ready to quit. Many promising leads had been followed, but all ended in nothingness. I had seen blonde actresses, yes thousands of them. Many were about five foot, two, some had small brown moles near their left ears, there were five or six Garcias and one lone Empon, but there was no single one in which were found all the requirements of the description. That description I had learned by heart: I got into the habit of sizing up every woman I met and comparing her with that description. The photographs were constantly in my mind; I could visualize the different poses in the dark. In fact, I was obsessed with visions of the missing singer.

In the course of a walk that I was aimlessly taking one afternoon, I came upon a crowd of people who were getting each other in a good-natured way to get a view of something that was taking place in a store window—what was it that was attracting all this attention? I was never to learn—for there, right in front of me, standing on tiptoe to see over the shoulder of the man in front of her, was—if not an optical illusion—the object of my search. The well-remembered description ran methodically through my mind. Yes, she checked at every point.

"Eureka!"

But now what was I going to do? Obviously, I must keep track of her until I knew her better. Therefore I stepped out of the crowd, waited for her to satisfy her curiosity, then quietly traced her to her abiding place—whether residence or boarding place I did not then know, but a small and very refined sign in one of the windows informed me that there were "Furnished rooms to rent."

From then on it was easy. I had no difficulty in obtaining lodgings at the same address. Then, as of course introductions were in order and James R. Kirk was very much pleased to meet Miss Grace Empon—did you notice it, Grace Empon, so near, too near in fact, to be at all doubtful? Grace Empon of ordinary walks and ways was certainly Garcia Empon of the stage.

Now for the dirty work.

The front porch was long and wide, the weather ideal, comfortable chairs at one end of the otherwise deserted veranda.

"You have always lived in the South, Miss Empon?"

"Oh, no, Mr. Kirk, I have traveled a great deal."

"For pleasure, I presume?"

"Much of it was for pleasure, as I enjoyed my work, but it was really business, you know. And you?"

"I? Well, I am a bird of passage also, but not on business. My home is in Detroit, Michigan."

"Oh, Detroit! I hear it spoken of as a very pretty city, as well as a decidedly flourishing one, but I have never been there myself."

Thoughts came unbidden; ungallant as it was, I believed the lady lied. It was all so perfect up to that, all the description tallied, the photographs told tales of their own, each separate expression depicted on the print I had seen in the living original, she had traveled, she liked her work—they always call it "work"—the name was similar. The one flaw in the plot was that she had simply heard of Detroit. Suspicious, decidedly suspicious.

During the thinking my talk had continued. I was informed that her head office was in New York, but she was in Atlanta on a short vacation. I pulled the conversation onto theaters.

"You have one privilege in New York that is denied outsiders. You always see the best theatrical and musical comedy productions."

"Oh, yes, I believe that is true, but, personally, I do not care for theatrical performances, they are so unreal and staid, not a natural thing about them; musical comedy is amusing, some of the plots would drive you wild, but a great deal of the music is really pretty. While it may show a very plebeian taste, I prefer the movies; there everything is natural, except when some staged performance is filmed, and then it is worse than the spoken drama."

What do you know about that? If you had been in my place, what would you have thought of that? This lady was certainly some gay deceiver. More adroit cross-examination and I learned that the lady claimed to be a free-lance illustrator whose work had figured prominently in many publications for the last three years.

There was no use talking; by the way she had that alibi fixed up it was certain that she was the necessary party. If she did not have some guilty knowledge of that necklace, why go to all this trouble to work up so elaborate an alibi? It was too bad, very much too bad, she was such an innocent looking little thing, besides being pretty, intelligent and entertaining. The deeper I got into this the less I relished the situation.

It transpired that her vacation had two weeks yet to run and, as both of us had nothing to do but kill time, it was perfectly natural that we should do this murdering together. And we did. We motored, walked and went to the movies.

And such is the inconsistency of man that long before the end of the first week I fervently wished that Aunt Martha's necklace had never existed. Why spoil such a perfectly good time and such interesting possibilities with any old necklace? And, as a matter of fact, what was there to connect this young woman with the necklace? Simply a description that tallied in every point, and seven photos that any one would say were taken from the living model. At all convenient and inconvenient times I probed for further information. For several days, as Aunt Martha's sleuthhound, I attempted to fasten the necklace on her. No, I mean I attempted to prove that she had some knowledge of the necklace. Then gradually by degrees, as realization was forced upon me, I fought like a galley slave to prove that she had nothing to do with it, never heard of it, that it was impossible that she could have ever thought of it. Why, any one had but to look at her and be convinced that she never had anything to do with anybody's valuables. But could I let Grace—

I always thought of her as "Grace" after I realized—rest under any cloud whatever? No, not even the cloud of my own amateurish and vague early suspicions. There was not any doubt whatever that I had been barking up the wrong tree. But then, you know, there was the description and the photographs. It was awful.

Early in the second week Grace developed a mania for going to the telegraph office alone. That was suspicious. What did a free-lance illustrator want at a telegraph office? I didn't know, but it seemed wrong somehow. Was she communicating with a pal? Oh, Lord, what I suffered! Why must I be harassed with doubts torn with anxiety, and rendered half-crazy by jealousy? Day by day she went; I saw the messages; there were a number of them, and when I saw them one was partly open, worse and more of it, it was in cipher.

And in the stillly watches of that night I firmly vowed that I would renounce forever the role of a detective, would make a clean breast of it, I would endure the suspense no longer, and Aunt Martha—damn Aunt Martha.

But as she walked beside me in the cool clear light of day, how could I tell her? Why it would be sacrilege. I could not bring myself to do it, so I babbled on like the distraught thing I was, using what wits I had left to keep up my end of the conversation.

But the worst was yet to come. It was Friday, the next to last day of the second week of her vacation, the evening meal had been eaten and the sun was low. We occupied a bench in a park near by. I was glad she was going away tomorrow, yet I could scarcely see how I could bear the separation.

Then the crash came.

"Well, Mr. Kirk, what do you propose to do?"

"Do?" I mumbled as imbecile as possible.

"Yes, do?"

"What do you mean?" with a hope I did not feel.

"Why did you seek my acquaintance?"

"Because I like you. Idiot—I loved her."

"You had no other object?"

"None."

"Lying is a poor trade even for a detective, Mr. Kirk."

I was somehow reminded of Aunt Martha—the way she said that. It snapped.

"Detective—what makes you think I am a detective?"

"I don't think so. I think you think so."

"You think I was spying on you?"

"I know you were."

"Did you at the same time find a reason for my so doing?" I was feeling better; now that the cat was out of the bag, I would hold my own; I owed that to myself and—

"Not at the same time but since."

"What do you think I was seeking?"

"I know you were looking for information."

"What about?"

"Myself, mostly."

"What else?"

"Was it an article?" she asked with a suspicion of a smile.

"Was it?" I parried guardedly.

"Was it an article composed of several?"

I nearly fell off the bench so great was my astonishment.

"Name it."

"A diamond necklace, for instance."

Oh, guardian of the demented, look at the spectacle! Down had fallen my house of cards at that moment. Could it be true? Was she going to blast all my hopes and dreams by confessing a theft in that manner?

And she looked at me and laughed—incomprehensibly.

"What do you know of a diamond necklace?"

I demanded. I was fully aroused and would see this thing through.

"Oh, Mr. Kirk, it's such a comfort to have you ask that question right out. You have suggested it, hinted at it and gone around it every day we have spoken together since you came; it's really refreshing to have you come out and ask it at last."

"Well."

"I know a great deal more about it than you do."

"Candid, I'm sure," I said bitterly.

"Sorry I can't say as much for you," she returned, laughing.

That laugh jarred on me.

"This is no subject for mirth, Gr—Miss Empon."

"But I find it extremely funny."

"Then is theft amusing?"

"Did I say so?"

"You said you found the subject funny."

"I do, very funny."

"Do you deny the subject is the theft of a necklace?"

"I do?"

"What was it then?"

"The extent of my knowledge—wasn't it?"

"What do you know about it?"

"I to know and you to find out," she replied saucily, mimicking a small child. Ye gods, she enjoyed this but it was rough on Yours Truly. I replied testily:

"But there are means of finding out."

"Some you have not yet tried?"

"Yes, I—that is—"

"What? I'm interested."

"Your partial confession will make you liable to arrest."

"But what if I lied?"

"Your statements, true or false, might be used against you."

"How?"

"You confess that you know about this necklace."

"Yes."

"You were in Detroit on February 27th."

"Guess again."

"Where were you?"

"You would use it against me; I won't tell. But seriously, Mr. Kirk, would you have me arrested on the evidence you have?"

"Have you arrested? Never!"

"But you said that—"

"I said no such thing."

"Well, why not have me arrested?"

"There is the best of reasons."

"What?"

"Well, definitely, 'I love you. I know it won't do any good, and after this you will never even speak to me again, but that does not alter the fact—I love you.'"

"Yet you suspected me of theft."

"That was before I knew you."

"Yet in spite of appearances you beneved in me, part of the time?"

"I can hardly explain it; in one sense I believed in you implicitly, in another I could not explain why it was you so exactly resembled the lady in the seven photographs."

"That is not strange; they were my photographs."

"Your photographs?" I was astonished and dumbfounded.

"Yes, mine."

"How do you know?"

"I know it, as I know other matters that mystify you. But, really, in spite of all appearances you loved me?"

"I did and do."

"In spite of my admission that the photographs you carry are actually mine?"

"Yes, in spite of that."

"But what if I stole the necklace?"

"You didn't," vehemently.

"What would be your feeling if that were true?"

"It would make no difference; that fact would remain."

"You are not serious."

"Never more so. So much that I ask you to marry me today if you can consent to marry an ass or a boob."

"Then you would marry me today and not know any more than you do now?"

"Would I?"

"Well, not today?"

For once I had my wits with me and closed the deal right then and there, for better or for worse. When she got loose, she asked:

"Are you ready for explanations?"

"Explain if you want to, but as for me I don't care just as long as I have you, and you know the whole thing. I'm content; the thing that has worried me was that you would find out, and now that you have found out I am more than satisfied."

"Logical, aren't you?" she laughed happily.

"No, lovely," I corrected. Silly, wasn't it?

I was really too happy to let her explain much; I was more interested in other things, but after awhile she compelled me to listen by threatening to go in and leave me alone if I didn't listen. I would have listened to a cracked phonograph record rather than have that happen.

Then she told me.

The first day or so she was puzzled; then she began to analyze my system of questioning, and came to the conclusion that I was a detective and that she was wanted for something. Later she surmised that it was a robbery I was interested in. Then I was informed that before taking up art she had done a great deal of stenographic work for her uncle, George Empon, Chief of Detectives of New York City, and in that capacity had learned his code. She felt that she had needed help and had wired her uncle, who had put the wheels to work with the result that it was but three days before the person who had sung in Detroit on February 27th was safely in custody. Then the rest of the story came out. The "opera singer" had quite a police record. She was really dark haired, and her name was not Garcia Empon, and why she had adopted a disguise patterned after the seven original photographs of Grace Empon, neither the prisoner, the Chief nor my informant knew, it was just a chance.

I was listening more or less dreamily while she told me about it; then I asked:

"Grace, will you marry me?"

"Well, you seem to be a bad actor, a bum detective, and generally someone ought to take care of you."

And that was as near as this woman would come to saying "yes," but it was just as binding.

"But, Jim, don't you want to know about your Aunt Martha's necklace?"

"Hang Aunt Martha's necklace!"

While I said that impatiently, it was one prayer that was duly answered.

They hung that confounded necklace on my wife's neck the day we were married.

Wedding Superstitions

By Rosalie Barton Cummings

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PROBABLY nothing in life has so many superstitions grouped around it as a marriage. Many of these ideas are centuries old and some of them go way back to the dawn of history and no one knows their origin. Of course, we do not believe now that certain days, or colors or ways of doing simple things can affect the future or make wedded life either happy or unhappy, but yet we are always interested in what once upon a time people really believed, and some of us are known even today to feel rather worried if the omens are against us.

Here is an old rhyme that shows what happens to the unfortunate bride who selects the wrong color to be married in:

Married in white, you have chosen all right;
Married in gray, you will go far away;
Married in black, you will wish yourself back;
Married in red, you will wish yourself dead;
Married in green, ashamed to be seen;
Married in blue, he will always be true;
Married in pearl, you will live in a whirl;
Married in yellow, ashamed of your fellow;
Married in brown, you will live out of town;
Married in pink, your spirits will sink.

There is another ancient doggerel about the months of the year that are most propitious for the ceremony:

Marry when the year is new,
Always loving, kind and true—
When the February birds do mate,
You may wed, nor dread your fate.
If you marry when March winds blow,
Joy and sorrow both you'll know.
Marry in April when you can,
Joy for maiden and for man;
Marry in the month of May,
You will surely rue the day.
Marry when June roses blow,
Over land and sea you'll go.
They who in July do wed
Must labor always for their bread.
All who wed in August be,
Many a chance are sure to see.
Marry in September's shine,
Your living will be rich and fine.
If in October you do marry,
Love will come but riches tarry.
If you wed in bleak November,
Only joy will come, remember.
When December's snows fall fast,
If you marry, love will last.

There are many sayings that have been handed down for years and years. They mostly treat of the unlucky things which might happen:

A man may marry once without a crime,
But cursed is he who weds a second time.
'Tis ill-luck to a bride to see her face in a glass
by candlelight.

Change the name and not the letter,
Change for worse and not for better.

Great joy shown in the bride's face presages misfortune.

Married in haste, one may repent at leisure.

Should the wedding ring be dropped during the ceremony, it is a sign of ill-luck, but if a bridegroom carries a miniature horseshoe in his pocket, it leads to good luck in the future.

No telegrams should be given to the bride or bridegroom on the way to church; it is surely a sign of evil.

Kiss a bride directly after a ceremony has taken place, before her husband has an opportunity to do so, and then you will have good luck throughout the year.

If a bride sees a coffin while driving to the station on departure for her wedding tour, she should order the driver to turn back and start over again, or else she will probably meet with bad luck in the future.

When a bride dreams of fairies the night before her marriage, she must consider herself

blessed, and if she finds a spider on her wedding-dress, it also means a blessing.

The orange blossom, as the flower for the bridal wreath, comes to us from the Spaniards, who got it from the Moors who overran Granada. In ancient history, the "myrtle crowns the happy lover's brow," and in many countries it is still used.

The custom of "shoe-throwing" as an emblem of good luck is accounted for in various ways. Some think that it is a relic of the custom by which the bridegroom was wont to carry off his bride by force amidst the good-humored assaults of her relatives; while others say that as the shoe was in ancient days a sign of authority, the throwing of it is a symbol of the transfer of parental right to the husband.

The Bible mentions this ancient custom of throwing the shoe as an emblem of authority when in the Psalms it says, "Over Edom shall I cast out my shoe."

Rice-throwing was first practiced in the East, and at Parsee weddings the bridegroom has it frequently dashed into his face during the ceremony. Rice is an omen of plenty.

His Heart's Queen

by Mrs. Georgie Sheldon



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CHAPTER XXXIII (CONTINUED).

IT was later than usual when Sarah returned to her charge that Tuesday afternoon, after putting her own home to rights, and, being very weary, she thought she would prepare Violet's supper before going up stairs and thus save herself one journey.

"The poor thing has been alone all the afternoon, and I'll get her something nice," she thought; and, ignoring her weariness, she prepared a hot, dainty supper, arranged it temptingly upon a tray, and then mounted the stairs to Violet's room.

Upon reaching it and attempting to unlock the door, she found the key was missing.

She was much surprised at this, for she never removed it from the lock when she left the house, and so she could only account for it by supposing that Mr. Mencke must be inside with his prisoner.

She knocked on the door.

There was no reply and no sound of voices within.

"Miss Violet, are you asleep?" she called, for, seeing no light, she thought perhaps she might have lain down for a nap. Still she could not account for the missing key.

She knocked again, louder, but all was silent, and, becoming very much alarmed, she put her tray down upon the floor, sped through her own room to the other door leading into Violet's, unlocked and threw it wide open, only to find the chamber empty.

With a cry of dismay she rushed to the closet where the girl had kept her hat and ulster.

That was also empty, and the woman grew deadly pale. Then it occurred to her that perhaps Mr. Mencke might have come himself during her absence and taken Violet away.

She tried to console herself with this explanation, until, while moving about the room, her foot came in contact with the pincers, which Violet had left lying upon the floor near the door, and the sight of these explained everything to her.

"Ah, she's a keen one," she muttered, "she made that hole in the water-pipe hoping to get a chance to tell her story to the plumber; but when that failed she stole one of my tools to let herself out with. What will Mr. Mencke say to it, I wonder?"

She was not long left in doubt as to that gentleman's opinion upon the subject, for she soon heard him come in, and hastened down to tell him what had happened.

He was terribly angry, and did not hesitate to make it apparent by giving vent to the most violent oaths. But Sarah was a high-spirited piece of humanity herself, and distinctly gave him to understand that, having been faithful and loyal to his cause, she would not meekly submit to abuse for what she was in no way to blame.

She told him what she suspected, showing him the pincers lying just where Violet had left them, and he was obliged to acknowledge that the girl had outwitted them.

Then they tried to ascertain how she had got out of the house. They imagined that she must have left it by the basement door, since it was the only one that had not been securely fastened, and they found it partially open, and did not once suspect that she had walked away over the top of the house.

Wilhelm Mencke bestirred himself after that, and spent hours that evening trying to get trace of his recent captive; but no one had seen her on the street, neither had the policeman on that beat observed any such person as he described.

After searching in vain in that locality, he took a hack and drove with all possible speed to Fifth Avenue, hoping to learn whether Violet had returned to Mr. Lawrence—he naturally supposed that she would go directly home.

He hung about the house for an hour or two without seeing any one come out or go in; but at last he heard the front door open, and presently two men came out upon the street.

He followed them as closely as he dared, and to his intense satisfaction, he heard one of them remark to the other:

"It is the most mysterious affair imaginable, and Lawrence is nearly worn out with anxiety. He must have grown very fond of the girl; but I don't believe he will ever see her again."

Wilhelm Mencke did not care to hear any more. It was evident that Violet had not yet returned to Fifth Avenue. But she must be somewhere in the city—possibly she was even then on her way down town.

He prowled around Mr. Lawrence's residence until after midnight, and then, feeling sure that she would not come after that hour, he returned, cold and weary, to his lodging.

He slept late the next morning, and was only aroused when Sarah came to his door saying that she had a letter for him, which had come by the early delivery.

It was the one which his wife had written the previous evening, and having dropped it in the letter-box before the last collection, the first delivery of the morning had brought it to her husband as she had intended it should.

It was brief, but to the point, reading as follows:

"B. M. has just seen the advertisement; she can be found at No. 114 on the same street. V. is with her and has related various matters. Come as soon after receiving this as possible."

The man was amazed as well as overjoyed at this unexpected "luck," as he considered it, for he would not only recapture his bird, but he also felt sure, from the tenor of his wife's communication, that she suspected something of the nature of his



Presently a good natured Irish girl looked down upon her.

plans, and was willing to help him carry them out.

It was very strange, he thought, that she should be almost within a stone's throw of him, while he had been so long seeking her. It was evident, too, that she was not in the most flourishing condition, or she would not be living in that locality; but if he could succeed in carrying out his scheme, they would both soon be living in affluence again.

This scheme was much as Mrs. Mencke suspected—he meant to get possession of Violet's fortune through her, with the intention of skipping for Canada immediately after; taking the young girl with him if she would go, if not, she might go back to the wealthy banker and finally discover her husband if she could.

He made a hasty breakfast, and then set out at once for the number given in the letter, where, as we already know, Violet herself opened the door to give him entrance.

He chuckled audibly, and shook his portly sides with inward laughter at the poor girl's undisguised terror and aversion upon seeing him.

"So, so, my pretty runaway, you thought you had escaped out of the snare of the fowler, did you?" he remarked, with a coarse laugh, as he pushed his way into the room and shut the door after him; then turning to his wife, who was sitting in a rocker before the stove, he said, in an indifferent, off-hand way:

"Well, Belle, old girl, how are you?—a trifle under the weather, I judge, both physically and financially. We have both had rather hard luck during the last year or two, but it looks a little brighter ahead for us now."

Mrs. Mencke replied to his greeting somewhat coldly; then she turned to Violet with something of her old imperiousness.

"Betrayed you, Violet! What do you mean?" she demanded.

"You have violated my confidence," Violet responded, indignantly, "you have deceived me—outraged my feelings and played upon my sympathies only to betray me into the power of the man from whom I have but just escaped. You are an unfeeling and an unnatural sister!"

Mrs. Mencke gave vent to a short, peculiar laugh at this last assertion, while she exchanged a significant glance with her husband.

"Well, perhaps that isn't so strange as it appears, after all, Violet," she retorted sharply, for the girl's words angered her, while she had been nursing her envy of her since she learned of the fortune which had so recently fallen to her.

"And," she added, "you may as well know the truth first as last—I am past caring to conceal it any longer—I am as amazed and incredulous at this astounding statement."

"What do you mean?" she faltered.

"This," Mrs. Mencke said excitedly, for since she had resolved to wrong the girl, she did not care how the truth came out; "your father was married twice; his first wife was my mother, and I was the child of a former husband, Mr. Huntington promised to adopt me as his own, however, and did so, giving me his name, directly after his marriage. When I was six years old my mother died. A few months later Mr. Huntington married again, and you were born before the close of the year following; so you perceive that not one drop of kindred blood flows in our veins. Papa did not go to Cincinnati until after your birth, so no one there ever knew that we were not sisters, for we always shared alike even to the property which he left at his death."

"I see, and it explains everything to me," Violet said, looking very grave and pale as Mrs. Mencke paused.

"What does it explain—especially?" the woman demanded.

"A great many things," Violet answered. "First of all, that remark you made, one night at home, and I chanced to overhear, when you said something about a 'secret that must never be breathed.' It explains, too, your lack of sympathy with me, your excessive anger and unreasonableness when I have happened to do anything contrary to your wishes; your determination to separate me from the man I loved, and to make me marry one whom I did not love; and this last piece of treachery and heartlessness, which exceeds all that you have ever done before. You have surely proved beyond a doubt that you are of no kin to me." Violet concluded, with a stinging accent of scorn.

"You are a saucy jade," snapped Wilhelm Mencke, scowling darkly at her. "You do not take into consideration the years of care which Belle has given you, nor the comfortable home which she shared with you so long."

"Yes, I do, for I was grateful until you—both of you—forgot my affection and respect by your unfeeling and overbearing treatment. And now that I know the truth," the fair girl went on, with curling lips and flashing eyes, "I also took into consideration the fact that, but for my father's generosity, she could not have borne the honored name of Huntington, nor shared in the wealth which otherwise would have been mine."

"You will be very friendly will you not, Wallace?"

alone. I do not forget, either," she concluded, facing the man boldly, "that you have squandered not only her share of that fortune, but mine also."

"And you would not just relish providing me with another to dispose of in the same way?" he sneered, with a disagreeable laugh.

"No; and I do not intend to, either," Violet replied, with undaunted spirit, though she was beginning to tremble and feel weak from the excitement of the interview. "I know all about the recent windfall that I have had; but, Wilhelm Mencke, you shall never have the handling of Jonas Huntington's money."

The man looked astounded at this revelation. "How did you know anything about Jonas Huntington's money?" he demanded, flushing angrily. "I believe you are a wizard; but, oh! I see!" he added, suddenly; "I dropped that letter in your room—you read it, then slipped it over the door into the hall."

"Yes, I read it; so you perceive I have discovered the secret of your kidnapping me," Violet quietly returned.

"Much good may it do you," he retorted gruffly. "Now I wonder if I can't tell you a secret which you believe to be safely locked within your own breast—Violet, when shall we introduce you to the world as Mrs. Wallace Richardson—wife of the beggarly carpenter, whom you so much admired a couple of years ago?"

A violent shock went through the young girl at the sound of that loved name, and at the knowledge that the secret of her marriage was known to these two, who had proved themselves to be such bitter enemies, when they should have been her best friends.

She tried to reply—to ask how he had found it out, but could not—struggled for breath for a moment, for she seemed to be suffocating, and then fell forward in a dead faint.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

VIOLET MAKES A FLANK MOVEMENT.

Wilhelm Mencke strode forward, lifted the unconscious girl, and laid her upon the bed; then taking a seat near his wife, he remarked, in an indifferent tone:

"She'll do well enough. Let her come to by herself; I want to talk to you."

Mrs. Mencke cast an anxious glance at Violet. Common humanity and her own conscience prompted her to go to her assistance; but her husband, seeing the look, said, peremptorily:

"Sit still! She will come to no harm for a few moments, and I don't want her to hear what I have to say. You know—she has told you about this property that Jonas Huntington has left her?"

"I know that he has left her something," Mrs. Mencke briefly returned.

"Something!" It is a matter of a hundred thousand or more."

"So much?"

"Yes; and if we manage things shrewdly, we can retrieve our own fortunes by means of it."

"How?"

"I want you to go to Cincinnati and claim this property. The lawyer with whom I have been corresponding is satisfied that you are the next of kin, since everybody believes her"—with a gesture indicating Violet—"to be dead. Of course he doesn't know anything about that early adoption, and it isn't likely that we are going to spoil our prospects by enlightening him. I've been trying to get hold of the money myself; I didn't know whether you were living or dead, and I thought I might as well try for it; but old Middleton knows what he is about, and wrote that there was no chance for me without positive proof of your death."

"Well?" inquired Mrs. Mencke, as he paused.

"Well, as I have said, you must go to Cincinnati at once—tonight, if possible. You will have no difficulty in proving your identity, and the property will immediately be surrendered to you. You will then come back as soon as possible, rejoin me here—"

"And give you the privilege of squandering another fortune for me!" interposed Mrs. Mencke, with bitter sarcasm. "Not if I know it, Wilhelm Mencke. Not one dollar of this money shall you handle! You have wasted enough."

"I have been recklessly lavish, I admit, Belle; but I am ready to turn over a new leaf now," the man returned, with an appearance of sincerity.

"I hope you are," his wife retorted sharply; "but you'll have to begin upon your own account, for you will never get any of Jonas Huntington's money through me."

The man smiled, with an air of superiority.

"We must go shares in this scheme, Belle," he returned, with cool assurance.

"No, sir!" she answered, with cold decision. "Then you'll get none of it yourself," he retorted.



It was a telegram, received that very morning.

"How so?" Mrs. Mencke inquired, with a startled look.

"Because if you thwart me, all I've got to do is to take Violet's side—reveal the fact that she lives; then she'll get her own, and you are as badly off as ever," he calmly replied.

"It is a shame that it should all have been left to her," said Mrs. Mencke, sullenly, but evidently impressed that her husband had the best of the argument.

"Well, under the circumstances, I don't know as you have a right to say that," Mr. Mencke replied; "for Jonas Huntington knew, if no one else is aware of the fact, that none of the Huntington blood flows in your veins. Now, if you are sensible, you will do just as I direct; and as soon as you rejoin me here, we will skip for Canada, taking Violet with us, of course, for at present it will not do to let any one know that she is living."

"Do you realize that what you propose is a State prison crime?" demanded Mrs. Mencke.

"I can't help it. I've got to that state of desperation that I am ready for almost anything," Wilhelm Mencke sullenly retorted. "But," he added, "once in Canada, we shall be safe enough. This money will give me a splendid start—I will go into the brewing business—and just as soon as I can turn myself, I will, if possible, restore to Violet all that rightly belongs to her, and then the story of how she happens to be living can come out, for all I care."

The woman bent her head in thought.

His proposition was a strong temptation, for she had been nearly crushed by her recent misfortunes.

All her life, until this last year, she had lived amid luxury, and had been a leader in the best society of Cincinnati, and it had galled her proud spirit beyond expression to drop into obscurity as she had been obliged to do—hiding her head with shame because of her poverty, and the desertion of her husband, although this latter fact had not been known among her former friends.

Now if her husband could have the use of this money for a little while, he might be able to retrieve their fallen fortunes, and then she could resume her former position.

Still, conscience was not utterly dead; she had been fond and proud of Violet, in a certain way, in the old days, and she had never been able to forget how she had wronged her in the past; consequently she shrank from sinking still deeper in the mire of sin and depravity.

But the possibility of a return to her former brilliant life was very alluring, and then Wilhelm promised to do the right thing—it would be only for a little while that she would have to keep on doing wrong—she would be helping her husband to a more prosperous condition also, the end must justify the means, and so, smothering the voice of conscience, she resolved that she would help him to carry out his scheme.

"Will you go, Belle?" her husband asked, interrupting her musings with some impatience.

"Yes."

His face lighted up with a look of triumph.

"Tonight?"

"Yes. But what will you do with her meanwhile?" she asked, glancing at the bed.

"I will take the best of care of her until you return—she shall not escape me again," he answered, in a resolute tone.

"You will not harm her?"

"No, no. I will only see that she does not get away to upset all our plans," he replied.

"All right, then I will go and rest easy. Now that is settled, I must attend to Violet—it will not do to let her lie there unconscious any longer."

She arose and went to the bed, as she spoke, but Violet was already beginning to recover from her swoon.

Mrs. Mencke prepared a stimulating drink for her, and she was soon able to sit up, while she did not appear to be very much the worse for the shock she had sustained, though she was still very pale.

Mrs. Mencke began immediately to make preparations for her departure, although she did not mention her intention in Violet's presence.

The young girl silently watched her every movement.

She well understood what was going on, and though she was secretly very much disheartened by being again thrown into Wilhelm Mencke's power, and the knowledge that his wife was also working against her, she resolved to keep her wits upon the alert, and try to find some way to communicate to the outside world.

Mrs. Mencke finally told her that she was going away for a little while.

"I shall not be gone more than a week, Vio," she remarked, reassuringly, as she saw how very white she had grown, "and you will be kindly cared for during my absence."

"Kindly cared for," Violet repeated, with bitter emphasis.

"Well, you shall be well cared for then," the woman said, flushing. "You shall have plenty to eat, and, if you need clothing, you can help yourself to anything that is here."

"How do you expect all this plotting of yours is to end?" Violet questioned gravely.

"I hope for the benefit of us all," Mrs. Mencke responded, with assumed cheerfulness.

"I think you will find yourself terribly mistaken," Violet returned sternly, "for I warn you that I have borne all that I ever shall from either of you. I shall not tamely submit to such treatment any longer."

"Tamely or otherwise, you shall be obliged to submit for a while longer," Mrs. Mencke retorted.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 10.)

Up Go Magazine Postage Rates July First— Subscription Rates Will Have to Follow

soon after unless some means can be devised to check the continually rising price of paper and other growing costs of production.

Hasten to renew and extend your subscription at present special, low renewal rate—now, before the price advances.

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Our object is to extend a helping hand to COMFORT subscribers; to become coworkers with all who seek friendship, encouragement, sympathy or assistance through the interchange of ideas.

Any abuse of this privilege, such as inviting correspondence for the purpose of offering an article for sale, or undertaking to charge a sum of money for ideas, recipes or information mentioned in any letter appearing in this department, if reported, will result in the offender being denied the use of these columns.

Do not ask us to publish letters requesting money contributions or donations of any sort. Much as we sympathize with the suffering and unfortunate, it is impossible to do this as we would be flooded with similar requests.

Please write only on one side of the paper, and recipes on a separate sheet.

Always give your correct and full name and address, very plainly written; otherwise your letter will receive no attention.

Address Mrs. WHEELER WILKINSON, CARE COMFORT, AUGUSTA, MAINE.

THE days of "kit bags" in which to pack all our troubles to better enable us to "smile, smile, smile," are happily past, and to take its place is a "strong box" that answers the same purpose. We are indebted to a reader for this poem and isn't it a cheery one? If our troubles are ever present and visible, we can't help thinking about them but packed away safely they are more easily forgotten and instead of merely smiling we can laugh. Try it and see.

Then Laugh

"Build for yourself a strong box,
Fashion each part with care;
When it's strong as your hand can make it,
Put all your troubles there;
Hide there all thought of your failures,
And each bitter cup that you quaff;
Lock all your heartaches within it,
Then sit on the lid and laugh.

"Tell no one else its contents,
Never its secrets share;
When you've dropped in your care and worry,
Keep them forever there;
Hide them from sight so completely
That the world will never dream half;
Fasten the strong box securely,
Then sit on the lid and laugh."

LILLINGTON, N. C.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

Since reading the sisters' letters in a recent number of COMFORT and thoroughly enjoying them, as usual, I feel that I must knock for admission. Though a new subscriber, COMFORT is by no means new to me as we have kept in touch with it for three generations, grandmother, mother and me.

I would be glad to hear from any of you, especially the mothers of twins, and will try to answer all letters I receive.



JAMES ROBERT, CHARLES MAYNESS AND MARY PEARL MITCHELL.

I am sending a photograph of our three children which may be of interest to other mothers. Their names are James Robert, Charles Mayness and Mary Pearl. The babies are twins although we do not think they look alike. The boy has always been larger than the girl. The older boy is now six years old and the twins two. This picture was taken a year ago.

Husband and I look with much interest in each COMFORT for the babies' pictures and only wish there was room for more of them.

With many good wishes to all,
Sincerely, Mrs. C. P. MITCHELL.

CHAMBERSBURG, ILL.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I have been a reader of COMFORT since a small child and certainly enjoy it, particularly the Sisters' Corner. Most of the sisters seem to have heartaches and troubles to bear. I am wondering how many are as happy as I am. I have a dear little home and a nice young husband. We are living 'way up here in the hills where God's fresh air and sunshine is plentiful.

Mothers, I want to talk to you about your daughters. Do you give them the love and care a daughter should have? Give your girls a chance. Teach them to sew and keep house, and most of all, teach them to cook, and give them as good an education as possible. I've always thought that a girl never has the chance a boy has but it is all the mother's fault if she has not. Some girls are brought up in a quiet home and do not have the opportunity of having pleasure or friends. When they go out among strangers and into the world to make their living they are ignorant of the ways of the world and do not know how to help themselves or how to appear to good advantage. Remember, your daughter is just what you make her. I have one of the dearest mothers.

Dear Mrs. Wilkinson, I am wondering if you ever have any heartaches and sorrows to bear. You never tell us.

Wishing you all good luck, I will close,
Sincerely, Mrs. EARL YOUNG.

Bless you, Mrs. Young, almost everyone has heartaches and sorrows and I'm no exception, but mine fade away into almost nothing when I read of others who have greater ones. Thinking about some other person's troubles and trying to help them is a good way to forget your own. May you never have any.—Ed.

GEORGIA.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

Will you admit a little Georgia cracker to your corner? I'm glad that I'm from the cracker state so don't dare make fun of me. No, I was only joking for I know you are all too considerate to make fun of a newcomer.

I can't tell you how much I enjoy the Sisters' Corner and since the men have been admitted it is more interesting and I am glad Mrs. Wilkinson invited Bachelor Bill and his friends to come as often as they wish. They provide humor and a dash of spice to our corner.

How many of you like to read? I have read everything I could get ever since I was a child and I'm sorry to say that what I read was not always as well selected as it should have been for I was familiar with cheap trashy novels when very young when I should have been reading fairy stories and children's books.

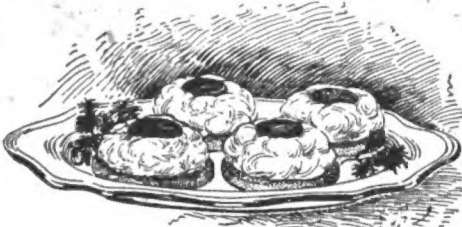
(CONTINUED ON PAGE 11.)

Comfort Sisters' Recipes

THE purchase of a whole ham these days might be regarded as an extravagance but to the family of moderate size or the one blessed with company dropping in at unexpected times, it is an economy. Sliced cold for supper or minced for picnic sandwiches, it loses none of its flavor, and it can be kept for some time if paraffin paper is placed over the cut side and the ham hung in a cool place. Select it with care and if very salty soak it twelve or fourteen hours, changing the water several times. Put it on to cook in cold water, with a bouquet of herbs, and let it come to a boil very slowly, letting it cook one half hour for each pound of meat. After it has cooked and cooled, remove the skin, sprinkle the ham with sugar, stick whole cloves into it and put in a warm oven till sugar is dissolved.—Ed.

HAM SOUFFLE.—Make a sauce of two cups of scalded milk, two tablespoons of flour, two tablespoons of butter, one half teaspoon salt, one quarter teaspoon pepper and add one cup of stale bread-crumbs. Cook two minutes; remove from fire and add two cups of cooked ham, chopped fine or run through food chopper, yolks of three eggs, and last of all fold in the well-beaten whites of the eggs. Turn into a buttered baking dish and bake half an hour. Serve immediately.

HAM AND EGGS ON TOAST.—Trim slices of bread into rounds, toast and sprinkle with ground ham. For each slice of toast beat the white of one egg to a stiff froth, adding a little salt. Cover the bread with this, making a little cavity in the center in which place the



HAM AND EGGS ON TOAST.

yolk of an egg; add a little salt and pepper and a small piece of butter and leave in a hot oven until the whites are a delicate brown. Garnish with parsley.

HAM CROQUETTES.—Melt four tablespoons of butter or butter substitute, add five tablespoons of flour and add gradually three quarters of a cup of milk. Cook until thick, stir in two cups of finely minced ham and season. Then add the beaten yolk of an egg and set away to chill. When cold, form into croquettes; dip these in white of egg beaten with three tablespoons of water, roll in crumbs and dip again. Fry in deep, hot fat.

HAM LOAF.—Put three cups of finely minced ham, two small onions and one small apple through meat chopper. Add one tablespoon of prepared mustard and two eggs, slightly beaten. Season and pack into greased bread pan. Cook in moderate oven half an hour. Garnish with slices of cold boiled eggs and serve with salad dressing.—O. M. P., Waterville, Maine.

HAM AND TOMATOES.—Cut cooked ham into thin slices and put them into a buttered baking pan. Sprinkle with a very little chopped onion and pepper. Cover and cook for fifteen minutes in moderate oven. When ready to serve, pour hot tomato sauce over the slices.

HAM AND CHICKEN PIE.—Line deep pie plate with pastry and cover with thin slices of ham to form one layer. Season and cover with slices of cold chicken. Have ready the yolks of two hard-boiled eggs, which have been mixed with a tablespoon of flour and a tablespoon of butter and moistened with one cup of chicken stock. Pour this over the ham and chicken and cover with crust. Bake in moderate oven half an hour.—M. E. H., Everett, Mass.

HAM TOAST.—Mince one pound of cooked ham and mix with it two tablespoons of butter, a little pepper and one egg, beaten. Put this into a saucepan and heat until thick. To this add one teaspoon of mustard and mix well. Serve on buttered toast, cut in squares.

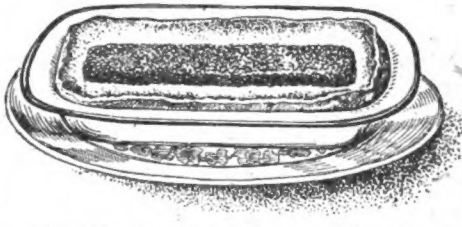
HAM TURNOVERS.—Roll pastry thickly and cut into oblong shape. Cut a piece of cooked ham the desired size, sprinkle with pepper, paprika and a little mustard and put a small piece of ham in each piece of pastry. Moisten one edge and pinch together, brushing top with beaten white of egg. Bake in moderate oven.—Mrs. A. T., Augusta, Maine.

CABBAGE STUFFED WITH HAM.—Remove the heart from a large head of cabbage. Fill cavity with chopped ham mixed with yolk of egg, seasoned well. Fold the top leaves over and tie the cabbage firmly in cloth and boil until cabbage is tender.

HAM SCALLOP.—Mix together two cups cooked chopped ham, one cup of cooked carrots, cut into small pieces, one tablespoon chopped parsley, one tablespoon butter, one cup cooked tomatoes, two tablespoons chopped onions, one cup bread-crumbs and one half teaspoon pepper and one quarter teaspoon mustard. Put in buttered baking dish and cover with buttered bread-crumbs.

LEMON PIE.—Mix one cup of sugar and one and one half rounding tablespoons of flour well together. Add one cup of boiling water and one teaspoon of butter to mixture, which should be in double boiler. In a bowl, beat the yolks of two eggs, and add the juice and grated rind of one lemon. Add this to mixture in boiler, stirring all the time. Cook until thick. Put in baked crust and cover with meringue made of whites of two eggs and sugar. Put in oven to brown.—Mrs. GUY COOK, Magnet, Ark.

TOAST WITH SCRAMBLED EGG AND HAM.—First put serving dish where it will be hot when toast is made. Cut bread moderately thick and put in hot oven to dry through and brown. While this is being done, lightly beat three eggs, add three tablespoons of milk, a pinch of salt and pepper. In a saucepan put two level table-



TOAST WITH SCRAMBLED EGG AND HAM.

spoons of butter, and when it bubbles, add the egg mixture and three tablespoons of chopped cold boiled ham. Cook slowly, keeping it off the bottom of pan with a spoon. It should be creamy when done. Have a dish of boiling water, and taking one slice of toast at a time, turn it around in water to moisten the edges, then wet center by the spoonful, that too much water may not be used. Butter each layer, and spread the egg and ham on top.

DROP COOKIES.—Four and one half cups of flour, two and one half of sugar, one of milk, one of shortening (half butter and lard), three eggs, two teaspoons baking powder, a very little nutmeg, and a few caraway seeds; rub the sugar and shortening to a cream, beat the eggs till very light, and stir thoroughly, after adding the other ingredients; drop on, buttered tins, and bake quickly.

SWEET POTATO PIE.—To five well-beaten eggs add one pound of sugar, already rubbed into a pound of butter; mix with two cups of cold sweet potato which has previously been rubbed through a fine sieve; add a teaspoon of lemon juice, beat well and season to taste with nutmeg and cinnamon; add milk enough to make a thick batter and bake in pie tins.

RAISIN PIE.—One pound of seed raisins and one quart of water. Boil until raisins are soft and sweeten to taste. Mix one cup sifted flour with one cup of cold water and pour into boiling raisins. Cook till it thickens, stirring frequently to prevent burning. This makes three thick or four thin pies.—Mrs. FRANK SMITH, Luna, Ohio.



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Driven Apart

by Julia Edwards



"Hang the law!" snarled Berdyne, "I have sworn to possess that girl."

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CHAPTER XXVIII.

A DEMON'S CUNNING.

HERE was bad blood between Trenwyck and Gorsline because of what happened in the Cutter Street house. It will be recalled that the lawyer had interfered when Gorsline was about to use his knife with murderous resolve. When Neil sprang from Gorsline to unlock the door and look for Beryl, Trenwyck caught up the knife, which was lying on the floor, feeling quite sure that he would need it to insure his own protection.

After securing the knife, he started for the street, to make his escape from a place where peril was growing more deadly with every passing moment. Gorsline followed him, savage as a tiger. The ruffian had remained behind to look for his knife, not having seen the lawyer when he took it. He remained long enough in the room where the struggle had taken place to hear Neil's agonized call for Beryl; not only that, but Gorsline stole a look through the library door, and saw that the chair in which he had secured the girl was vacant, and that the twisted sheets were lying on the floor.

Trenwyck, flourishing the knife, warned the ruffian to keep off; then turned and rushed into the street, with Gorsline in hot pursuit. For a brief period they stood wrangling in a place of comparative safety, and from there they witnessed Neil's flight alone, with the dynamite blast roaring at his heels. From this it will be seen that Trenwyck, in his later talk with Neil on the following day, had given tongue to more than one falsehood. He had declared—for what purpose of his own it would be useless to question—that he had supposed that Neil had met his fate in the Sutter Street house, only finding out his error when he had talked with Neil's mother; when, as a matter of fact, he and Gorsline knew very well Neil had effected his escape. And Gorsline knew that Beryl had also managed to get away.

The lawyer, plausible and full of guile as ever, insisted that he had interfered to save Neil solely to prevent Gorsline doing something in anger which he would regret in a calmer moment. The latter was far from being satisfied, although he accepted the explanation sullenly and agreed to a truce. His knife was returned, and the precious pair made their way into Portsmouth Square.

While they stood at the edge of the square, debating the present situation and seeking to lay out their future course, an express wagon halted at the curb in front of them, and Berdyne leaped down from his seat beside the driver. Instantly the expressman was besieged by a score of fugitives who wanted his aid. He was not long in making a bargain and in driving away.

The arrival of Berdyne was as sudden as it was unexpected. Had he put in an appearance half an hour earlier, that affair in the Sutter Street house might have turned out entirely different.

"Well, by the eternal!" grunted Gorsline. "Where have you been all this time?"

Berdyne drew close, his keen black eyes searching the faces of his two confederates.

"I've been looking for the girl," said he, in an angry undertone. "If one or both of you had been with us in the Red Flyer, she would not have got away. A live wire struck against the post of the steering wheel; the electricity ran up into my hand and arm, and I was paralyzed for a few moments. That," he added, his eyes glittering with baffled rage, "was the girl's opportunity, and she took advantage of it. Have either of you seen her, or Preston?"

Among the goods and chattels scattered about the square were several piles of office furniture brought from near-by buildings. Among these were desks, chairs, a typewriter-stand, and a typewriter. Berdyne got his eye on one of the chairs, pulled it out, and sat down on it. Gorsline sat on a corner of one of the desks, and, while he recounted the Sutter Street experiences, Trenwyck reclined on the grass and kept wary eyes on him.

"It was a slick game we played," added Gorsline, when he had told all; "and if Trenwyck hadn't stuck in his ear I'd be a three-hundred-dollar 'spark' to the good. As it is," he scowled, "I've not only lost that, but some of my other plunder along with it."

"Trenwyck did exactly right," said Berdyne coolly. "You had no warrant for a murderous assault on Preston."

"I owe him one," gritted the tough, with a look of malignant hate, "and I'll be even with him if I ever get the chance."

"Don't be foolish," said Berdyne sharply. "If the time ever comes when I find it necessary to sweep Preston out of my path, I'll remember you and make the opportunity for you. Have you any idea how the girl managed to give you the slip?"

"No, unless she twisted herself clear of the ropes. I thought I tied her safe enough."

"It looks mysterious to me," muttered Berdyne; "but, on the whole, I'm glad of it. She and Preston are still wide apart, and if I cannot manage to come between them, my brain has lost its cunning. I have been traveling from one point to another all day, looking for the girl; but it's hopeless to try and find anybody in such a confused mob of a place as San Francisco is just now. I hired that expressman for twenty-five dollars an hour, and had started to make a tour of all the squares and parks, looking for the girl. As a result, I find you two, and a pretty story you have to tell me."

Not far from the place where Berdyne sat was a wooden cross over an oblong mound, with smaller crosses over similar mounds to left and right. This was the spot where the bodies from the morgue had been interred. But what claimed



Beryl was standing like one fascinated.



"Marm's a night bird" chuckled Gorsline.



She tottered and fell unconscious into the hateful arms of Berdyne.

Berdyne's attention particularly were written notices pinned to the larger cross with information as to where certain people who had come to the square might be found. This information, of course, was for the benefit of friends and relatives. As he gazed at the scraps of paper fluttering from the upright, an idea entered Berdyne's crafty brain.

"Gorsline," said he, turning abruptly on his confederate, "do you know of any safe retreat in Frisco, or Oakland, where a little business of a shady nature can be safely transacted? We ought to have the place to ourselves, if possible."

Gorsline caught the significant gleam in Berdyne's eyes, and fully understood it. He gave an ugly leer.

"Places of that kind in Frisco have gone up in smoke," said he, "or else they're so close to the fire line that there ain't no dependin' on 'em. They got shook up a little over in Oakland, I hear, but they ain't got no fire to deal with. I know of a place over there—Marm Kinney's. It's a hangout for crooks, but I reckon Marm Kinney hasn't many boarders just about now, 'twint to the rich pickin's to be had this side o' the bay—pervidin' a cove wants to risk a bullet."

"Where is this Marm Kinney's place?"

Gorsline gave the address. Berdyne took a notebook and pencil from his pocket, and wrote for a few moments on his knee.

"Can you use a typewriter, Trenwyck?" he asked, when he had finished writing.

"After a fashion," answered the wondering lawyer.

"Then square around to that machine," said Berdyne, "and make fifteen or twenty copies of this on as many slips of paper."

Berdyne vacated the chair, and Trenwyck sat down in front of him, the leaf of Berdyne's notebook in his hand.

"It's a forlorn hope," said Berdyne, while Trenwyck was reading the written words, "but I've known a forlorn hope to win out more times than once."

"It won't do," said Trenwyck, shaking his head. "I suppose you want one of these posted up in each of the refugee camps, in the hope that the girl will see it?"

"Sharp, ain't you?" sneered Berdyne. "What else do you suppose I want of a thing like that?"

"But suppose Neil Preston sees it?"

"So much the better. I'd like to get him in this net as well as the girl. Then I can make sure he is properly confined while I take my little beauty for a cruise on the *Gloriana*, which is waiting for us off Sausalito."

"You're clever," muttered Trenwyck, his old cringing deference manifesting itself; "but I think you're too late."

"Too late! What do you mean?"

"The girl, if we can put any reliance in what Preston said during the clash in Sutter Street, is now Mrs. Preston. The law—"

"Hang the law!" snarled Berdyne. "I have sworn to possess that girl; she is the only woman on earth that I can ever care for. Apart from that, there are—well, there are other important matters at stake. If I could find Hargreaves, and get at that trunk of papers, I could explain to your entire satisfaction. Copy that, and be quick about it. Better make about thirty copies; then you can take half of them, and Gorsline the other half, and post them up in every refugee camp you can find."

While Trenwyck, amid all the unusual sounds and commotion that assailed the square, was busily manipulating the keys of the writing machine, Berdyne found a supply of thumbtacks in a drawer of one of the desks.

Gorsline read one of the typed notices, and his evil face filled with guile and cunning.

"What a crook you'd make, Berdyne!" he murmured admiringly. "You've the right touch for a top-liner."

Some time was required by the lawyer to make the copies. There was paper in the desk at which he sat, and the machine itself was in fair condition, considering the rough handling it must have had.

When all was completed, the master scoundrel and his two henchmen separated. Trenwyck and Gorsline were to make a round of the refugee camps, each having a certain number of squares and parks to cover, so that they might not go over the same ground, and in each camp one of the forged notices was to be conspicuously posted. Both men were to keep sharp watch for Hargreaves, and, if found, send him to Marm Kinney's, in Oakland; in addition, the lawyer was to call at Arthur Preston's, on Nob Hill, to learn what he could, if anything, relative to Neil.

This duty came in particularly pat with Trenwyck, inasmuch as he was, after a fashion, retained by Morley Preston for certain unscrupulous purposes, and might be said to have the entree of the palatial residence on Nob Hill.

Gorsline went to meet Berdyne at the ferry-house at ten that evening, and go with him to the Oakland rendezvous. Trenwyck was to come later, when his work was finished and the hour propitious.

So the web of deceit was deftly woven. At

best it was a forlorn hope, as Berdyne had said, and its success depended on many contingencies; yet, as Berdyne had also pointed out, desperate ventures have often been known to win. And much was to happen between the execution of these plans and that fatal hour when this cunning plotter should cry:

"My plots fall short, like darts which rash hands throw."

With an ill aim, and have too far to go; Nor can I long discoveries prevent: I deal too much among the innocent!"

CHAPTER XXIX.

CAUGHT IN THE WEB.

When the young officer had called out that Arthur Preston's automobile was coming, and had left Beryl and Tonita and stepped out into the street to meet it, Beryl seized her friend's hand and they hurried off through the park.

"They must not know what we have done!" exclaimed Beryl. "The hateful words spoken by Mrs. Preston last night are still ringing in my ears. I do not want any favors from her! If she allowed herself to feel any gratitude, it could only be false gratitude at best. What I did was all for Neil."

"Tis well, darling," said Tonita. "I doubt whether that cruel woman is capable of so soft a sentiment as gratitude. Her heart is too hard. How my brain burns with the insulting words she spoke to you! If I were you I should never forget nor forgive them."

Beryl was troubled.

"I think only of my darling Neil's happiness," said she. "Whatever he counseled me to do, I should do."

"That, *querida*," said Tonita softly, "shows how love can beat down every barrier."

The path they were following led them through the center of the park. At one point the path branched to right and left, and in the very forks of it stood a noble old tree. The tree had been growing there when the park was laid out, and the landscape architect had modified his plans so that it might be preserved. Just at that time the tree was serving a purpose of which no landscape architect had ever dreamed.

All over its trunk, and as high as a tall man could reach, scraps of paper of every conceivable sort, and even bits of cloth and playing cards, were secured, carrying tidings to loved ones.

"Ah!" cried Tonita, halting. "Some one told me of this tree while I was standing in the bread line a short time ago. I made up my mind then to pay it an early visit."

"Let us not stop, dearest," said Beryl, thinking of Arthur Preston, and fearing he should inattentive inquiries for those who had rescued his aunt. "If the soldiers should be sent to look for us—"

"But do you not understand, dear?" returned Tonita. "People who are looking for friends have posted notices here saying where their lost ones may find them. See, here is one! Listen!"

And Tonita read:

"ANNA BREMER: Mother is waiting for you, dearest. She is in one of the government tents at the west end of the park. Oh, come, come quickly, for my heart is breaking. MOTHER."

"That must have been put there by the poor woman who shared our tent with us last night!" exclaimed Beryl, thrilled with the yearning sadness of the poor scrawl.

"Sad, is it not, *querida*?" whispered Tonita, her eyes dimming. "And, oh, there are so many, many more. They all tell of broken ties, and how many are calling for their loved ones in vain!"

"Do you think that Neil may have left a notice for me?" whispered Beryl.

"Who knows?" answered Tonita. "Let us look, at all events. You take that side of the tree, darling, and I will take this."

"We must hurry," said Beryl, with an apprehensive look behind. "I could not bear to be found and taken into the presence of Mrs. Preston."

"Nor would I have you, dearest. But if any one should come after us we would not have to go. We will not be long, however."

Beryl did not dare allow herself to hope. It seemed, after all her trials and disappointments, as though it would be too much of a favor to ask at the hands of fate.

Later, when something like order began to prevail in the stricken city, the method of finding lost friends and relatives was reduced to a system. Newspapers and others opened registry bureaus, and when the first papers were printed after the disaster, their columns were filled with advertisements all asking for information concerning the missing. But in those first two or three days any method, no matter how primitive, was called into requisition.

Suddenly, while the two girls were pouring

over the notices on the tree, Tonita heard a sharp cry from her friend.

"What is it, dear?" she asked, hastening to Beryl's side.

Pale as a lily, her eyes like stars, one hand on her wildly heaving bosom and the other pointing to a typewritten slip on the tree trunk, Beryl was standing like one fascinated, mute from the very excess of joy which ran like fire through her veins.

Yet there was no need of words. Tonita, with a glad cry, read the lying words on the paper and then snatched it from its place.

"At last, at last!" she exclaimed, in a transport of happiness, flinging her arms about her friend. "You see, *querida*, how Heaven has guided you. If we had not stopped, if I had not felt deep down in my heart that we should not pass without examining every one of these notices, we should have gone on and never known what your sweetheart had left here for you."

"He is in Oakland, after all!" gasped Beryl, her voice throbbing with the rapture of hope fulfilled. "Oh, we must go there at once!"

"Yes, *querida*," answered Tonita, "without a single moment's delay."

"But we have no money!" exclaimed Beryl, suddenly realizing their abject condition.

Tonita laughed lightly.

"There is no need of money, dearest! Everything is free in San Francisco—even the ferries. But you are rich—rich in the knowledge that you soon will be in the arms of him you love."

So Berdyne's "forlorn hope" reached out toward its pitiful consummation. Poor, hapless Beryl was caught in the web. Yet there were other contingencies which Berdyne's evil plots must meet and overcome.

For the present, however, and although he did not yet know it, his designs had met with success. Beryl and Tonita, light-hearted as they had not been since that fateful marriage morn which seemed so far, far away, joined the tide of fugitives that flowed in the direction of the Market Street ferry.

This was some little time before Neil with the trembling lawyer at his side, had set his face in the same direction.

CHAPTER XXX.

MARM KINNEY'S.

Berdyne could not have found a place better suited to his wicked purposes than Marm Kinney's. It was a disreputable-looking frame building, far enough in the outskirts to have a solitary situation. There was a pampas plume in the front yard, and back of this a tangle of lilacs and some eucalyptus trees that made an effectual screen for the weather-beaten old dwelling.

It was late at night when Berdyne and Gorsline, catching a stray boat at the ferry, landed at the Oakland mole and pushed on into the squalid purloin known as J Street. Marm Kinney's house was several blocks from a gaslight. Looking at it from the street, at that hour, nothing could be seen but a blot of trees and shrubbery.

Gorsline was well acquainted with the way, however, and pressed confidently on into the Stygian darkness. Once beyond the leafy screen, a light struck on their eyes from a curtainless window.

Gorsline, with his usual discretion, diverged from the walk to reconnoiter through the window before entering. He tumbled over a heap of bricks—where the earthquake had paid its compliments to Marm Kinney by shaking down her chimney—and got up cursing.

"It's a wonder," growled Gorsline, "that the old rattletrap wasn't shaken down about Marm Kinney's ears. But she was allers lucky. She's there," he added shortly, "but you'd better wait till I go in an' fix things."

Gorsline was about fifteen minutes getting things "fixed." Then he came back to Berdyne, who was smoking impatiently at the front door, and congratulating himself on his surroundings.

"It's all right, Berdyne," called Gorsline. "The old tennant has the place to herself, an' will do what she can to help. Come in!"

Berdyne entered, and his companion led the way to a point where lamplight shone through an open door. There was that indescribable odor of Chinese quarters about the interior of the house—a sickening closeness reeking of sandalwood and opium and stale cigarette smoke. The place would have been better for an airing.

The room into which Berdyne was presently shown was littered with fallen plaster. There was a table and a meager assortment of chairs; a cot covered with a Navaho blanket, near which stood a low table with an opium smoker's materials, an old stove, and an open cupboard showing some cracked dishes. Then there was Marm Kinney.

She was an angular old woman, with straggling gray hair, a beak for a nose, and faded, watery eyes. She sat in a rocking-chair by the table, smoking a cigarette.

Berdyne was pleased. He was a reader of character, and he knew instinctively that, "for ways that are dark and tricks that are vain," the old woman could be relied upon—providing her palm was well crossed.

"Marm's a night bird," chuckled Gorsline. "Here she is, as snug as ye please, waitin' for some dope fient to come along an' hit the pipe."

"Business is ruined," croaked Marm Kinney, surveying Berdyne furtively through her cigarette smoke. "This here earthquake is a starvin' matter for a whole lot of us respectable people."

She leered mawkishly at Berdyne. "I ain't askin' no names, but for a hundred dollars you can

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 16.)

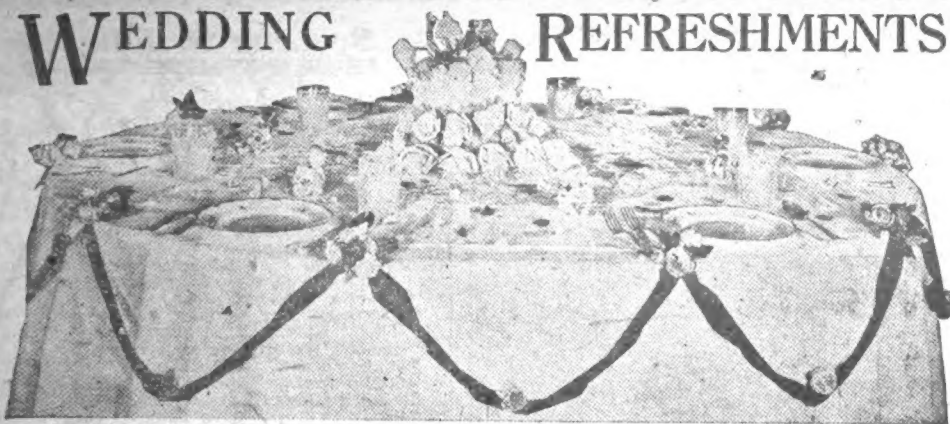
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WEDDING REFRESHMENTS



By Violet Marsh

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The Bridal Month of June

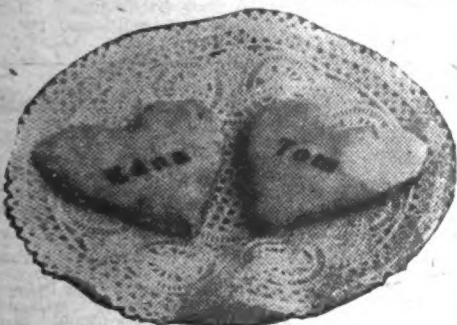
JUNE, the bloomful month, seems to have been set aside by time-old convention as the month of weddings, probably because all nature is awake and summer days are ahead. There is no time of year when so much appears purely joyful.

We are going to talk about refreshments for the simple home wedding; the kind that does not leave behind a wake of exhaustion, nor an empty purse. The face of an unwearied bride will receive far more compliments than variety of food or arrangements. Tables no longer "groan" under an over-bountiful provision, which was the ideal of elegance among our forefathers. Attempt only what can be easily and well done.

When planning decorations, if a color scheme can be carried out it will be found very beautiful and restful to the eye. It is here that the country dweller has the advantage, for gardens and orchards provide a wealth of material. June roses were used in the accompanying table decorations, though other flowers may be used just as effectively. Unless the wedding cake is used as a centerpiece, it is well to make a definite arrangement of flowers. A round basket filled with wet moss from the woods makes a very workable foundation. The sides can be banked with flowers by extending the stems through into the moss. It can then be built to the desired height by tying wire to the stems before they are set into the moss. The spotless expanse of a "fair, white cloth" far exceeds in loveliness any polished table or dollies for the bride's supper. If her wedding cake forms the centerpiece, at the base lay fine green foliage with here and there a flower, and on top a few stems of flowers and foliage. Here the June rose is exquisite. Garlands of flowers or ribbons of tissue paper knotted to the edge of table with a bunch of flowers add to the festive appearance. Have some talented friend make place cards in the form of wedding bells. The bride and bridegroom will sit together at the head of the table.

Wedding Lunches

The following menus are suitable for any hour, and are selected with regard to right combinations and attractiveness, and if served at a hungry time of day will be sufficient to appease



NAME CAKES.

the appetite. Most of the preparations can be made the day before serving.

- | | |
|--|------------------|
| Fruit Cup. | |
| Chicken Croquettes with French Fried Potatoes. | |
| Asparagus Salad. | |
| Charlotte with Ground Nut Meats. | |
| Fudge. | Cakes. |
| Chicken Salad. | Sandwiches. |
| Maple Mousse. | Sponge Drops. |
| Coffee. | Spiced Lemonade. |
| Salmon-Potato Salad. | |
| Spread Nut Bread. | Cheese Rings. |
| Strawberries Served English Style. | |
| Name Cookies. | Coffee. |

FRUIT CUP.—Cut oranges in half and spoon out only the clear pulp. Dice fresh or canned peaches and sprinkle with sugar at once. Dice pineapple, using one of the best brands. Mix together about equal portions of the fruit and add enough of the syrups to make the mixture about one-third juice. Do not add sugar. Fill glasses and top with two halves of walnut meats and two larger pieces of pineapple. Serve cold as first course.

CHICKEN CROQUETTES WITH POTATO CHIPS.—Six pounds of dressed chicken, disjointed and boiled at the simmering point in water enough to barely cover. Remove from liquor and pick the meat clear from bones, gristle and skin. Chop fine. Flavor with a few scrapings of juice from a cut onion, one tablespoon of lemon juice, and pepper and salt to taste. Three teaspoons of celery salt, and three of chopped parsley add much to the flavor. Skim fat from liquor the chickens were cooked in. In a shallow saucepan put five tablespoons of butter, and slowly heat to bubbling point. Smooth in five heaping tablespoons of dry flour. When blended, slowly add three cups of the liquor boiling hot. Stir continuously and cook five minutes. Now add two well-beaten eggs, take from fire, and beat, and mix with chicken. The mixture should be just soft enough to handle when cool. Shape by rolling in the hands. The croquettes should be about one inch through and three inches long. One quarter of boiled rice instead of all chicken may be used, and is preferred by many. Roll in fine bread-crumbs, then in beaten egg, then in crumbs again. Fry in deep smoking fat about one minute. The croquettes can be made the day before, and fried just before serving.

FRENCH FRIED POTATOES.—Pare potatoes, slice thin and soak in very cold water and soak all day, or at least ten hours. One hour before

they are to be fried, put them into fresh ice-water. Dry quickly between towels, as they must be crisp when they go into the fat. Cook about one cup at a time for ten minutes. After the first lot, just the right heat can be determined for making them a golden brown. Use deep fat. Sprinkle with salt as they come from the kettle. These can be cooked early, as they are delicious cold. Serve a portion on individual plates with one croquette.

ASPARAGUS SALAD.—Use either fresh or canned asparagus. Drain well. Chop fine an equal amount of cold boiled young carrots and turnips, half the amount of tender celery, and a few radishes. Mix together one teaspoon of salt and one half teaspoon of white pepper, and slowly add five tablespoons of olive oil, then two tablespoons of lemon juice. Carefully dip the asparagus in the dressing. Put a layer of asparagus in a shallow salad bowl, then a layer of mixed vegetables, and repeat until all is used. There should be about three times as much asparagus as mixed vegetables. Over all pour a dressing

made as follows: Beat four egg yolks with five tablespoons of sugar until light yellow; add one teaspoon each of salt, pepper and mustard, and a dash of cayenne pepper. Bring to a boil one cup of vinegar and two tablespoons of butter, and beat this into the egg mixture. Use cold.

CHARLOTTE RUSSE.—Soak one half box of gelatine in one cup of cold water twenty minutes. Dissolve in three cups of boiling water. Add two scant cups of sugar and stir until dissolved. When cold, add two full teaspoons of vanilla. When about half stiffened, beat in the whites of six eggs that have previously been beaten to a stiff froth. Mould. When ready to serve, turn onto a glass serving dish, heap with sweetened and flavored whipped cream, and thickly dust with ground walnut meats.

FUDGE.—Two cups of granulated sugar, one half cake of chocolate, one half cup of milk and butter the size of a walnut brought very slowly to a boil. Cook hard about six minutes, stirring continuously, and beat after taking from fire about three minutes, but not long enough for it to commence hardening. Pour into shallow tins and cut into squares when it is partly cool. A good test for time of cooking is to drag the spoon across the bottom of stew-pan, and if the mixture divides so the bottom of pan shows, it is cooked.

CHICKEN SALAD.—Use about one third as much celery as chicken. Boil the chicken and cut into small cubes after removing the bones, skin and gristle. Do not grind as it makes a pasty salad. Use only tender parts of celery cut into small pieces. Both chicken and celery should be very cold. Just before serving, mix dressing with celery and chicken, reserving a little to spread over the top.

DRESSING.—Cream six hard-boiled egg yolks with half a teaspoon each of sugar, mustard, white pepper and three well-beaten eggs. The mixture should be thoroughly incorporated. Measure one pint of heavy cream, five tablespoons of lemon juice, and three of vinegar. Add these alternately to the egg mixture, a little at a time; first cream, then lemon juice and vinegar, beating continually. The egg whites are chopped fine and added lastly.

SANDWICHES.—Spread with butter, slightly warmed, thin slices of white bread and brown bread. After filling two full-sized slices, trim square and cut in two cornerwise.

FILLINGS.—Raisins chopped very fine and mixed with mayonnaise dressing.

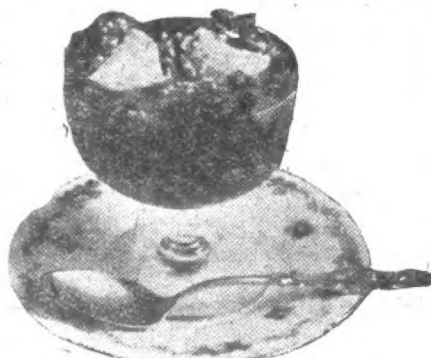
One leaf of lettuce and very thin slices of cucumber. Lightly spread with mayonnaise.

Nuts put through the food chopper and mixed with cream cheese. Salt and a dash of cayenne pepper.

Plain bread and butter, using one slice of brown and one slice of white bread.

MAPLE MOUSSE.—Whip one quart of heavy cream until very thick, taking care it does not turn to butter. It is better to whip it in three parts. If any liquid settles in the bottom of cream after whipping, drain it off. Beat in three cups of heavy maple syrup and a pinch of salt. Pour the mixture into a tightly covered mould or pail, pack in finely chopped ice and salt, using three measures of ice to two of salt. Set to freeze in a cool, dark cellar about five hours. Renew salt and ice if necessary. The ice will keep longer if many thicknesses of newspaper or a large piece of bagging is closely wrapped over top and sides.

SPONGE DROPS.—Beat the yolks of five eggs



FRUIT CUP.

until very light yellow. Beat in one cup of fine granulated sugar, a little at a time. Beat in the grated rind and juice of half a lemon. Add one cup pastry flour and beat hard. Do not use the stirring stroke as it toughens the cake. Fold in the whites of eggs beaten stiff. Bake in moderate oven and dip cakes in boiled icing.

SPICED LEMONADE.—The juice of ten lemons and the grated rind of two, two cups and a half of sugar, four cups of water, six whole cloves, one teaspoon of ground cinnamon, simmered ten

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 11.)



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You are surprised at your "outdoor" appetite when you partake of any National Biscuit Company product. But there's little cause for wonder when you consider the three things directly responsible for the heartiness with which you eat—and keep on eating.

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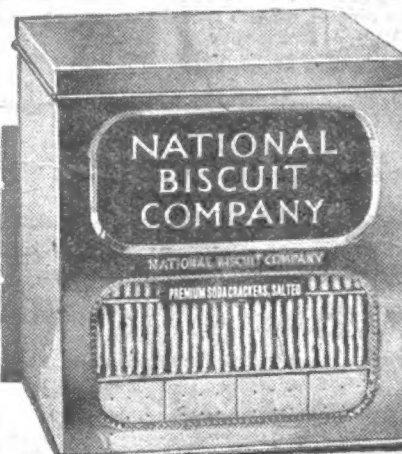
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Cubby Bear Calls on Kiddie Goat By Lena B. Ellingwood

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"WOULD you like to take a walk with me, Chirpy Chipmunk?" asked Cubby Bear one morning.

"Where are you going?" "To the pasture, to see if Kiddie Goat and Lillie Lambkin are there. You remember Kiddie Goat stayed at my house for a while once when he got hurt. He is a dear little goat, and I have not seen him for a long time."

"Yes, I will go with you," said Chirpy, and the two started happily on their way.

When they reached the edge of the woods, where the pasture began, Cubby Bear was disappointed not to find his friends in sight.

"We will not go home yet," he said. "They may come if we wait a while."

Chirpy Chipmunk soon grew impatient. "Come to the lower end of the pasture, down over the hill, Cubby Bear," he said, "and see if we cannot find them."

The pasture was empty; not even a horse or a cow was in sight. From the lower end of the pasture, the farmhouse and barn could be seen.

"We must not stay here," said Cubby, "the people at the house might see us."

"I am not afraid," said Chirpy; "they have seen me before. With you, it is different, of course, but I have even gone into the shed, to take crumbs which the children scattered for me."

"How do you dare?" asked Cubby, wide-eyed. "Oh, look! Look here!" cried Chirpy. "Here is something the children must have dropped!"

"What can it be? Did you ever see anything like it before?" asked Cubby.

"Yes," said Chirpy. "The children spend many hours looking at such things."

It was a picture book, and Cubby Bear, turning the leaves, was amazed and delighted to see colored pictures of performing bears.

"Why, Chirpy, see! Those are bears! tiny, tiny bears! And see the things they are doing!"

"You could learn to do all those tricks," said Chirpy Chipmunk. "Bring it home with you, and practice on them."

"But if the farmhouse children lost it, they will want it again," demurred Cubby. "Losers, weepers—finders, keepers!" chanted Chirpy saucily.

"No," said Cubby, as he looked longingly at the bright pictures, "that is not right. You know, yourself, Chirpy that if you lost a thing and I found it, you would want me to give it back to you."

"Oh, well, just as you like. But see, it is beginning to rain, and rain would spoil the pictures. You cannot leave it here, and you cannot take it to the farmhouse. Why not carry it home, learn to do all these tricks, and then, after the rain is over, you can bring it back here where we found it."

"I will do better than that," said Cubby. "I will take it home with me now, and after dark tonight, if the rain has stopped, I will take it to the farmhouse and lay it on the doorstep."

They hurried home, and on the way showed the book to such friends as they met, who, one and all, followed them to Mamma Bruin's house.

"Marvelous! wonderful!" exclaimed Grandma Bear, looking at the pictures through her spectacles. "Old as I am, I have never seen anything like it before!"

"Begin, Cubby Bear!" urged Chirpy Chipmunk. "I am anxious to see you do the tricks those little picture bears are doing."

"The first one," said Grandma Bear, who would not let the book go out of her own paws, "is to stand on your head."

"I can do that!" said Cubby, but found it was not as easy as he thought. At last he did it by going into a corner and leaning against the wall.

"That will do for today," said Chirpy, "but sometime you must learn to do it properly."

"Next is to walk on your front paws," directed Grandma Bear.

Cubby tried, but with little success, while the others clapped their paws and laughed.

"Now get the broom, and balance it on your nose," said Grandma Bear.

At this, Cubby did better, having practiced it before.

"Now you must jump through a big hoop," Grandma Bear told him.

Other tricks followed, and Cubby tried them until he was sore from his many tumbles, and too tired to do any more.

"We have had a fine time," said Redtop Woodpecker, as he was leaving. "We will be glad to see you performing again after you have learned to do it nicely."

"See," said Wollie Woodchuck, "the rain is



AT THIS CUBBY BEAR DID BETTER, HAVING PRACTICED IT BEFORE.

"But we have no hoop," said Cubby.

"Then jump over a stick. Here—give me the broom—I will hold it up for you."

"Do not hold it too high at first, please," said Cubby Bear.

"Why not let me do the jumping?" suggested Bunny Rabbit.

Grandma Bear looked the book over anxiously.

"No," she said, "there are no rabbits here; only bears."

over, and the clouds are breaking."

That night, Cubby Bear and Chirpy Chipmunk started out to return the book.

Large clouds were sailing along in the sky, blown by a brisk west wind, and the moon, far up above, was sometimes hidden by the clouds, and again, after a cloud had passed, shining out clearly.

They made the journey in safety, placing the picture book on the doorstep while the moon

was hidden by a cloud.

"Now that I am so near Kiddie Goat, I do not like to go back home without seeing him," said Cubby.

"Then why not try to?" asked Chirpy. "He must be in the barn; why not call to him?"

"I will," answered Cubby. "Perhaps he could open the door and let me in."

Just then the moon shone out, and they ran behind a shed to hide, but when once more it was clouded over, they went around to the front of the barn, to the big door.

Cubby tapped at the door, calling softly, "Kiddie Goat! Kiddie Goat! are you there?"

"Moo-oo!" called a voice from within.

"That is a cow," said Chirpy. "Call again."

"Kiddie Goat! Lillie Lambkin!" called Cubby.

"Who is there?" asked a timid little voice, which Cubby knew to be Kiddie Goat's.

"It is I, Cubby Bear," he answered. "I wanted to see you once more. Can you come out?"

"No," answered Kiddie, "the door is too heavy for me to move. But perhaps you might manage it. Is anyone with you?"

"Only little Chirpy Chipmunk."

"Then you may try the door. It slides on rollers, and you must push it along—not from this side, but the other. You will have to push hard."

After pushing with all his strength, Cubby opened the great door far enough to squeeze through.

"I am glad to see you," said Kiddie Goat, capering about playfully. "And no one here in the barn ever had evening callers before!"

"But Foxy Reynard told me—" began Cubby.

"Hush!" whispered Kiddie Goat. "I am afraid Foxy has broken into the poultry house once or twice, but he would never dare to come here."

"Are you free to run about over the barn as you like?" asked Chirpy.

"I am kept in a pen over there in the corner," laughed Kiddie Goat. "They do not know I can jump out whenever I choose!"

"Is Lillie Lambkin here?" asked Cubby. "We would like to see her, too."

"She is down in the sheepfold, underneath the barn," said Kiddie.

"Aw-w-w! hee-haw! hee-haw! Uh, aw, uh, aw! aw!"

At this terrible sound, long drawn out, rising to a loud shrillness, then growing fainter until it died away in a dismal groan, Chirpy Chipmunk darted out of the open door, and disappeared in the darkness outside. Cubby started to follow.

"It is only the donkey braying," said Kiddie Goat. "He will do no harm. Please do not go yet."

Cubby Bear, who stood by the door, suddenly started back in alarm.

"A man is coming, with a light!" he exclaimed. "Coming to the barn! Oh, Kiddie Goat! what shall I do? Where can I hide?"

"I will show you! Come quickly!" answered Kiddie Goat.

They went into the "tie-up," where the cows looked at Cubby with great, frightened eyes, and pulled wildly at their halters; then through a doorway, and down over a sloping place across which boards were fastened, and which seemed to Cubby Bear like a wooden hill, at the foot of this, Kiddie Goat stopped and said:

"I must run back now and hop into my pen. Go through the basement here, and you will reach the barnyard. It is just a few steps from here. Then you can find your way back to the pasture without trouble. The farmer will be hunting through the barn, so he will not see you. Good by!"

Cubby Bear hurried along through the darkness as best he could, climbed the barnyard fence, went out around the house to avoid going near the open barn door, crossed the road, climbed the pasture fence, then started for the pleasant forest and his own home with a thankful heart.

"I shall take care not to get into such danger again!" he thought, "but I am glad I saw Kiddie Goat. He is such a dear little goat! I wish he might live with Mamma Bruin and me, and be my little brother!"

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"Their Declaration of Independence" A Fourth-of-July romance of a unique type tells how an independent pair of lovers braved the scandal-mongers.

"The Impressionable Age of a Child" Describes the beneficial service of the Kindergarten in bridging the critical age of four to six when the child's mental development is insufficient for regular school courses but needs training and teaching that few parents can give.

"Kill Rats and Save Money" It costs five dollars a year to keep a rat, and he spreads disease, too. Tells why and how you should make war on these pests.

"What to Do When Anyone Faints" Useful instructions for emergency treatment of a person in a faint, also in case of sunstroke.

"Cooking and Canning Early Vegetables" Best ways of cooking, serving and canning summer vegetables, with illustrated description of an effective setting for the Fourth-of-July dinner table.

"Cubby Bear and the Lie Jackie Told" Jackie Bear tells a lie about Cubby Bear and gets both little bears into trouble.

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June, 1920.

Queer Signs and Queer Wants

By Carl Schurz Lowden

THE man who set the heading for the article or "story" about the elegant function at the home of Mrs. Overlook made only one mistake, but that was most unfortunate. He intended the double-column heading to herald "Mrs. Overlook's Big Fete," but it gravely announced "Mrs. Overlook's Big Feet."

There is a very real difference. The lady was rightfully indignant, and she told the editor her state of mind. The editor had no trouble in perceiving the wrong; and to make the matter as right as possible under the trying circumstances he thus apologized in the next issue:

"The word we had ought to have used is a French word, pronounced the same way but spelled f-e-t-e. It means a celebration and is considered a very tony word."

Mistakes will creep in where least welcome. The sign-painter has his troubles too. The sign-painter is not always to blame, for often he merely puts down what some one else has ordered. A few samples, conceived with good intentions but ending inconspicuously, are these:

"Collins Brothers, Undertakers. Ask those we have served."

"All parcels, packages, and grips left and not checked, must be checked or cannot be left in depot."

"Moonlight picnics in this grove every Wednesday night, rain or shine."

"If you see anything you don't want, ask for it."

"Straw hats to fit any face."

"I do-repairing of all kinds of shoes in English, German and Hungarian languages."

Signs do not always say what they mean nor always mean what they say. This statement is equally true of want ads, although the incongruities are less frequent now than in former years.

I offer herewith a few ads that failed to express clearly the intended message, but which are interesting on account of the unconscious humor contained in them:

"For Sale—A full blooded cow, giving milk, three tons of hay, a lot of chickens, and several stoves."

"Wanted—A furnished room by an elderly lady with electric lights."

"Unredeemed men's coats for sale cheap."

"Don't go elsewhere to be cheated. Come in here."

"Wanted—A man to take care of horses who can speak German."

"Bathing suits reduced to almost nothing."

"For Sale—Baker's business; good trade; large oven; present owner been in it for seven years; good reasons for leaving."

"Shirts laundered in the rear."

"Wanted—A nice young man to run a pool room out of town."

"For Sale—\$5.00 suits. They won't last long."

"For Rent—A room, suitable for a gentleman twelve by fifteen feet."

"Found—A lightweight gentleman's overcoat."

"Bulldog for sale; will eat anything; very fond of children."

"Wanted—Ten girls to sew buttons on the sixth floor."

"Wanted—A boy to deliver oysters that can ride on a bicycle."

Come and Join the Happiest Family in the World



LEAGUE RULES: To be a comfort to one's parents. To protect the weak and aged.

To be kind to dumb animals. To love our country and protect its flag.

CONDUCTED BY UNCLE CHARLIE

COMFORT for one year and admittance to the League of Cousins for only 55 cents. Join at once. Everybody welcome. ADDRESS all letters to COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. See instructions at the close of this Department.

HOP up onto my lap while we discuss the following brief note from one of those cowardly American-Huns who are so brave and patriotic they dare not sign their names to what they write:

AMERICAN FALLS, IDAHO.
MR. CHARLES NOEL DOUGLAS:
Being good Americans (?) we are tired of your praise of England. Enclosed you will find a clipping which I hope you will read as it will do you good. In the future please give us something American.

I should have paid no attention to the above exhibition of Hun malice if it had not been for the clipping the writer enclosed, and of which more anon. The writer of the above unsigned letter, like all her cowardly class, thinks she can damn a writer and close his mouth eternally if she tags him with the word "England." In her half-baked brain that is as dangerous as calling "mad dog" to some healthy, inoffensive poodle, or shrieking "rape" when a colored man is passing. Most of these hate-crazed fanatics who write these venomous epistles, and who have not been here long enough to get the smell of the steege out of their clothes, prattle of our gallant forefathers, unmindful of the fact that most of our forefathers were of British blood. Directly they land, however, they nose into one of our old-fashioned, spread-eagle, whip-creation histories, and from these biased, one-sided, hate-perpetuating sources, they get an utterly distorted view of the policies, traditions and relations of the British colonies to the mother country. They are never told that Benjamin Franklin said that "the colonists were so contented that Britain could lead them by a thread." They do not know that the best minds of Britain were on the sides of their cousins the colonists, and have not the decency to understand that it is a crime to make Lloyd George's Britain of today suffer for the sins of a fat-headed old German king who lived a hundred and fifty years ago. If every nation is to be blamed for what its great-grandfathers did, then go burn your Bibles for the earth can never be anything but hell. The writer does not know that her German George could not get enough Britishers to fight his kin so had to hire Huns from across the Rhine. They do not know that Washington was a British officer in the colonial service and that he wrote in 1776: "When I took command of the army (July, 1776) I abhorred the idea of independence." This was the prevailing sentiment of his countrymen at that time. In "The American Revolution in Our School Books," published by Doran, New York, Charles Altschul writes as follows: "In spite of the controversies which have at times raged between the two peoples, we speak the same language as the English; our customs have been fashioned after theirs; our legal procedure has been founded upon theirs; their ideals of government and their conception of liberty are ours as well. In spite of the wars we have fought against them, we have never thought of turning to any other nation as a model for what is most essential in our public and private life. Many nationalities have been brought together in this melting pot; but the influence of all other nations remains negligible compared to that of England. She is, after all, the Mother Country, from whom we have acquired what really counts in the long run: language, customs, political liberty, traditions."

Personally, I want to be fair and just to all countries for I am striving in the closing years of my life to heal the festering wounds of national contention and so bring all races to that point where they can be made to realize that their interests are not so desperately divergent that the healing balm of humanity, justice, righteousness and good-fellowship cannot draw all together in a workable bond of common unity. Friction there will be, but I do not believe, unless men are wholly degenerate and God has turned his back on the world forever, that continuous, universal bloodshed is necessary, or will be tolerated.

Now as a first step to bringing about this most desirable of all human consummations, it is absolutely necessary, if civilization is to survive to keep the English-speaking peoples (who combined are capable of bringing peace and order to a distracted, chaotic, stricken world) on a friendly footing. Theodore Roosevelt worked for this end, and, with prophetic vision, foresaw and warned us of the propaganda that is now raging in this country against Britain. Britain who for three years while we were leisurely preparing to "do something" and reveling in prosperity, made a living wall of the bodies of her sons against the onrush of the bloodthirsty Hun. As soon as the armistice was signed, out popped the soreheads and the malcontents (who had been a mighty silent bunch during the war) and the whole scheming crowd got together to undo the fruits of victory, to drive a wedge between us and our friends across the ocean, and, if humanly possible, involve us in war with Britain. It is the gutter press, as well as the foreign-language sheets, that have for years grown fat by pouring their venomous hate of the British commonwealth of nations into the credulous minds of those who inhabit our foreign boarding house. It is the same old crowd who was pro-German and anti-American during the war that is engineering this anti-British campaign and terrorizing our vote-seeking lawmakers with their impudent clamor. I shall speak well or ill of any country as circumstances dictate, and no hyphenated alien, masquerading as an American, can muzzle me. Let me warn you genuine Americans that if you permit yourselves to be stampeded by the propaganda that is now raging, all the fearful sacrifices of the war will have gone for nothing and your dead will have died in vain. Let me warn you, too, that if you succeed in wiping Britain from the map, you will discover, when it is too late, that you have been fooled into destroying your friends merely to oblige relentless enemies. Britain, in her endeavor to keep on friendly terms with this country and to work for the uplift of our shattered civilization and the preservation of world peace, has frequently run counter to the wishes of her allies, caring only for votes, have been ready to make faces at old friends to please the sore-head element of our electorate. These grandstand plays, if directed at Germany in the old

days, would have meant instant war. These antics naturally cause international bitterness, delight our enemies within and without, add to the general feeling of unrest and keep a bleeding world from settling down to work and peace.

The writer demands something "American," and then has the nerve to send me an article (to which I previously referred) from one of the many sheets controlled by a gentleman, who, at a public meeting in New York, presided over by the Governor of this great State, was denounced as "the most dangerous man in America." His papers were referred to by Governor Smith as "gutter sheets" and as one of "the greatest causes of unrest in this country." According to the New York Tribune, at the time the war began these same sheets "published 74 attacks on our allies, 17 instances of defense or praise of Germany, 63 pieces of anti-war propaganda and one deletion of a presidential proclamation." That is the kind of poison that appeals to the anonymous writer of American Falls. COMFORT does not deal in this line of tainted goods. The article forwarded to me by the anonymous patron of the gutter press is the usual bitter tirade against Britain, a country which is just human like ourselves and trying to solve the terrible problems resulting from a war which was forced upon it. Britain, it appears, has built a battleship called the Hood. At the time it was launched it was the most powerful ship afloat, having eight fifteen-inch guns. We, however, have just sent the Maryland into the water with eight sixteen-inch guns, a ship capable of blowing the Hood into smithereens. This ought to quiet the nerves of the gutter press and enable us all to sleep nights. You see, Uncle Sam is more than capable of keeping up with the Jones! We are told, "with Germany and Russia's navy destroyed that only John Bull could give battle to Uncle Sam." Ain't that terrible!!! It never occurred to the terrified gent who wrote the article that those two navies working together have recently saved civilization and are willing when called on to do it again. It also never occurred to these fomenters of hate that this country has been at peace with Britain for over a hundred years and that to the north there is an invisible boundary line stretching nearly four thousand miles from the Atlantic to the Pacific across which never a gun has been pointed by either Canada or the U. S. In all history you will find no similar instance of such unbounded faith and trust between nations. On the Great Lakes, too, there is not even a war canoe. The New York Globe says: "Britain has never built ships against America and the naval calculations have never contemplated war with America. Britain has maintained the so-called two-power standard with reference to a coalition, including America." Roosevelt in December, 1918, by the way, wrote: "I regard the British navy as the most potent instrumentality for peace in the world." I believe that the time has come that under no circumstances shall there ever be a resort to war between the United States and the British Empire.

The article forwarded to me carefully ignores the fact that when the armistice was signed, three American admirals, Griffin, Taylor and Earl, were sent abroad to consult with the British, French and Italian admiralties in the spring of 1919. In Britain these officers of high rank were invited to inspect the new battleship Hood. That shows you how much Britain is trying to keep us in the dark as to her naval plans. Bear in mind, the British navy has charted the seas and cleaned them of pirates, has policed the oceans and made them safe for travel and commerce. Let us be just even if we do not wish to be generous, and remember Britain has done more to uphold the Monroe Doctrine than we have. George Canning, British Foreign Minister, proposed an alliance with America for the purpose of preventing the Holy Alliance from re-establishing despotism in South America. Monroe took the matter up with Madison and Jefferson and both were heartily in favor of it, but John Quincy Adams talked the matter over with Monroe and came to the conclusion that Britain could be trusted at her own risk and expense, to carry out the policy that America advocated. Another little incident that escaped the notice of the American-Huns. Not many years have elapsed since the British in Manila Bay went over to the American side and the blustering German admiral had to pull in his horns and beat it. That action saved us from the menace of a world coalition. The whole United States rang with praise of Britain at that time. She was "our good friend" then, and what has she done that she is not our good friend now? Thomas Jefferson said to Monroe: "With her (Britain) on our side we need not fear for the whole world. With her, then, we should most sedulously cherish a cordial friendship and nothing would tend more to knit our affection than to be fighting once more side by side, in the same cause."

The writer asked for something American. I wonder how she will like that? "British naval power has been used time and again," says the historian, Ramsey Muir, "as the last bulwark of freedom against military powers which have threatened to overwhelm the freedom of their neighbors by mere brute strength. That was so in the sixteenth century when Spain seemed to be within an ace of making herself the mistress of the world; it was so a hundred years later when Louis XIV threatened the liberties of Europe; it was so a century later when Napoleon's might overshadowed the world; it was so once more when the German peril menaced the liberty of nations; but the British naval power has never been used to restrict the free movement of all the ships of all nations in times of peace in any of the seas of the world." Right now Britain is selling a large number of her most powerful battleships, and British estimates and personnel have also been greatly decreased, while we on the other hand are embarking on a naval program which will make us mistress of the seas. So tremendous is that program that even our best friends are getting a little bit worried as to what it all means, for if we keep on friendly terms with our late war associates, we can if necessary send all our fleet to the Pacific where our far-flung possessions need protection and leave the guarding of the Atlantic to our late partners in the war. If, however, we continue to make a cuspidor of Britain and allow our foreign boarders and political demagogues to dictate our policy, she, indeed, would be a fool if



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she did not take measures to defend herself, for Britain depends on her seaborne commerce for food, life and trade, while we do not. British battleships, however, have no terror for genuine Americans. They only cause excitement to the foe within and the gutter press and the more these elements are excited the better for all decent, peace-loving people.

In the clipping sent we are told that "Britain is building her battleships with money loaned by this country, with the interest due on the gigantic loans to England obtained to use in her war." Her war, mark you. We, of course, had nothing to do with it. Later we are told "that's no reward for saving them from the licking that was coming to them," and which a lot of Americans think would have done them good." Note the venom in these statements. The late war was not a war, then, to end war, not a war to avenge the sinking of our ships, the murder of our citizens, the banishing of our commerce from the seas, not a war for democracy. Oh, no! It was just a war to save England and her allies from getting licked. If they had been licked we should have been mourning the loss of a million dead today, and as it transpires that our navy was not prepared, though it had ample warning and plenty of time to get ready, our coast cities would probably have been in ashes. We loaned Europe ten billion dollars, four billion of that went to Britain, six billion to France, and most of it was spent right here for munitions. Great Britain spent a much larger sum financing the war and her allies and keeping the Hun at bay until we got ready to come in. The Hood is not being built with American loans, for, as I write, millions in gold (not paper) are being sent to this country by Britain and France and half a billion of our loans will be paid back by October. These war associates of ours have suffered frightfully, horribly, and it is these people (people to whom we owed an immense sum in our soup kitchen days when the war broke out), struggling to get back on their feet, mourning their millions of dead, that the gutter press assails and insults. Though we must keep an eye on the foe within, let us remember that we have millions among us of the Pershing breed—Pershing who in the Committee Room of the House of Commons in London voiced "the necessity for closer and firmer union to the end that we may be united as peoples, likewise forever, it seems to me that all discussions of means and ways to prevent war and of plans for the combined nations must be based on a union in thought and in heart, of the Anglo-Saxon people."

General, in the language of the day, "you said a mouthful," a mouthful that our enemies within will not relish. Brothers and sisters, let us with God's help strive to heal the wounds of this tortured world and not wantonly attempt, as many are doing, to make them deeper.

Don't forget that Uncle Charlie's four wonderful books may still be had. Start in at once to obtain them—they cost you no money, only a very little time and effort—and keep at it until you have the entire set. The book of Poems is beautifully bound in ribbed silk stiff covers; the Story Book is bound in two styles, the one in ribbed silk stiff covers like the Poems, the other in paper covers; the Song Book is bound only in heavy paper covers, and the Picture Book in handsome paper covers or the Picture Book in pretty stiff covers for a club of only two subscriptions. These four books are a library of endless joy and merriment, the best medicine to drive away the blues and the best gifts in the world.

My Picture Book, too, has started a deluge of inquiries: Is Billy the Goat my daughter? Is Maria her ma? Is there an Aunt Charlie? Is the big boy in the Picture Book my only baby? I have had a little leaflet specially printed answering all these questions fully, and those who

are interested will find the same in every copy of the four Uncle Charlie books sent out this season.

Now for the letters.

DENVER, COLO.
UNCLE CHARLIE—DEAR SIR: For years I enjoyed reading your chats in the COMFORT magazine, but like the man who wrote to you a few months ago, you do not seem the same old boy, Uncle Charlie, and I am anxious to know why and wherefore the change. I know of only three things that will cause a man to change as you have. First, found he had been advocating a wrong policy (wise men change their policy, fools never do). Second, made enough money and desire to be in the ranks of the rich. Three, a subsidized press. Kindly let me know in your next issue why and wherefore you have changed, and oblige,
JOHN SMITH.

Ike Braunstein or Hans Sausagespell, people of your cowardly type always hide their identity behind some good, honest, American name. I've had about a score of letters from you, Herr Braunstein, in all of which you took me to task for hitting your beloved Kaiser and Fatherland. Hans, I have never, so far as my knowledge goes, advocated a wrong policy, but in shaping my policies I have to be guided by world conditions, circumstances and events. What you and a lot of other admirers of the twin Czars who rule Russia want me to do is to give a mortal thrust to an agonized world which is already bleeding to death. There are a lot of vermin engaged in this fiendish game, but I don't care to be a sewer rat and eat gilded garbage even out of Trotsky's hand. A sample lot of these reptiles were sent home to Russia. Another bunch of a hundred who were about to be deported, have been turned loose by the Department of Labor to continue their devilish work. Senator King of Utah intends to have this department investigated. It needs it. It was this department that had as Commissioner of Immigration at Ellis Island, New York, a gentleman who was addressed in terms of almost affection and endearment by murderous anarchists, and whose fervent admiration for all things German during the war was a source of exasperation to every patriot. "There is a widespread belief," says the most prominent of New York papers, "that the Department of Labor is a nest of radicals." It is an outrage that the honest work radical should be used in connection with those who sympathize with dangerous Reds. The oppressed and exploited working man of old no longer exists. If he did, I should be at his side giving him all the aid and comfort I could. Organized labor is not only capable of taking care of itself but it has learned all the tricks of the worst capitalist exploiters and is taking care of us—trying, as I write, to starve New York babies by holding up railroad traffic. It is doing and will continue to do with more ferocity as the days pass, the very thing it organized to stop the exploiter from doing. The Reds will see to that. I have no use for profiteers and exploiters, no matter to what class of society they belong. Labor, crazed by agitators, lazy and hysterical will not produce if it can help it, and when it does produce, its product is inferior and the price is extortionate. My remedy for profiteering is the machine gun, the rope and the electric chair, and that medicine should be meted out with exact justice to all, including the man who got ten dollars for doing three dollars' worth of work and the man who got ten thousand for doing fifty dollars' worth. I have learned a great deal during the last quarter of a century. I thought that the exploited toilers were only in search of social justice and a square deal. I find, alas, that too many of them do not want justice, all they want is a chance to get at the savings of the thrifty and industrious, and in a workless world dissipate what others have, by self-denial, hard work and industry, acquired for protection in their old age. I will feed and fondle a

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 18.)

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His Heart's Queen

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4.)

sharply as she left the room to go to the attic for the purpose of packing her trunk.

"Wilhelm," Violet said, rising and confronting the man as his wife vanished. "I shall not remain here with you while Belle is away—I will not tolerate your presence for a single hour."

"How are you going to help yourself, Miss Independence?" he demanded, with a leer. "I will help it," she said spiritedly. "This is not an empty house—there are people down stairs, and I warn you that I shall make such a disturbance as will cause them to make inquiries regarding the occupants of this room."

Mr. Mencke looked alarmed at this threat.

He knew that she could make no end of trouble for him if she set about it, and he wished that he had her back in her old quarters, where Sarah could look after her—the prospect of a week of perpetual vigilance had no charms for him.

"What is the pleasure, then, of your royal highness?" he demanded with an oath.

"If I must stay here, I want you to send Sarah to me," Violet replied.

"Yes, and let you outwit her again," he sneered.

"Sarah was in no way responsible for my escape—she was faithful to you—I could not even bribe her."

"Then you tried that game, did you?" the man interposed.

"Of course I did. I offered her every inducement that I could think of; but she had given her word to you and would not break it. She was kind to me, however, and her presence, although not especially enjoyable, was, at least, not obnoxious to me."

"You are complimentary, my fair sister," Wilhelm Mencke returned, flushing at her implied detestation of him, yet he was pleased to know that Sarah had been true to her trust. "But," he added, fiercely, "I will run no risks with you during the coming week."

"You will send for Sarah or you will take the consequences," Violet reiterated, with a determination which he saw meant mischief.

"Will you go back to the other house and stay with her?"

Violet thought a moment.

"Yes," she said at length.

"Will you promise not to try to attract any attention on the way?"

"No," she answered resolutely. "I shall improve every opportunity to get out of your power. I shall take advantage of the slightest lack of vigilance upon your part."

Wilhelm Mencke started to his feet, his face purple with passion.

"Then, I vow, I'll bind and gag you," he cried, with an oath.

Violet saw that she was going too far—that it would not do for her to be too aggressive. She saw that he was desperate enough to do almost anything to accomplish his purpose, and it would be terrible to be bound hand and foot and gagged.

"What shall I do?" she asked herself.

The letter which she had written to Mr. Lawrence that morning was still in her pocket and unsealed. If she could only manage to add a little to it and get it to him, she knew that he would at once hasten to her relief. But how to accomplish this was more than she could at present plan to do.

While she was considering this perplexing difficulty Mrs. Mencke returned from her visit to the attic.

"You'll have to bring the trunk down for me, Wilhelm," she said; "it is not a large one, but it is too much for me to manage."

"Why do you want to take a trunk?" he demanded gruffly. "The less baggage you hamper yourself with the better it will be for you."

"You don't suppose I am going back to Cincinnati unless I can have some decent clothes to wear, I hope. I intend to stop at the House and live in style while I am there, or else I shall not go at all," his wife returned, loftily.

"Who will supply the money for so much style?" he asked.

"You, of course, until I can get what I go after."

He saw that she was determined to have her own way, and with a muttered imprecation upon the vanity of women in general, he started to go up after the trunk.

He turned back, however, upon reaching the first stair.

"Look out for that little cat," he said, scowling at Violet, "she is all ready for a spring, and every claw is sharpened."

"I'll see to her," was the assuring response; then turning to Violet, the woman said crossly: "Why can't you be reasonable? Everything shall be made all right with you, if you will only have patience."

Violet did not reply, but, taking up a book that lay upon the table, pretended to read while Mrs. Mencke continued the preparations for her journey.

The young girl had a pencil in her pocket, and drawing this forth, she managed to write on a fly leaf of the book:

"Am in trouble again. Come at once to a corner house on — Street; don't know the name of the other street, or the number of the house. South side of street—second story, windows small, with panes of glass; three flower pots on front window sill."

VIOLET.

Stealthily tearing this out, she folded it and tucked it into the envelope which inclosed the letter to Mr. Lawrence.

Mr. Mencke meanwhile had come down with the trunk.

"I know what I am going to do," he remarked, as he set it down, while a cruel expression had settled about his mouth. "I am going to take Violet back to the other house. I shall not feel safe a minute with her here."

Violet looked up at him curiously as he said this.

"You think you will have a chance to scare up somebody to rescue you, I suppose," he said, observing the look and chuckling, "but you won't. I'm going to take Belle's Saratoga trunk—it's a small ark—bore some holes in the top, clap you in it, and, when the carriage comes for Belle, take you back to Sarah. I'll just give you a little chloroform first to keep you quiet."

Violet turned sick and faint over this horrible plan.

"You dare not do such a brutal thing!" she cried.

"I dare to do anything to keep you quiet for a week," he fiercely retorted.

"I will give up," Violet said, in a tone of despair. "Send for Sarah, and I promise I will make no disturbance until Belle gets back."

"Honor bright?"

"I have, given my word," Violet returned haughtily.

"And you will make no effort to get away?"

"I will not promise you that; if Sarah gives me a chance, whether I am here or there, I shall not neglect it, you may be very sure," she returned, showing her claws again.

"Go for the woman, Wilhelm; Violet will be as safe here as there, if she will keep quiet, and I do not like to leave my rooms alone," Mrs. Mencke here interposed.

Her husband looked undecided for a moment, then he turned and left the room.

Violet breathed more freely the moment the door closed after him; now if she could but get a chance to open the window and throw her letter out to some passer-by, she believed that she would soon be free.

When Mrs. Mencke's back was turned, she stealthily sealed it, and wrote on the outside, "Important—Deliver Immediately," and kept hoping that Belle would have to go upstairs again for something, so that she could send it on its way.

But dinner-time came without the desired opportunity, and after that the hours went slowly by, for Violet was so indignant with her companion that she would not talk, and both were far from feeling comfortable.

At last Mrs. Mencke began to put on her hat and wraps, for she was to leave on the four o'clock express going west, while she was beginning to feel quite anxious for the return of her husband and the woman who was to guard Violet.

"There!" she exclaimed, as she was drawing on her gloves, "I have forgotten some nice handkerchiefs that I wanted to take with me. Violet, won't you go up stairs to my leather trunk, in the room over this, and get a flat box that lies on top of the other things in it? Here are the keys; but you need not try to get out of the skylight, for Wilhelm has nailed it down."

Violet had heard him hammering at something up there, and surmised what he was doing.

"Why don't you go and get them yourself?" Violet asked, thinking she would thus get the desired opportunity to throw her letter from a window.

"Because, for one thing, I cannot trust you here alone, and, for another, I do not wish to soil my skirts by going up and down those dusty stairs," Mrs. Mencke replied.

Violet saw that she would gain nothing by refusing to comply with her request, so she took the keys and slowly ascended the stairs to the attic.

She found the trunk, and had just unlocked it, when she thought she heard a step above her on the roof.

Her heart leaped into her throat with sudden hope, for doubtless some one was there either hanging out or taking in clothes.

She knew that there was a pane of glass broken out of the skylight. Perhaps she could attract the attention of whoever was there, and thus send her letter to Mr. Lawrence.

She stole noiselessly up to the scuttle, thrust her hand through the broken pane, and tapped upon the roof.

The steps ceased for a moment, then they seemed to come toward her, and presently the good-natured face of a young Irish girl looked down upon her.

"Hush!" whispered Violet, at the same time making eager signs for her to keep still.

"Whist, is it?" asked the girl, speaking low.

"All right, mavoureen."

"Will you do me a favor, and not let a soul know anything about it, if I will give you a dollar?" Violet asked, in rapid tones.

"Sure, I will, miss, and be mighty glad of the dollar, too," was the eager reply.

Violet hurriedly took the letter from her pocket, and a dollar from her purse, and thrust them through the aperture, whispering:

"Mail this letter for me at once, and don't let anybody see you do it. Here's your dollar, and I will give you five more when I get an answer. What's your name?"

"Jane McCarthy, miss, and I live just next door," said the girl, as she took the letter and money and concealed them in her pocket.

"I will remember," said Violet. "Now go quick—quick!"

She did not wait for a reply, but flew back to the leather trunk, seized the box of handkerchiefs, relocked the trunk, and then went slowly down the stairs, trying to still the rapid beating of her heart, and to appear as if nothing unusual had happened.

"What kept you so long?" Mrs. Mencke demanded suspiciously, when she made her appearance in the room below.

"Was I long?" Violet asked indifferently. "You should oil the lock to that trunk, Belle, and then it would turn more easily."

She picked up her book and sat down as if to read again, but the words danced before her eyes, while she grew so dizzy and faint she feared she would fall from her chair. But she gradually gained control of herself, and Mrs. Mencke did not dream of the flank movement which her victim had made during that brief interval of less than five minutes.

Wilhelm Mencke entered soon after, and he

was accompanied by Sarah, and then Mrs. Mencke took her departure, bidding Violet a brief good-by without offering her customary caress, for which the young girl was thankful.

TO BE CONTINUED.



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Our stock of these hats will surely be snapped up for men will quickly realize what a stunning bargain this is—so don't put off. Remember, not a penny to send now and you can return the hat to us if not even a bigger value than you expect. Just send post card or letter today. Be sure to give size.

Leonard-Morton & Co. Dept. 5375 Chicago

Wedding Refreshments

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7.)

minutes. Allow about one quarter to a glass full of finely chopped ice and water.

SALMON-POTATO SALAD.—Use fresh or canned salmon, and fresh boiled potatoes, which should be drained and dried as soon as they can be pierced through with a fork. Dice both salmon and potato, using about equal quantities of each. Cover with same dressing as used in chicken salad.

SPREAD NUT BREAD.—Sift together three cups of once sifted flour, three teaspoons of baking powder, one tablespoon of sugar, and one teaspoon of salt. Add one cup of milk, two well-beaten eggs, and one cup of finely broken pecan meats. Beat hard, pour into bread tins, let rise twenty minutes, and bake in a moderate oven until it slightly shrinks from sides of pan.

CHEESE RINGS.—Grate two cups of rich cheese. Soak six tablespoons of bread-crumbs with six tablespoons of light cream and four well-beaten eggs. Beat all together with two tablespoons of made mustard, salt to taste and a dash of cayenne pepper. Spread on slices of bread cut into rings with a doughnut cutter, or in squares, and brown quickly in a hot oven.

NAME CAKES.—Cream one cup of butter, add two cups of sugar, two tablespoons of milk and three well-beaten eggs. Beat hard, add four and a half cups of flour sifted with two heaping teaspoons of baking powder, and enough more to roll out. Flavor with vanilla or lemon. Cut heart-shaped, dip in boiled frosting. When the frosting is dry, trace the Christian name of the bride and bridegroom across the cookies with clear melted chocolate.

STRAWBERRIES SERVED ENGLISH STYLE.—Select choice, large, ripe strawberries having a half-inch of stem left on. They must be fresh so that the hulls will not be wilted. Wash, one at a time, by dipping in and out of cold water, and lay carefully to drain. Serve on bread and butter size of plates, with a small mound of sugar to one side, into which each berry is dipped as it is eaten.

The Wedding Cake

Charm and mystery always surround a custom that has long been in vogue, and especially does this apply to the wedding cake which is but the memorial of a practice that, though different in details, shows a striking resemblance in our customs to those of ancient times when a cake of far and mola salsa was broken over the Roman bride's head. Symbolical of natural plentifulness, whilst the Roman bride gave her right hand to her spouse, she held in her left three wheat-ears, just as the English bride in later centuries bore in her hand a chaplet of bearded spikes of wheat. As far back as 1700 it was the universal custom to drop either whole grains, including rice, or small fragments of thin, dry biscuits upon the bride's head and as it tumbled to the ground was picked up and consumed by the wedding guests. The oatmeal cake was broken over the Scottish bride's head by the best man and first bridesmaid as she crossed the threshold of the first house she entered after the wedding ceremony.

The next step toward the modern wedding cake was the rectangular bun made rich with sugar, eggs, milk, spices, currants and almond paste. Every marriage feast included these cakes, and the invited guests would also bring them in large numbers. Part of these were thrown over the bride's head, and with comical jest the pieces were eaten or preserved as a charm for bringing pleasant dreams.

Long after the adoption of the modern wedding cake, the English mother would often provide two cakes, one to be broken over the bride's head, and the other to be decorated for the feast-table.

WEDDING CAKE.—It will require a full half-day to prepare the fruit, put the cake together and attend to its baking, and it must not be hurried. Wash, seed and chop two pounds of large raisins of best quality. Wash by plunging them into boiling water, letting them remain about eight minutes. Skim out and rinse quickly through a second hot water. Clean two pounds of large currants by covering with flour and rubbing until the grit and tiny stems are removed. This can be done in a colander and by shaking all the flour and grit will pass through. Rinse with warm water until clean. Spread on towels to absorb the water and finish drying in the air. Cover one pound of almonds with boiling water and let stand until the dark skin can be removed easily. Cover with cold water, rub off the skins and dry between cloths and chop fine. Cut one pound of citron into slices about one eighth of an inch thick and then into uniform lengths. Measure four cups of flour that has been once sifted, and take enough of this to coat the raisins, currants and almonds. Mix together two cups of sugar, one even teaspoon each of all-spice and nutmeg, two even teaspoons each of mace and cinnamon, and a scant half teaspoon of cloves. Cream one pound of butter until very light, add the sugar mixed with spice and stir thoroughly. Add the well-beaten yolks of eleven large eggs, the whites beaten stiff, the grated rind and juice of one lemon and stir well. Beat in the flour until the mixture is very smooth and then beat in the floured fruit. Have a round pan lined with three thicknesses of paper, with only the top layer thoroughly buttered. Put a thin even layer of dough in the bottom of pan, not more than half an inch deep, and over this an even layer of the citron, repeating these layers until all the dough and citron are used. Bake in a moderate oven three hours. Be sure and have control of the oven before putting the cake in. Too much heat will spoil it.

Wedding cake improves with age, and may be made months in advance. It should be put away in a stone jar wrapped in old white linen. Prevent drying by putting an apple cut in halves into the jar, changing it every two weeks. Ice two days before using.

It is well to remember in any business that the leaks come largely from carelessness.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5.)

But since I have become acquainted with the better class of books I have no desire for the others, and, sisters, when you do not like a good book, read it until you do.

How many of you feel as Mrs. Comstock does about books? "I never see a book but I feel as I do when I stand by the sea on a foggy morning. I can see nothing I know for everything lies hidden in the fog. I wonder what kind of a day lies there and what the day bears. So it is with a book. I open the covers—and the fog slowly melts away."

Let me tell you a habit I have and probably some of you will like to take it up too. In reading any book or magazine I pick out the sentences that appeal to me, or that seem helpful, and write them down in a note book kept for that purpose. My scrap-book, I call it, and it is now full of quotations and poems not only from well-known authors and poets but unknown ones as well. For instance this from "A Weaver of Dreams" by Myrtle Reed. "When all is done the Master Weaver will lead us farther on—we who have been weavers of dreams and have made the most from what we have. If we've put the golden thread into the fabric, and woven the pattern as it was given to us without questioning or repining, we shall not stop here—I'm very sure of that." Is not that a beautiful thought? And this from the same book, "Matrimony. Woman's one great trouble. First, to marry and get something to worry about, then to escape from it and get rid of the worry."

I advise all who have not read "A Weaver of Dreams" to do so for it will surely prove interesting. But to return to my scrap-book, I hope you will give my plan a trial for when you are lonesome and there is absolutely nothing new in the house to read go to your scrap-book and there you'll find the parts you like best from the works of your favorite authors.

Sincerely,

JACK.

Jack.—Mindful of my own starved childhood, so far as good reading matter was concerned, it is a pet dream of mine to establish libraries in remote country places for the benefit of children who are reading the wrong kind of books simply because they haven't the right kind. Not necessarily a special building for the purpose but just books and books—and then some more books.

—Ed.

MONTANA.

MY DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

Please, please do not deny me admittance! Knot Head fairly makes my blood boil and he should not be allowed to run at large! He defends himself, or rather his sex by knocking the opposite. Because women haven't wings (visible to the naked eye),—does that fact make "most men" less selfish? It does not! He claims that women as a race are more deceitful and treacherous than men. I claim they are not and I challenge his assertion that the general public are in his opinion. As a race, women are most noble, condoling, affectionate and loyal. Truly, there are some women who are both deceitful and treacherous, and we deplore the fact quite as much as he, but, happily, these women are in a minority by far, especially where serious matters are involved. Take for example, Knot Head, the wildest speculations and swindles which we read so much about. Are they represented by men or women? I will leave it to your conscience to answer. I fear, in making a study of the race, you have used very poor judgment in selecting your subjects.

You admit "you men are all subject to wrong and do wrong." That's a stumbling block for all of you. You take it for granted, like the measles and mumps in childhood, that men must do wrong because "it has always been done," and so passers comparatively unnoticed. But if a woman oversteps the boundary line—what? Oh! Merciful Horrors! Er—er um-huh! I told you so! And so on to the end of time.

In some instances women find it necessary to take the initiative and you men call it "gall and brass." Now Knot Head, "fess up! You know you have met women who, apparently, were cold and hard, but if you allowed yourself to become better acquainted with them you would find them really lovable characters but while in contact with the cold, hard world, they find it essential to partially disguise their softer, or as you would call it, their weaker traits. We feel deeply sorry for you, Knot Head, to think you would deliberately entertain such a mistaken idea of our sex when you could so easily be disillusioned. Don't you realize that you are missing the second best part of our life?

Why didn't you tell us the women are vain and conceited? Yes, I know they are, dreadfully so, some of them. Also the men who are equally vain and have an excess amount of conceit. Speaking of vanity, let me just mention that if the men were not so ready to stretch their phrases, which is a mild way of alluding to untrue and deceitful inexactitudes, lots and lots of young girls would be less vain. You see, a great many of the younger girls do not know, as you and I do, how deceitful men are and quite naturally believe them, so why shouldn't they be vain? Wouldn't you be vain if some young beauty raved about how handsome you were, how splendidly you danced and how terribly sweet you were with that little curl over your left eyebrow? Poor old Knot Head! I believe you appeared just to see what kind of a hornet's nest you could stir up, but be careful, Sonny, you cannot play with bees without getting stung.

Uncle Charlie is a darling—sometimes. But I think he is as rude as other men at times. He has repeatedly referred to stenographers as "the painted stenographer," as though all stenographers were addicted to the use of paint. One might infer from his comments that there were no respectable girls in their lot. In his reply to Mearle Ashworth, in March, the humble stenographer was too contemptible to be given any notice whatever.

I'm going to champion another of Uncle Charlie's pet aversions and he has a great many backers in this. He fairly despises silk hosiery and georgette waists but let me tell you from experience that they are an economy to the business girl. She leaves the office at five. Allowing her fifteen minutes to reach her boarding house, she has three quarters of an hour till dinner. It takes but a moment to stir up a suds of Lux and warm water. (Notice—Lux Dealers: No charges are made for this advertisement.) Dip the georgette and crepe de chine waists, white satin sport skirt, silk lingerie, hose everything in the suds a few times, rinse, roll in a Turkish towel and dress for dinner. Half an hour later, by prearrangement with the landlady, iron them. They will have been finished before John's usual time for calling. I have always found that silks wear as well as cotton and they pay for themselves twice over in the saved laundry bill, which is no small item in the weekly expense account. Girls, did you know that your nice voile dresses will appear as new if washed in warm water in which a small bag of bran is placed? The bran acts as both soap and starch, and they are less likely to fade.

Time's up! I'm sorry I've overstayed my limit and I thank you for admitting me. My mind is greatly relieved. Come and see me, won't you?

PEGGY PATRICIA.

—when "delicious and refreshing" mean the most.

THE COCA-COLA COMPANY
ATLANTA, GA.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I am a reader of COMFORT and have been for a long time. I enjoy reading the views of the different mothers on taking care of children. I, too, am a fond mother, but a sad one. I am going to give you a problem for you to figure out for me and your advice on such.

I have a daughter, sixteen years old. She is such a strange girl that I feel she has not one bit of love for mother. She does not ask for my counsel on any subject whatever. She buys what she wants although she doesn't have very good judgment. If I try to talk to her she will slur me in such a rude way that I have to cry over it. She left school and went to work in a shop. I don't ask her for any money and don't know how much she earns. She gives me \$4.00 a week. I don't say much to her for I love her. She is my eldest girl and I have always been so good to her in every way. She never helps with the housework and I do her washing and sewing. She doesn't know how to do housework and would never learn. Now for another important question? Is she old enough to get married? She is very bitter at me because I talk against matrimony for a girl under eighteen or twenty. There is a young man she thinks she loves but I think it is only a childish fancy. She wants to marry him. I wish I could keep her with me a little longer, though she is very cross to the family. Her father is dead. How can I win her love so our little family will be happy? Please print advice as soon as you can?

A. B. B.

A. B. B.—A great many girls who afterward become ex-proclaimers have "spells" when they are around sixteen when they think they know ever so much more than their mothers so don't become discouraged. You have been too good to her. If she had to pay her board elsewhere she would find that \$4.00 a week wouldn't go far toward board, laundry bills and mending and sewing. What do the sisters think about this?—Ed.

WESTERHIM, N. DAK.

DEAR SISTERS:

Please move over and let me have a chair. I have been a subscriber to COMFORT for ever and ever so long and have written several letters but guess they weren't worth printing as I have never seen them. Our county doesn't seem to be very well represented so I'm going to try writing again. Perhaps some of you will remember me when I used to live in Minnesota. I heard from lots of the sisters then and several times exchanged flower seeds, scraps of dress goods, etc., with them. For the last eight or one half years I have lived in Golden Valley County, N. Dak., part of the time on a claim and again on rented farms. Our neighbors are far apart and some are not very neighborly anyway. You see, the ranchers feel an injustice has been done them by homesteaders filling on claims which they (the ranchers) used for their stock. But although the homesteaders put up with having the range stock run on them and eat their crops, a good many stayed and would not be run out. Many of us know what it is not to have a bushel of grain when fall came; if not eaten or destroyed by range stock it was destroyed by hail or eaten by cutworms and grasshoppers. But yet we stuck. This is our fourth year without a crop of any kind and if it were not for our cows I don't know what would happen to us. We live at the very extremity of the road where we never see anyone unless they come here purposely. No one ever has occasion to go by. In a way we don't have time to get lonesome as we have a herd of sheep that require attention all the time the year 'round. Please don't think I am complaining of how little we have and then put it down in your minds that the sheep and cattle are ours as we are only working here.

Lately my mother who was staying here with us received a box of fine eating apples that were sent her by a boy she took care of for ten years. He is now a man and out in Washington. She told me to make some into pies. They were delicious. A little while ago my four-year-old asked me if grandma would get some more apples pretty soon. I feel just like starting out and running as fast as I can when I know there are so many places where apples and other fruit lay on the ground wasting and my little flock do not see any fruit unless it is on the Fourth of July or some other similar occasion. Sometimes I would give all the money I ever saw, if I could have all the fruit I could eat. I suppose I ought to be satisfied to live

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 17.)

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Write Today Send your name now. Tell us which of the ladies' or men's. Be sure to send finger size.

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"This package of Sunset
made it like new"

No need to pay the high price of new goods—make over last season's things with Sunset. A beautiful new Sunset-color makes faded waists and dresses so smart and fresh that even your friends don't suspect it's dyed material. **Sunset Soap Dyes are fast** because the color is boiled in to stay—do not stain hands or utensils and there is only one dye for all fabrics. Cotton, Wool, Silk and Mixed Goods are dyed the same shade in one dye bath—no need to take garments apart.

There is no substitute for Sunset. Most of the better stores carry Sunset—ask for your favorite color or send us your dealer's name and we will mail a cake postpaid.

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SUNSET SOAP DYES

The Pretty Girls' Club

Conducted by Katherine Booth

Copying the Rose

JUNE is the month of roses, the most fragrant month of the year, and therefore a good time to answer the question so often put to me by my Pretty Girls—“Shall I use perfume?”

Strong scents are considered in very bad taste, and are offensive to fastidious people, therefore drenching the handkerchief with perfume is something none of us should indulge in.

But there is a great attraction about a very faint elusive fragrance, and there is no reason why the dainty girl should not see that not only her person but her clothes exhale this delicate fragrance. But remember that it must be delicate.

One of the best ways to insure one's lingerie carrying the faintest of fresh sweet fragrance is to line one's dresser drawers—or one's trunk trays when traveling—with perfume pads. To make these, get sheet wadding, cut two layers of this to fit the drawer you want to line; then cut two pieces of pale pink cheese-cloth about an inch larger all around than is the wadding. Sprinkle one sheet of wadding with good sachet powder—mignonette gives a lovely fragrance as does rose, or orris root. Lay the other piece of wadding on top of this, and baste with small stitches all around the edge, so that the powder will not fall out in handling. Now lay one piece of cheese-cloth on the table, and place your wadding pad on it. Turn in the edges of the cheese-cloth to make a hem at least half an inch outside of the edge of the wadding. Place your second piece of cheese-cloth on top of the wadding, after having creased a hem to match the hem on the under piece. Baste the two hems together close to the pad; then slip it in the machine and stitch next the pad and also at the outer edge of the hem. If your hem is not wide enough, and you stitch too close to the pad, the wadding will catch in the machine, so be careful.

Now for the decorative touches. You can tuft your pad with mercerized cotton, just as a comforter is tufted, or you can use tiny buttons to hold the pad and cover together, sewing them at intervals just as you do the tufts. This latter plan is pretty as you do the tufts. This latter plan is pretty as you do the tufts. This latter plan is pretty as you do the tufts.

It costs very little, and is most attractive,

though the tufts will do just as well. One can even “quilt” it instead of tufting, using pink thread, and running straight lines in the pad diagonally across the pad, then crossing them with diagonal lines starting from the other side.

Follow this plan and your clothes will always give forth a faint delicate fragrance as you move, while not being open to the charge of bad taste. A tiny drop of perfume put behind the ears is permissible, and some of the perfumed toilet waters are permissible to sprinkle on the palms of the hands very lightly indeed after bathing. The first strong fragrance immediately vanishes, and leaves behind just a suspicion of lilac or rose, or whatever it may be.

Of course I don't need to say that daily bathing is absolutely essential and that in summer-time it should be supplemented by careful bathing of the armpits during the day. One must be perfectly sweet and clean to make the use of scents in any form at all permissible.

Answers to Questions

MISS BLUE EYES.—Brushing the eyebrows with an eyebrow brush stimulates growth. An eyebrow brush is like a baby's toothbrush and you should be able to get it at your drug store. A good way to brush eyebrows is first against the grain—that is toward the nose so that the hair is brushed up on end. This rids them of dust more readily than brushing them away from the nose. It also disposes of any powder that might be left in them after using powder—though you really do not need powder at your age. After the brows have been brushed against the grain, then they should be brushed vigorously away from the nose, shaping them as you do so. Rubbing a little olive oil into the brows at night helps them to grow, but you should wash this out in the morning. There is no way to darken them except to dye them or pencil them, neither of which plans is a good one, especially for a young girl. To reduce your weight you must cut out the fat-building foods and be sure to get plenty of exercise. Working in the garden is good exercise, tennis is fine, swimming, horseback riding, basketball, walking. The foods which build fat are the starchy foods—such as Irish potatoes, rice, macaroni, white bread, milk, cream, butter—and the sweets. Quite likely you eat too many sweets—such as candy, cake, pie, etc. These are the things you should cut out, for at your age a girl needs milk, cream, butter and potatoes to keep her well and strong. Don't eat between meals, and be sure to chew your food thoroughly before swallowing. There is no way to remove freckles except by peeling off the skin, because the freckles lie beneath the skin. I shouldn't worry about a few—lots of fashionable women are proud of a freckle or two across their noses, to prove that they have had an outdoor summer. If you are going to be out in the sun, as for instance for a long drive, or playing tennis, you should rub cold cream well into your skin before-hand, wiping off any surplus with a soft cloth. Then powder lightly over this. This protects your skin for a time, and it is permissible for you to use powder for this purpose. Otherwise, for the good of your skin, I should abjure it at your age. The best way to whiten your skin is to eat sensible foods and drink a great deal of water. In summer if you drink much water, the perspiration will carry off the impurities of the body, and your skin will freshen and whiten. A good hot bath daily will open the pores and cleanse the body, but it should be followed by a dash of cool water and a brisk rubbing.

J. P. O.—Whose pictures do I use for this department? Oh, different pretty girls who seem best to illustrate the points I want to make. All of the pictures used in this department are photographs specially posed for COMFORT under my direction. I am glad you liked my March article.

A TEXAS GIRL.—The way to straighten shoulders is to exercise, and also to make up one's mind to stand erect and never to slump down in one's chair. In sitting, let the end of the spine rest back in the seat against the back of the chair, then hold the rest of



Danderine is “Beauty-Tonic”

Immediately after a “Danderine” massage, your hair takes on new life, lustre and wondrous beauty, appearing twice as heavy and plentiful, because each hair seems to fluff and thicken.

Don't let your hair stay lifeless, colorless, plain or scraggly. You, too, want lots of long, strong hair,

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A 35-cent bottle of delightful “Danderine” freshens your scalp, checks dandruff and falling hair. This stimulating “beauty-tonic” gives to thin, dull, fading hair that youthful brightness and abundant thickness. All drug counters sell “Danderine.”

For Round Shoulders

Standing erect, with heels together, toes out, hands at hips with thumbs back and fingers forward, bend backward at the waist slowly, inhaling as you do so. Count ten. Now slowly bring the body back to the perpendicular, exhaling as you do so while counting ten. Repeat many times. Standing erect, with a book on one's head, while throwing the arms out vigorously as shoulder level, to their full length with fast closed, then bringing them back by bending the elbow and letting the fist thump the shoulder, is also a good exercise for the shoulders. Inhale as you throw the arms out, and exhale as you bring them vigorously back.

SUNSHINE.—Don't wear a high-busted corset with the idea that it will reduce the apparent size of your bust. It does exactly the contrary, as it pushes the bust up so that it is larger around than if it was allowed to flatten itself out over a larger area. You should, however, wear a brassiere of some firm cloth to hold the bust as flat as possible while not elevating it as a corset does. I had some very satisfactory ones made of longcloth and of heavy percale, with armholes like a waist, and buttoning up very tight in front. You may be able to wear the brassieres which you can buy at your drygoods store. Their object is to prevent the bust moving as you move, and to keep it as firm as possible. No, my dear, high heels won't make the legs smaller—quite the contrary. They will also affect your arches and spoil your feet.

You can wear what is called a Cuban heel—that is a heel that is somewhat high but is large at the base and straight in line. This supports the foot, where a French heel does not. Never wear a French heel, except for dancing slippers, as you value the beauty of your feet or their comfort. A good leg exercise will help to reduce the calves of the legs. Practice those I have given in COMFORT. Gentle massage with cold cream is about the only thing I can recommend for the scars on your face, though I cannot hold out much hope of their diminishing. Don't use olive oil on the scars. “Is it all right for you to go with the boys?” Well, of course, I am neither your father nor your mother, and, after all, they are the ones who decide what you may do. I should think at seventeen that it would be perfectly all right, and quite desirable, for you to have plenty of friends among both girls and boys, and that you should have the pleasure of going to parties, picnics, etc. I do think you are too young to go on “buggy-rides” with boys, but not too young for things which a lot of boys and girls can all do together. “Should you send invitations to parties?” I should hardly think so. I think it seems more friendly to just speak to this and that boy and girl, and ask them to come to your house at a certain time. However, if it is easier to write just a little note, do so, saying something like this:

“DEAR POLLY:

“I am asking a few of the boys and girls to spend the evening at my home on Friday, and I want you to be one of them. Do let me know that you will come. Eight o'clock is the hour.”

Yours sincerely, ———”

I answered your letter the very first issue of COMFORT after it came.

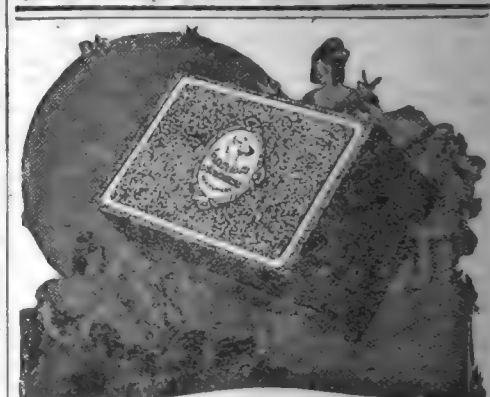
TENNESSEE.—I am sorry it is against the rules of this department to answer letters by mail. The only way to darken your eyebrows is to use an eyebrow pencil, but it should be applied very delicately, indeed, as it is not fashionable to have more than a slight thread of eyebrow. If used in this way it should not be “repulsive” nor even noticeable. There is a lotion which is good for darkening hair and might be useful for your eyebrows. I will give you the formula.

To Darken Hair

Two ounces of green tea, two ounces of the last crop of garden sage. Put these in an iron pot—remember, it must be iron—which has a close-fitting cover, and pour over them three quarts of boiling water. It should be allowed to stay on the stove with mild heat under it, so that it will simmer, until it is reduced to about one quart of liquid. Remove from the fire, let stand in the iron pot for twenty-four hours, then strain and place in a bottle. At night apply to the eyebrows, and also massage the line of the eyebrows with the finger-tips for at least ten minutes night and morning.

Address all letters containing questions to KATHERINE BOOTH, care COMFORT, AUGUSTA, MAINE.

“How do you account for comets and meteors?” inquired the girl who wanted to seem scientific. “Now and then,” replied the professor who wanted to seem frivolous, “the music of the spheres attempts a little jazz.”



You will love this new product by Watkins—Watkins, the original, the largest of its kind in the world—the concern that for more than half a century has stood for Quality. This New Garda Face Powder is dainty, alluring, irresistibly charming. So pure, so soft, so perfectly blending and clinging.

Garda Face Powder that its use adds a new joy to youthful beauty and to age a grateful boon. The flowers of Arab, of France and Italy, and the subtle fragrance of the blossoms of the Orient were blended by skillful Watkins' perfumers to produce the delicate new Garda odor. Fifty-two years of experience go into this newest Watkins' product to insure its purity, distinctiveness and satisfaction.

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TURN HAIR DARK WITH SAGE TEA

If Mixed with Sulphur It Darkens so Naturally Nobody Can Tell.


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Don't stay gray! Try it! No one can possibly tell that you darkened your hair, as it does it so naturally and evenly. You dampen a sponge or soft brush with it and draw this through your hair, taking one small strand at a time; by morning the gray hair disappears, and after another application or two, your hair becomes beautifully dark, glossy and attractive.

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USE TOILET WATER TO MAKE THE HANDS FRAGRANT.

the spine perfectly straight. In standing, raise the chest and drop the shoulders easily. Do not try to throw the shoulders back, as that gives an ugly line, but let the shoulders alone and elevate the chest—the shoulders will then take care of themselves. Be careful about your corset. Many people who are round shouldered, are so because they have gotten into the habit of “resting” on their corsets. Wear a low-busted corset—see answer to “Alabama Girl”—and keep your spine straight. The fat which you say has collected between the shoulders, is not from stooping, because lots of people are round-shouldered who haven't fat between the shoulders. You need reduction of flesh all over, probably. See my answer to “Miss Blue Eyes” about cutting out sweets. For you, this should probably include rich gravies and fat meats as well. Be sure not to eat fried foods. To reduce your flesh and straighten your shoulders, you will have to exercise—not just once in a while, but ten to fifteen minutes at a time twice a day and every day. It does little good to exercise one day, then skip two, then exercise again the next day or two, and omit for three or four days. Each time it is as if you were just beginning again. The only value of exercise lies in its continuous performance, so that the muscles improve with each practice. A good exercise for you is this:

Young Mrs. Gains Seeks Advice

By Myrtle Mauldin

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EACH day when David Gains returned from the office he paused at his own front gate to refresh his eyes with the scene before him.

The June sun was rapidly perfecting the work which April showers had begun in the luscious garden. Roses bloomed in riotous profusion against the wide veranda. The well-kept lawn and stately shade trees gave a dignity to the white bungalow set in their midst that greatly pleased David. For this was his first home—the perfect visualization of his dream of happiness and beauty. And within that small house waited his wife, the bride he had brought to it only one short month ago.

David's parents died when he was too young to remember them, but he had planned for a home as far back as he could recollect. All his time and energy he had devoted to this one purpose, so he had lived a singularly lonely life. By working early and late he had established himself among the successful men of his profession. There had been no time to make intimate friends or participate in social affairs. No spectacular successes had rewarded his efforts, but he was on solid ground; every year saw him considerably nearer the high goal he had set for himself.

Then at twenty-nine he had met Neva Redmond. The easy, care-free life she led, her beautiful home, loving parents, and devoted friends—all the advantages he had longed for but lacked—were constant sources of delight to the lonely man. While David's cool courage, unflinching self-reliance and assured business ability were equally attractive to Neva. Added to these qualities, Neva possessed beauty of the radiant, sparkling kind and David was decidedly distinguished in appearance. After a brief friendship followed by a supremely happy courtship they were married.

As he now recalled the perfect happiness of the past month, something that was very like a prayer of gratitude rose to David's lips. He waited at the gate a moment, then walked briskly up the path, his eager, expectant eyes on the house. The door flew open just as he mounted the steps and Neva, smiling and blushing at the warm adoration in her husband's eyes, came forth to greet him.

When they had finished supper and were back in the living-room he gently caught her in his arms and drew her down into the big chair with him.

"I want to talk to you about a little business, dear," he said. The lamps were not yet lighted, but in the soft still dusk of twilight David saw the look of surprise that widened Neva's brown eyes.

"You know, dear, that I am not a rich man; I'm still struggling. Some day I hope to be able to give you everything you want regardless of cost. But for the present we must keep our expenses within my income and leave a margin for profit if I am to make any progress. Without your loyal support I cannot hope to carry out my plans for the future. Anything you need it is all right to buy, of course, but surely, dear, you did not need all these things." He took a little stack of bills from his pocket and laid them on the table.

Neva sprang up and faced him, a hard light in her eyes.

"Are you trying to tell me that I am not to buy things and have the bills sent to you?" she asked icily.

"Good heavens, no; of course not! Anything you need, anything you want within reason—"

"Because if you are I'll go back home right now."

"Oh, Neva, my darling, how can you think—"

David's voice choked with incredulous horror. She had snapped on the lights, revealing a face red with anger.

"I was told you were that kind," the scornful young voice went on. "The stingy sort of a man that wants his wife to dress on nothing and stay at home all the time—"

"Neva!"

"But I tell you I won't have that sort of husband. I am not used to being treated like a child. I won't stand it."

She sank upon a chair and began to cry.

When her sobs subsided sufficiently for him to be heard, David talked to her patiently, gently, explaining his position in detail.

"Now, darling," he concluded, "let's forget this unpleasant episode and never let it occur again. Really it is a great ado about nothing."

He sat down upon the arm of her chair and attempted to remove her hands from her face, but she sprang to her feet with a gesture of fury.

"Do not touch me," she cried. "I wish I had never married you."

She rushed out of the room and a moment later David heard the key turn in her bedroom door. He picked up his hat and went down town.

This was only the first of many quarrels between Neva and David that summer. There was always a reconciliation followed by a few days of calm, when another petty misunderstanding would come up. Each quarrel paved the way for the next, which was invariably stormier than the last. They indulged in harsh words that rankled in the memory of each until their whole lives were embittered.

A picture of his wife's face, distorted with anger, flamed itself indelibly upon David's mind. Her unjust, sarcastic words never lost their power to cut his heart like a knife-thrust. While Neva fiercely resented his increasing coldness and curt impersonal manner. Her face assumed a petulant look like that of a spoiled child, wholly unlike her former cheerful expression. David's shoulders drooped like those of an old man; his eyes were no longer bright and hopeful. He tried to shake off the domestic nightmare and give all his time and thought to his business. But he found this impossible; Neva became jealous of the devotion he lavished upon his work.

One evening after supper she suggested that they go to a show.

"Sorry, dear," he replied regretfully, "but I promised Smith I would come over there to talk over a business matter tonight. It is important. It means the making or losing of several hundred dollars for me, and I cannot afford to risk losing, much as I would like to go with you." He talked rapidly, hoping to stay the flood of color that was dyeing her pretty face.

"Go ahead then, I do not care," she stormed. "I am used to staying by myself. You care for nothing but your old business."

"Sit down, Neva," he commanded coolly as he crossed the room, locked the door and put the key in his pocket.

Too much surprised at his unexpected move to protest she sat down.

"We might as well settle this at once," he continued in curt, business-like tones that he might have addressed to a stranger. "You have robbed me of the domestic happiness I had a right to expect, but I cannot allow you to destroy my business also. I have spent practically all my life building it up. It seems that financial success is the only recompense I can expect from my work, therefore I cannot allow a jealous, nagging wife to interfere with its attainment." He paused for her to consider this point.

"I am through trying to win you to any reasonable view of life; my visions of a happy home have vanished. However, I shall try to adjust myself to the new conditions. This everlasting wrangling has got to stop. Unless you can treat me civilly I shall arrange for a boarding place down town and you can fly into your rages

alone. I am going over to Smith's now. I'll be back in a couple of hours."

For several weeks following this interview the unhappy husband and wife treated each other with an icy politeness that was even more trying than the turbulent quarrels had been. They were preparing for a trip north when the final storm struck them. They had planned for months to spend the Christmas holidays in New York, where David was compelled to go to look after some business affairs. Neva, who had never been east of Chicago, was anticipating the trip with great pleasure despite her strained relations with her husband. In discussing their plans they almost forgot their grievances as the day of departure drew near.

It was only an hour until train time when David arrived at his home to dress and pack for the journey. He found Neva already dressed and busily engaged in packing. Her suit and hat were new and very smart. He realized that he had never before seen the clothes she was packing.

"Your suit is very becoming," he remarked pleasantly. "I'm glad to see you have bought you some new clothes. I'm afraid I've been too busy to notice that you needed them. I only wish Old Claymore had sent up the bills before I leave. I don't like to let unpaid accounts go over the holidays."

"Oh, there won't be any bills," she replied carelessly. "I charged them to Daddy."

"You what?" David stared at her, eyes and mouth agape.

"I charged them to Daddy," she repeated calmly. "He doesn't mind in the least. I've always done that since you first complained about my bills."

For the first time in his tempestuous married life David completely lost control of his temper. The blood surged into his face as the wave of furious anger submerged him.

"How dare you do such a thing? What can your father think of me? What will people say? I'll have you understand that while you are my wife I will pay your bills, Mrs. Gains!" he stormed.

"Perhaps you think you are talking to your office boy," she replied coolly. "I shall do exactly as I please about it."

She laid her hat on the bed and began to remove her coat.

"Put your hat back on; we have to hurry. It is nearly train time now."

"I am not going," she announced.

"Suit yourself," he jammed his hat down on his head, picked up his hastily packed hand-bag and left the house.

Neva watched him until he was out of sight then sat down to think over the situation. She realized that something must be done. But what? She had no precedents to follow.

"I know," she concluded. "I'll ask Anne Reed. She has been married five years. I'm sure she can help me."

She waited until she knew Anne's household tasks for the day were done before she went to tell her troubles.

"Why, you little goose," her friend laughed when Neva told her tragic story. "You don't mean to tell me you've missed a trip to New York just because you had a misunderstanding with David. Why don't you kiss and make up and forget all about it when you quarrel? That is the way everybody else does."

Neva shook her head thoughtfully. "Maybe they do," she conceded. "But we can't. It is wrecking my nerves and David looks ten years older than he did six months ago."

She returned to her home, hurriedly packed up enough clothes to last the two weeks of David's absence, called a taxi and was driven to her father's home. Her mother was highly indignant when she heard Neva's story.

"The idea that any man should treat my daughter so," Mrs. Redmond exclaimed. "Why hadn't you told me before, dear? No wonder you look all tired out."

"Let us try to be fair, Mother. I have been as much to blame as David; perhaps more so. The question is what am I to do about it?"

"What are you to do? Why, come back home, of course. You can't be happy with a man who treats you like a child."

"I am afraid that I have acted like a child—a badly spoiled one at that. But your suggestion doesn't help, Mother. Perhaps I cannot be happy with David, but I am quite certain that I cannot be happy without him." Neva's anger was all gone now and her clever brain was beginning to work in earnest. She went up to her old room and sat by the window until the loneliness became unbearable.

"I think I'll consult Daddy," she told her reflection in the mirror as she adjusted her hat. "I've often heard David say that he is one of the shrewdest lawyers in this state."

"Why, Neva, I thought you were on your way to New York," was her father's greeting when she entered his office. "Sit down here in this big chair I keep for my clients."

Hastily, lest her courage ebb away, Neva plunged into the tragic tale of her domestic woes.

It was John Redmond's first impulse to take his daughter in his arms and comfort her with loving words. Before her story was finished, however, he realized that here was no child grieving for a broken toy, but a woman who needed his best counsel. Her anxious face and nervous gestures told her story far more eloquently than any words could do.

"The trouble seems to be that you have never found time to grow up, while David has never really been a youngster," he told her judiciously. "He thinks life should be all work and you want it to be all play. Both of you are wrong and will have to change your views if you want to live sanely and happily. How much of your time can you spare me while he is gone?"

"All of it."

"Very well, my dear. The best I can do for you is to teach you what life has taught me and tell you how other people succeed or fail. Perhaps I should have undertaken this before you married, but experience has taught me that it is a waste of time to instruct people before they are ready to learn."

Those two weeks spent in her father's office were a revelation to Neva Gains. She got her first glimpse of humanity earning its daily bread. The romance and tragedy of the world at work were full of absorbing interest for the girl who had only known the play side of life.

"Daddy, I'm beginning to see that you are quite an interesting person," she told her father one day. "You seem to know everybody from the merchant princes to the office boys. Now that story you just told me about the plain looking little woman in the office across the street is positively exciting. Think of starting to work at eight dollars a week and building up to a hundred a week in less than ten years. It is wonderful. But I suppose such careers are very rare and only attained by women of exceptional ability."

"Many women have done better," he asserted. "Who are they?"

"Well, William Shackelford has made at least a half-million dollars in the past twenty-five years; Dr. Mathews is a successful surgeon; Emil Brownlee's books have brought fame as well as fortune to their author; and there is James Crosby of the City National Bank who draws a magnificent salary and owns stacks of bank stock."

"Oh, yes, I know all those and scores of other men who are brilliant successes, but I am talking about women," Neva interrupted. "How many such women do you know?"

"Nine tenths of the prosperous men I know



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are married. Of course some few have succeeded in spite of their wives, but the vast majority of them are just the result of some clever, loving woman's work. Take me, for instance. Do you suppose that left to myself I would have reached my present standing in my chosen profession? I know better and suspect your mother does, too. She always let me know that she expected me to make good and praised me generously when I did. I've won many a case by sheer perseverance and hard work that I never would have done but for her encouragement. And the failures—for there have been failures—hurt her more keenly than they hurt me, for her never-failing sympathy always healed my wounds and sent me forth stronger for the next battle.

"I see," Neva remarked thoughtfully. "But if mother is such a model wife why couldn't she have given me the benefit of her experiences?" "She has always regarded you as a being entirely apart from the problems of the every-day world. Sensible as she is about everything else, she can not believe that you were created for any purpose but to be spoiled and pampered. Before you were old enough to know about it we had many serious disagreements about the way you should be brought up. She had her way, of course, but I hope no permanent harm has been done. Lack of sensible training is a handicap that a great many girls with over-indulgent mothers have to struggle against when the real problems of life confront them."

"I want you to spend the day with me at the court-house instead of at my office, Neva," her father said one morning at the breakfast table. "All right," she replied. "You know this is the last day I can be with you. David is coming home this afternoon. Do you have a case in court today?"

"No, I haven't any particular business. I just want you to see a bit of life that may interest you."

Five minutes before the hour when business began there the two entered Judge Jackson's court-room and were pleasantly greeted by that gentleman. Though Neva had never been in the room before, she had met the judge many times at her father's home. He had always seemed just a dull, good-natured old man, rather fond of stale jokes and evil-smelling cigars, but, seated

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 16.)

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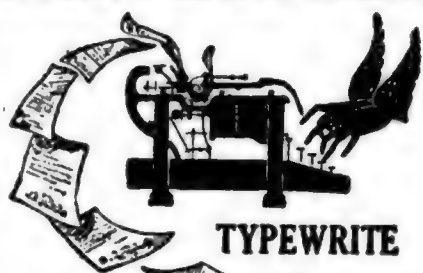
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Leave It To The Girls

By Frances L. Garside

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THE wage for a woman by the day has gone up in the larger cities of the United States from \$1.50 to \$3.50 a day, and car fare, in the last three years, with the service not as good, and the woman coming in by the day keeping strict observance of bankers' hours.

The situation has become extremely difficult for mothers of small children; those whose hands are so filled with little tasks that there is no time left for such larger ones as doing the laundry or scrubbing the floor. Help is out of the question; even when a woman can afford it, she finds it increasingly hard to get, though willing to pay any price or make any concessions.

"How many in family?" asked an applicant for a place recently. "Do you have company? I will not work where there are guests. Do you have more than three courses at a meal? I will not work for you if you do. I expect my day's work to end at seven promptly, and will not, under any conditions, do the work of another maid during her absence."

The woman was hard pressed for assistance, but even this was too much for her. Her replies were worded to please the maid, and the girl announced that she would come.

"But wait," said the mistress of the household; "I want to ask you some questions. It is only fair, isn't it? Do you play the piano?"

The girl stammered a surprised "No."

"Then I don't want you," said the woman. "I refuse to have any girl in my kitchen who can't play the piano."

She told the story as a joke to her friends and it caused a hilarity that did not last. For the applicant for work told all other would-be applicants, and now the woman can't get help for love or money. All because she refused to be as humble as the times seemingly demanded.

"I don't know whether I will do," sighed a little white-haired woman when her cook announced she was leaving a place where she had worked nine years, her wages having gone up in that time from three dollars a week to ten; "I can't pay you the fifteen you ask. We simply can't afford it. But who will do my cooking for me?"

"I'll show you," replied the departing cook. Picking up a hand mirror, she thrust it before the face of the woman who had been uniformly considerate of her for nine years. "There she is! She in that glass is the one who will cook for you. Then, throwing the mirror to the floor with a crash, as if to invoke bad luck on such a household, she went out and slammed the door.

Women took their husbands and babies into boarding houses to escape this household problem, and they arrived in such numbers, proprietors of boarding houses also became infected with the germ of revolt and refused to admit families with babies. If a woman has a cook, it means at

least forty dollars a month, not counting the waste by that rare creature. If she does the cooking herself, and hires a nursemaid, she may save ten dollars, but not a cent more. Young girls coming in by the day to help out charge six and eight dollars a week, and the benefits resulting to the household are doubtful.

Things were in this state in a town in Colorado when the Girl Scouts came to the unhappy householders' relief. They hire themselves out at 25 cents an hour, and in this way this little city is finding the problem of domestic help solved.

The girls enroll at headquarters for the job they like best: Mending, doing dishes, caring for the baby, baking, sweeping, dusting, reading to the sick—oh, there are a hundred and one odd jobs a willing pair of hands may find to do; and some Girl Scout has qualified herself to do many of them.

The applicant for an assistant applies at headquarters, and tells her needs. Before the Girl Scout is permitted to go to her home, the place is investigated, and unless listed as desirable, the girl cannot go. There are certain rules to be obeyed: The girl must be paid promptly, she must not be retained after dark and she must not be given a task too heavy for such young shoulders.

The housekeepers are finding the service ideal. School over, a Girl Scout appears to take care of the children while their mother does her shopping or attends to neglected social duties. They take the baby out if the mother is engaged; they are invaluable assistants in getting up company meals and some of the girls are so skilled they do all the catering for parties, while others enroll only as fitted to answer the door, take telephone messages, help serve, etc.

The plan has worked so well that organizations of Girl Scouts in other cities are adopting it. It is always possible to get a Girl Scout to help out, but so far this little town in Colorado is the only place they are duly registered for such service.

The girls are paid not less than 25 cents an hour. It is their pin money. They are honest, faithful, and loyal. Their vows and obligations to enter the Girl Scout order, and which they must live up to, lift them immeasurably above the incompetent and faithless help so many are compelled to put up with.

Leave it to the girls! They are solving a national problem, one that older heads have failed to solve. Many ways have been tried. One, given much publicity, was the engaging of a maid on the eight-hour system, treating her as a stenographer is treated in an office, calling her Miss Smith, instead of Lizzie, and expecting her to get her meals on the outside—for she does not get her meals in an office, does she?

It sounded promising. It has not been the success it was hoped. It was one of many hopeless plans. The one which is doing the work originated in the heads of fourteen-year-old girls.



THE GIRL SCOUTS TO THE RESCUE.

Driven Apart

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6.)

own this place for a week, and I'll throw in my services."

Berdyn drew a roll of bills from his pocket. The old hag eyed the money greedily, and snatched the bank notes which Berdine handed to her.

"I do not know how long I shall want the place," said Berdine, "but I don't think it will be for a week. There's your hundred, anyhow. While I am here we must have this place to ourselves. No one is to be admitted save those whom I shall tell you to let in."

"That goes without saying," replied the old crone. "This here's a fine place for gents as wants privacy. Even if the police should come, there's ways to shake 'em." She laughed cunningly. "The chinks had the house afore I got it," she went on, "and wherever you find chinks, you'll find secret panels, hidden holes, and underground burrows. The cops can surround the house, while others go through it from top to bottom, but one as knows the place can fade away as if the 'quake had opened up an' took him in."

"She's got it straight," seconded Goraline; "this here's a rum old place. I've ducked away from the cops many a time in this old shanty. It's a piece o' Chinatown, when it comes to ways for makin' a getaway."

"Have you a comfortable room and a decent bed?" asked Berdine.

"Sure," shrieked the woman; "my customers ain't all from the slums. More than one of Oakland's and Berkeley's upper ten comes here for a quiet pull at the pipe. How could I hold the trade if I didn't have the right sort of accommodations? You've paid your money like a gent, and, as I says, the place is your'n for a week."

"How about a bit of liquor and something to eat?"

"I've that, too," said Berdine, "and then bring up the food and drink. I'm tired out. I didn't sleep any last night, and a day such as I've had in Frisco would wipe out a man of iron."

The hag took another lamp out of the cupboard, lighted it, and piloted Berdine back into the hall and up a flight of crazy stairs to the second floor. Here she unlocked and threw open a door which led into a roomy chamber, papered, carpeted, and furnished in a way that was really out of all keeping with the cheerless passage and the bare room which Berdine had already seen. A glow of satisfaction pervaded him with the thought that, in carrying out his nefarious designs, he was not to be denied all the comforts to which he had been accustomed.

"My name is Neil Preston," said he, as the woman was about to leave after setting down the lamp, but sometimes I use the name of Berdine. If any one should come and ask for me, under either of those two names, let me know at once who it is."

"Sure," smirked the hag. "I'm used to dealin' with gents as has, sometimes, half-a-dozen names."

But what's in a name? Nothin', as I can see, but a little convenience an' safety. I'll bring the spirits an' the food right away."

After he had eaten some food and fortified himself with strong drink, Berdine crept into bed. He was very positive that if his treacherous schemes succeeded, it could not possibly be before the following day. Perhaps two or three days might pass before the net he had spread would snare its victims. And perhaps—he ground his teeth as he thought of it—all his plans might prove futile.

If Preston should meet Beryl in the city, then the forging of the notices would at once be known, and the clever plots would fall to the ground. But the narrow margin by which a meeting had been averted at the house in Sutter Street led Berdine to feel that luck was with him. And he was a firm believer in luck.

In the small hours of the morning Berdine was awakened from a sound sleep by Goraline. "What do you want?" asked Berdine sleepily.

"Hargreaves has shown up," answered Goraline.

"Did Trenwyck send him?"

"No; I passed the word to some of my friends, who had seen Hargreaves, to be on the lookout for him. One of them sent him over."

"Send him here," returned Berdine, instantly awake.

Hargreaves, haggard and exhausted, came to the room and sank wearily into a chair.

"What about that trunk?" demanded Berdine.

"Burned," Mr. Berdine, replied Hargreaves. "When the fire reached the hotel, a load of trunks was piled onto a dray, but before we got beyond the fire lines the horses were taken off the dray, and I couldn't do a thing."

"That's bad enough," muttered Berdine; "but it might be worse. You're sure the contents of the trunk went up in smoke?"

"I don't know, sir," replied Hargreaves, brushing a hand across his forehead.

"You don't know!" snapped Berdine.

Hargreaves described how masonry had fallen on the van, scattered the load of trunks, and broke some of them open.

"I seen a man rush back," he went on, "but the smoke was thick, and I couldn't make him out. When the smoke blew away I saw him plain. He was on his knees among the papers, and seemed to be looking them over. It was Neil Preston, sir."

Berdine's heavy face purpled with anger and chagrin.

"Preston!" he gasped. "What devilish chance brought him there at that time?"

"I don't know, sir, but while he was looking at the papers, a soldier, who took him for a looter, fired at him."

A faint hope struggled into Berdine's black eyes.

"Was he killed?" he eagerly asked.

"I think not, but I didn't see him after that."

"Are you telling me the truth?" hissed Berdine, striding up to the man and glaring into his eyes, "or have you sold out to Preston?"

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 17.)

Young Mrs. Gains Seeks Advice

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12.)

at his high desk in this grim bare room, he looked very solemn and terrible.

Young Mrs. Gains listened to the proceedings of the court curiously at first, then with intense interest as she realized their nature. Divorce suits were disposed of with neatness and dispatch that seemed incredible to her. The unruffled manner and calm voice of the judge as he tried case after case filled her with resentment.

"How can he look on so coldly when lives are being wrecked before him?" she whispered dramatically to her father, her dark eyes revealing the horror she felt.

"But they are not, my dear. Listen to the evidence. The wrecking, as you call it, is already accomplished; this is a mere recital of it."

Neva was glad when her father told her that it was lunch time, not that she was hungry, but because she had seen so many sad faces and heard so many unhappy stories she longed to leave the grim scenes and forget them if she could.

"Daddy," she said, as they ate their lunch in a pleasant little restaurant, "I always thought that divorces were caused by some great tragedy, some overwhelming cataclysm that no one could prevent. But they aren't. They just begin as petty little quarrels that grow and grow like the fabled turnip until they can grow no more."

"You are quite observant," he told her approvingly. "My, what a lawyer you would have made if you had been a boy!"

She laughed lightly at this. "Oh, I might have made a very good one anyway. But engineering is more to my taste. If you do not believe it, just watch the future career of one David Gains. You have been wonderful to me these two weeks, Daddy. I shall try to remember all the useful things you have told me. I must go home now. My house needs a little dusting and I must cook David's supper."

When David reached home that evening he was surprised to see lights gleaming from the windows. He had not expected to find his wife at home. Unconsciously he braced himself to meet a storm of tears and reproaches. As he opened the door he heard swift footsteps crossing the dining-room and a moment later Neva faced him in the brightly lighted hall. She wore one of the soft clinging dresses that he always admired so much and her face was wreathed in the old happy smile. His first thought was that there was company.

"Oh, David, I'm so glad to see you," she cried, extending her hands in happy welcome. "I thought this dreadful two weeks would never end."

"Neva, Neva," he said as his arms closed hungrily about her, "I cannot live without you. Do whatever you choose, if you will only love me I'll never criticize you again."

"I will try not to give you any cause to, David," she replied very gently. "There, get ready for supper while I finish setting the table."

Over the well-cooked, daintily-served meal they found many interesting things to talk about.

"How soon can you go to New York?" David asked casually.

"To New York? What do you mean?"

"Why, our delayed holiday—"

"But haven't you just come from New York?"

"No."

"David, where have you been?"

"Staying at a hotel down town."

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Driven Apart

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16.)

"I wouldn't be here, sir," returned the valet, "if I had taken money from Mr. Preston for anything that was in the trunk. I'm giving you the truth. I did all that a man could to save the trunk, but it was no use."

With a final, searching glance at his valet, Berdyne turned away and began striding up and down the room.

"Go downstairs, Hargreaves," said he finally, "and tell the woman to give you a place to sleep. Send Gorsline here."

Hargreaves, glad to get off so easily, went away, and in a little time Gorsline once more presented himself.

"You owe Nell Preston a debt of vengeance, I believe?" said Berdyne tentatively, a murderous look in his calm, even tones.

"I could kill him on sight!" gritted Gorsline. "He had me going in that Sutter Street house—and a curse on that lawyer of yours because of it!"

Berdyne leaned toward his confederate, his evil face flushed with a deadly hate.

"Will you turn the trick?" he breathed hoarsely. "If that man lives, it is more than likely I will spell my ruin."

"Ha!" returned Gorsline, with a significant look. "If the girl's a widow, you can still play your cards to win her. Is that it?"

"Have it as you will," returned Berdyne. "Do the work, and if Preston has any papers in his possession, turn them over to me. If the law interferes, I will stand behind you with my last dollar."

"Where am I going to get my chance at him?" asked the ruffian, after a period of reflection. "Must I go back to Frisco and try to run afoul of his course?"

"We will wait for a while and see what those notices amount to. If nothing comes of them, your business will be to find Nell Preston and sweep him from my path. That will be all. I think we understand each other."

Gorsline, with a final leer at Berdyne, slunk from the room. There was no more sleep for Berdyne that night. He coveted the pure, sweet loveliness of the helpless girl he had so persistently persecuted, but it was not his evil passion alone that goaded him on. Only by making her his could he save himself from financial wreck.

"Ruin! Ruin!" a mocking voice screamed in his ears. And for once his dark soul cowered before the thought of what the future might hold in store.

CHAPTER XXXI.

IN THE MIDST OF FOES.

Fortunately for the stream of refugees flowing out of the stricken city, the great ferry building at the foot of Market Street was saved from earthquake and flames. The clock in the high tower had been stilled by the shock, its hands mutely indicating the hour of the catastrophe. Boats were running across the bay as rapidly as they could receive and discharge passengers and make the trip. On the outward journey the boats were packed, but on the return trip the passengers were limited to various officials connected with the maintenance of order, the distributing of supplies and the giving of relief. It was easy enough to leave the city, but iron-clad rules governed a return to it.

Beryl and Tonita, overjoyed with the thought that Nell was waiting at the end of their journey, clung to each other in the terrific press of humanity that surged through the ferry building, and were swept upon the decks of the heavily laden boat.

Steadily they drew away from the blazing metropolis, overhung by its black pall of smoke. They did not look long at this, the scene of so much sorrow, but turned their eyes toward the fairer shores to the eastward. In due course they reached the Oakland wharf. Here they were halted by an official of one of the many relief committees, who wished to know whether they desired to reach friends at a distance, or to find shelter in one of the refugee camps. Railroad transportation was free to any one who desired to take the trains for distant parts.

Tonita showed the officer the typewritten scrap which had brought so much hope and joy to the heart of her friend. The officer wrinkled his brows thoughtfully as he looked at it.

"J. Street," he muttered, looking at the two girls perplexedly. He could not reconcile the character of the place with the loveliness of the two young refugees. "You are quite sure this is for you?" he asked.

"Oh, yes!" cried Beryl confidently.

"And the one who signs the notice is—"

"My husband!" she answered.

"Ah!" This official, like all the others, was overworked. He could not give one moment longer than was absolutely necessary to any particular case. "Very well," he said, handing back the typewritten slip; "we have some vehicles here for the use of Frisco people, and I will send you to your destination in one of them."

Five minutes later the girls were being whirled away in a carriage. Beryl was trembling with impatience and anticipation. Tonita, while she had her own worries on her lover's account, was so unselfish that she could forget them, for the time, in her delight over her friend's good fortune.

"Why, dearest," she gayly murmured, placing her arm about Beryl's waist and drawing her close, "you are shaking like a leaf!"

"I could cry for joy, Tonita!" answered Beryl softly. "How long it seems since I have seen Nell! It is as though years and years have passed since we stood before the minister and sealed our love with a tie there is no breaking."

"You have suffered a cruel ordeal, darling," answered Tonita. "A whole lifetime of events has been crowded into the bitter hours since you and your sweetheart were riven asunder. Then, too, you know," she added, with a tender smile:

"Love reckons hours for months, and days for years; And every little absence is an age!"

Beryl, impulsively, pressed her lips to her friend's.

"I think of only myself!" she exclaimed in a burst of self-reproach. "You are also separated from your lover—"

"Still," interrupted Tonita, a flash of sorrow crossing her face, "I can hope on, keep my trust in Heaven, and be happy with you. You have found your heart's love; and so, in time, I shall find mine."

In a little while the carriage came to a stop, and the driver swung down from his seat and opened the door. He looked curiously at the girls as he assisted them to alight.

"You got friends here, ain't you?" he asked, staring toward the gloomy barrier of trees with something like suspicion.

"Yes," answered Beryl, scarcely hearing what he said because of her impatience.

"Then I reckon it's all right," returned the driver. "There are so many refugees comin' to Oakland that they have to be put in all sorts of places." He started to mount to his seat, but paused with one foot on the step. "Want me to go in with you?" he asked.

"You are very kind," Beryl called to him, "but it will not be necessary." Then she hurried on along the weed-grown gravel walk, keeping several paces ahead of Tonita in her eagerness.

Like all the rest of the overworked people engaged in helping the refugees, the driver of the carriage had not a moment to waste. So he, like the relief officer, dismissed the girls from his mind. Mounting to his seat, he drove

off, and thus the last one who could have prevented the helpless victims from entering the serpent's lair vanished from the scene.

Tonita was sufficiently collected to take note of the unsavory surroundings, but her suspicions of treachery were not aroused. She merely wondered how it could have chanced that Senor Preston had come to take shelter in that squalid place. Beryl's little hand was rapping excitedly at the door before Tonita had passed the fringe of trees; and by the time the Mexicana had reached her friend's side the door opened, and the sharp-featured, repulsive face of Marm Kinney was revealed.

The old hag wore a smile intended to be ingratiating, but which only succeeded in making her the more hideous. Tonita drew back in alarm, but poor, deceived Beryl's agitated spirit left no room for doubts or fears.

"Ha, my little beauties!" exclaimed Marm Kinney, taking note of the girls' loveliness with a sordid eye; "what can I do for ye?"

"My husband!" returned Beryl breathlessly; "I understand that he is here waiting for me."

"What is your husband's name, my purty one?"

"Mr. Neil Preston—"

The door was thrown wide open.

"He is here, sure enough," said the ill-omened hag, stepping back, "an' almost crazy is he," she added, "with the long wait for you to come. Your friend, nodding toward Tonita, 'can step into the back room an' find a chair. I'll take you upstairs to Mr. Preston.'"

Tonita, vaguely uneasy, passed on into the rear room, while Beryl hastened up the old stairs after the shuffling figure of Marm Kinney.

"In there," said Marm Kinney, halting in the bare corridor of the second floor and indicating a door. Walk right in, my girl."

Beryl's heart was beating in her throat as she laid hands on the doorknob, opened the door and passed into the room beyond.

"Neil!" she cried; "Neil!"

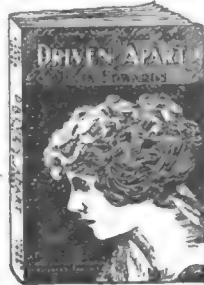
Hurried footsteps struck on her ears, and she turned to see a form rush from a closet, shut the door by which she had entered, and turn a key in the lock.

"So!" cried the man, his face filled with a horrid, gloating triumph, "my plot has succeeded! My loved one has come all the way from the doomed city to find me! Did you think, my ravishing beauty, that you could escape Nicholas Berdyne?"

Not a word, not a sound came from Beryl's lips. Her face turned white and frozen with horror. A mocking laugh smote on her ears from beyond the door; from somewhere below she

heard a stifled scream and a sound of quick movements. Then, overcome by the awful realization that broke over her, she tottered and fell unconscious into the hateful arms of Berdyne.

TO BE CONTINUED.



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Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11.)

this way as long as the children are healthy, but I am not. Last winter was the worst we ever had to contend with for we didn't raise even a potato. As for clothing we simply don't have any except what we can find. I patch and patch so we won't have to be ragged. My baby sits on my lap as I am writing and her apron is made of old overalls, her dress of two colors, red sleeves, checked body, made of an old dress, her undershirt made of an old shirt given to me) and her shirt made of the legs of an old union suit, her stockings made of black tights. Her shoes were new, bought for her, but now her little toes are sticking out of them. Of course she doesn't care so long as she is comfortable but she is only a baby and her pride isn't developed.

I wish I could get something to do. I would like to make up quilt tops on the shares or something of that sort. I almost know there are lots of people who do not care to piece quilts yet need them. I make for myself crazy quilt tops of calico, gingham and similar goods, by piecing on paper and when finished I tear off the paper. And I use the narrow strips for log cabin blocks. I cut the larger pieces in squares, according to size of scraps, but all are given me by friends.

I use pieces of worn-out clothes, such as men's suits for clothes for the boys, the leftovers for quilt tops. I also use leftover underwear for tops, after I dye them.

I am teaching my six-year-old to read, also the four-

year-old. My two eldest girls are working for their board and going to school, away from our own neighborhood and not together. My eldest boy herds sheep but he should be in school.

I lost my flock of hens last week. A coyote got into the henhouse and killed all but one. I had her taken to the barn and yesterday a horse stepped on her and she had to be killed. Five of my hens had taken to roosting in the barn just a few days before the coyote went into the henhouse so there are five left out of my flock. I had pure bred White Wyandottes. Later that day Mr. M. shot the coyote. It was an old mangy one with no hair left except a strip down its back.

I wonder if anyone can tell me where I can get a spinning wheel. I want to learn to spin.

If it wasn't for COMFORT our reading would be a great deal more limited than it is. I've thought every year I would subscribe for the Youth's Companion for the three oldest children but every year finds my pocket-book flatter than the year before.

EDITH WAIT MELLIS.

Mrs. Mellis.—The majority of us can sympathize with you for there are times when the coyotes get into our henhouses too—figuratively speaking, of course, and everything seems to go dead wrong, but I'm sure such a brave, resourceful woman as you have proven yourself to be will win out in the end, so keep up your courage. Sisters, I have some nickels and dimes that are anxious to be used to pay freight or express charges on apples, or fruit of any kind, for Mrs. Mellis and her children. I'm sure even "seconds" would be appreciated. How about it?—Ed.

KANSAS.

DEAR SISTERS:

I've knocked several times but it must be that Mrs. Wilkinson has her deaf ear this way. I'm coming in anyway. I'm a small person five feet, three inches tall and weigh 100 pounds. Am 25 years old and wear spectacles. Married four years to the best old man on earth. He is thirty-nine years old, a six-footer and weighs 200 pounds. I lost my baby, a sweet girl ten months old, two years ago and my home is lonely and still now. The war took my only brother and I am proud of my gold star, though it cost much.

I have taken COMFORT since my marriage, and it was in my old home ever since I can remember. I enjoy the Sisters' Corner very much and particularly the pictures of the babies and the letters on child training. It is my ambition to be a good mother and if I have no more of my own I shall take some who have no home. It takes three P's to care for children, prayer, pluck and perseverance.

I think we have solved the money question. We have one pocketbook and each uses what is needed, always consulting the other about the purchase and my check is as good as my husband's. He says we are

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 18.)



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Hot Weather Hints

MAN, from experience, has come to know just how to clothe, feed and manage himself for comparative comfort during the hot weather months of the year. Modern farms now are coming to be equipped with facilities for bathing in the house, and ice is a common commodity nowadays whereas it was a rarity not many years ago on most farms. But the animals of the farm? What of them? Do we give them the consideration they deserve and try to keep them as comfortable as possible? It must be answered that too often this important matter is overlooked, neglected or never given a thought, and so we may be excused if we give a few hints on the subject here, from a common sense and practical standpoint rather than that of sentiment or theory.

The Farm Work Horse

It does not pay to let a work horse wear a long, coarse coat of hair when he has to work in summer. In some instances, from ill-thrift or ill-health, a horse fails to shed his coat promptly and perfectly in spring. When that occurs, clip the coat at once and the horse will thrive and work far better than when it is left in place.

It is poor policy to let the manure piles stand under the windows and about the doors of the horse stable. Flies galore breed there and torture horses so that they keep thin and give less efficient service in harness. Get the manure out onto the bare-bitten pastures, or top dress with it the plots that are to be plowed for the production of a succession of grazing green stuff for hogs.

Screen the doors and windows of the horse stable and darken it somewhat, in addition to keeping it clean. That will mean no flies or some flies that do not bite, and corresponding comfort for the horse. Put fly nets on the horse or sheet him lightly when at work in hot weather and remember to spray with fly repellent those portions of the body which are not protected otherwise. Shade the head and give the work horse cool water often when at work in the fields.

The work horse will do better on oats and bran than much corn in hot weather, and lush green grass is too loosening and softening for a hard working horse. Let the horse work on "hard feed" until the busy season is over; then he may have a run on grass.

Groom the horse thoroughly once a day; also sponge his eyes and mouth when he comes in hot and tired, and give him a chance to roll, but not where stones and stubs may hurt his back. Keep the harness clean, dry and smooth and have it fit properly. When possible, remove the harness at noon and sponge the shoulders and neck with cold salty water. Feed only a pound or two of hay at noon while the horse is cooling off; then give water and then grain. If possible, do not work the horse immediately after a meal.

Provide shade and abundant pure water for mares and young stock on grass. It is cruel and hurtful to let a mare and her foal run on an unshaded bare-bitten, waterless pasture; nor should the foal run with the mare when she is at work. Let the work-mare cool off at noon and strip away most of her milk at that time before she is allowed to nurse her foal.

Cattle, Sheep and Swine

Cattle also must have shade and plenty of drinking water to do well, and require salt at least once a week.

When flies are prevalent, it pays to spray dairy cows with an effective fly repellent. At such times, growing calves, unless nursing their dams, are best off in a big, cool, clean, airy pen or box-stall. Keep cows from running into cold water when hot. That is a common cause of mysterious cases of garget. So far as possible, allow a frequent change of pasture.

Keep lambs off old, contaminated, bare-bitten pasture long used by sheep. On such pasture they cannot escape becoming infested with worms. That also is true of the pig and foal. New, fresh grass is best for the young animals. Allow hogs clean, bathing water, by preference in a cement tank. Keep them out of old hog wallows and do not let them sleep in dank, dirty places under stables and in old stack bottoms. Cholera lurks there and is sure to kill.

In newly-opened farming districts, try to supply deep well water for horses and other stock, unless pure running or spring water is available. Surface water is dangerous. Swamp fever and hemorrhagic septicaemia are most common where it is drunk and where animals pasture wild land. Red water in cows also is commonest in such places. Sheep are less commonly affected. Better feed stock in yards and stables on tame feed where such disease, forage poisoning and horse plague are prevalent.

Keep young cattle immunized against blackleg where that disease often occurs, and all animals immunized against hemorrhagic septicaemia when that disease is prevalent. Anthrax is most likely to attack cattle on low, wet pastures, just after a heavy rain. Keep them off those pastures at such times and if the disease has been common, have the cattle vaccinated by a graduate veterinarian.

Be careful not to overdrive swine in hot weather. They are easily overcome. If shipped to market, ice the car. Put wet sand on the floor as well, for both swine and cattle. Put a big chunk of ice in the manger for a horse to lick at will, if he is shipped by rail in very hot weather. See that all shipped stock is watered adequately during transit. Don't ship all sorts or ages of stock loose in the same car.

Sanitation of the Farm Home

So much depends on the health of the family that no pains should be spared, or no amount of labor counted too much to guard against disease caused by lack of sanitation in the home and its surroundings.

Typhoid fever, malaria, hookworm, tuberculosis and dysentery can be traced to flies, mosquitoes, ants, cockroaches, bedbugs, fleas and moths—also to those animal pests, rats and mice.

Drinking Water

Be sure the water supply for the house has no contaminated source. A shallow well or spring is very easily filled, during wet seasons, with surface water, and this water may contain filth and germs which menace the health and lives of the family. Deep wells and covered springs and clean surroundings are a necessity.

Be sure no water drains into well or spring from the barnyard or the outside toilet. Locate the well a goodly distance from both and on

higher ground or where such drainage cannot get into it. If you have a spring, be careful as to the location of your outbuildings in regard to it. Typhoid fever is transmitted through water and food which is fouled by filth that is germ laden.

Screening Windows

Screen all windows and doors against flies and mosquitoes—these are carriers of disease germs. A certain variety of mosquito is a carrier of malaria. If there is any stagnant water on your farm, drain it, as such places are great breeding grounds for mosquitoes. A little kerosene should be placed upon such places as cannot be drained. Burn or bury all decayed vegetable or animal matter. Keep the manure hauled out. Chloride of lime is a good cheap disinfectant to sprinkle over the breeding places of flies.

Outside Toilet

Locate the outside toilet where there is no danger of any drainage toward well or cistern. It should have a deep pit and a pipe leading from the pit to above the roof to carry off foul gases. Keep a goodly supply of chloride of lime handy to sprinkle into the pit as it is an absorber of odors and also a disinfectant. Crude oil is good to put in bottom of pit. Screen both windows and doors of toilet and make the pit tight to keep the flies out as they may carry the germs and filth into the house.

Clean Grounds around House

Keep the grounds raked and all rotting vegetation buried or destroyed. Don't have a heavy shade around house, or too many vines climbing over windows and porches. "Let the sunshine in," the more the better. Sunshine is the best destroyer of germs known. A house hidden in trees is a damp place to live in and it takes days to dry it thoroughly after a heavy rain. Run up the shades—better a faded rug or no rug at all than sickness in the family. There is no such thing as having too much sunshine.

Grounds not raked afford numberless breeding places for ants and pests that annoy and make unsanitary your home and its surroundings. Cockroaches love damp places.

Care of Garbage

Garbage which cannot be fed to chickens or hogs (we are speaking of kitchen garbage) should be burned or buried. Pails to hold garbage should be tightly covered and kept clean. If the garbage is to be burned, it is a good plan to drain and wrap it in paper. Lining the garbage pail or can with heavy paper keeps the pail clean. Pails for slop should be kept away from the house or in a screened place as they draw the flies.

Rats and Mice

Ceaseless war should be waged on rats and mice. Not only do they carry disease but they destroy property and food. Rats in the barn, and mice in the house are an expensive proposition from a sanitary or economical standpoint. Use traps or any vigorous method, but get rid of them as quickly as possible. Barium carbonate is destructive of them and has the advantage of not being harmful to other animals.

Home and farm sanitation is vital and thorough cleanliness of home grounds and outbuildings of the utmost importance. Take a walk over your farm plant and with critical inspection pick out the things you can do to make your home a safe place in which to live.

Don't lay the taking away of some loved one to an All Wise Providence when it may be only the result of criminal neglect of proper drainage—adequate screening, destroying of decaying animal and vegetable matter—or the letting in of fresh air and sunshine.

Work with Nature and she is your best friend but disobey her laws and sure punishment follows.

Is Your Spraying Outfit Ready?

The days of pests are here—bugs and blight, worms and weeds, rusts and ruin—and come with a flood in hot weather. The only safe way—and sometimes not then—is to have your spraying outfit ready, materials all at hand, to be used at a moment's notice. Just a few days' neglect of the potato bugs and the potatoes are ruined. Put off looking after the currant worms for 24 hours and the damage is done. Neglect the cabbage worm for a few days and "good by," cabbage. Or give potato blight a day's start in favorable weather and you'll never catch up with it.

WHAT TO HAVE READY.—The first thing to get on the job is a good spraying machine. This will cost anywhere from fifteen to forty dollars or more, depending on size. The essential thing is not the price but the pressure. No sprayer that does not deliver a pressure of at least a hundred pounds is effective. Power sprayers are stronger and better but cost more. But strong pressure itself is not sufficient. The other necessity is a good nozzle. The double or triple spray nozzle of the Vermorel type is the best to use. Aside from the spraying machine, one should keep at hand ready for quick use the necessary sprays.

WHAT SPRAYS TO GET.—For general use there is nothing better than arsenate of lead or arsenate of zinc, both of which come in the form of white powder or paste. Both mix well in water, stick well to foliage and have the advantage of leaving a clearly defined trail behind. These poisons can be used for all chewing insects except the currant and cabbage worms; they are especially fine for potato bugs and other leaf-eating insects.

For currant worms, white hellebore is highly recommended. It is said that strong salt water makes a good spray for cabbage worms, though arsenate of lead is all right if the cabbages have not begun to head.

For plant lice of all kinds there is nothing better than nicotine poisons, such as "Black Leaf 40."

For plant diseases, two standard sprays are available in prepared form ready for mixing. Lime Sulphur for orchards and Bordeaux mixture for potato blight. These should always be kept on hand where they can be mixed and applied on short notice.

Insects to Spray For

SCALE INSECTS.—All scale insects, like oyster shell bark louse, San Jose scale and cotton scale, can be controlled if taken in time—that is, in early spring or late winter before the buds begin to shoot. A strength of solution sufficient to kill the insects would also kill the foliage if applied at any time other than during the dormant period. It is now too late to spray for scale insects. Next winter use concentrated lime sulphur for this purpose.



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A mere touch will end it— So with corns

A spot on your hand is ended with a touch of soap. You don't cover it and keep it.

A touch of Blue-jay ends a corn, as easily and surely. Then why pare and coddle corns, and let them stay for years?

Millions of people nowadays end all corns in this way:

They drop on liquid Blue-jay or apply a Blue-jay plaster.

The ache stops. The toe from that moment is comfort-

able. And shortly the entire corn loosens and comes out.

The method was perfected in this world-famed laboratory. It is gentle, scientific, sure. It is now the recognized, the model way of dealing with a corn.

It means to those who know it a lifetime without corns.

If you let corns spoil happy hours, you should learn the folly of it. Try Blue-jay tonight. Your druggist sells it.

B & B Blue-jay
Plaster or Liquid
The Scientific Corn Ender

BAUER & BLACK Chicago New York Toronto
Makers of Sterile Surgical Dressings and Allied Products

LEAF EATERS.—The principal leaf-eating insects attacking fruit and vegetables are the canker worm, the coddling moth, the tent caterpillar, the plum curculio, the shot hole borer, the cabbage worm and the cucumber beetle. All these may be controlled with the lead arsenate-spray prepared as follows: One pound of powdered lead arsenate or two pounds of the paste mixed thoroughly with 40 gallons of water. If smaller quantities are desired, mix in the same proportions.

SAP SUCKERS.—The principal sap suckers are the various kinds of lice and bugs such as squash bugs, the "calico bug," and the little green lice that affect rose bushes, currants and house plants. The lice can be killed by using a tobacco spray but the bugs must either be hand picked or destroyed by use of a trap crop as described in another place.

More details may be found in circulars No. 109 and No. 110 recently published by the agricultural college at Stillwater, Oklahoma.

A New Cabbage Bug

There is a new cabbage pest that during the past few years has increased in numbers and invaded the country from the south. It has been a source of trouble in the south for years but has appeared as far north as New Jersey and Ohio and threatened to invade New England. It is commonly known as the "fire bug" or the "calico bug" from its red, yellow and black coloring. It is about a half-inch in length and sucks the cap of plants but does not eat the leaves as does the ordinary cabbage worm.

WHAT THE EGGS LOOK LIKE.—The egg masses of this bug look like tiny white barrels with black hoops and a black spot where the bung-hole ought to be. These peculiar little "barrels" are a sure means of identifying the eggs, and hence the bugs. The eggs are found on the under side of the leaf and the young bugs are shaped like mud-turtles. The bug is distributed all over the United States except those lying along the Canadian border.

PLANTS THE BUGS ATTACK.—Beside cabbage plants, "calico bugs" attack kale, cauliflower, kohlrabi, Brussels sprouts, turnips, radishes, horseradish, mustard rape and like plants, and when these have been destroyed they move on to potatoes, tomatoes, beans, beets and egg plants. They are very destructive bugs and hard to get at. They do their injury by sucking the sap. They cannot be controlled, like chewing insects, by the use of poison spray.

How to Control These Bugs

The best method of control is by the use of "trap" crops. These are planted early and attacked by the first or parent brood of bugs. The plants are then sprayed with kerosene, which kills both plant and bugs. Or they may be collected by hand. The first brood destroyed, of course the second never appears. Early horseradish always attracts these bugs. From these plants the bugs should be picked off and destroyed. Another method is to go over the field with a hand torch. A skilled worker can kill the bugs with the torch without doing injury to the plants as an instant's contact is sufficient.

Persons who have trouble with this pest should write the U. S. Dept. of Agriculture for Farmer's Bulletin No. 1061 on "Cabbage Bug Control."

Keep Planting and Cultivating

If you have a limited garden space, keep it busy. As fast as one crop is harvested plant something else that will mature before frost

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 25.)

SAW RIG
COSTS so little no one with wood to cut can afford to be without it. Will saw your winter's wood in a few hours. Does all practical work any other saw rig can and makes unnecessary the expensive, cumbersome rigs used in the past. For a small part of their cost you can now own the

OTTAWA SAW RIG
Powerful 4-cycle motor. Suitable for driving belt driven machinery. Easy to operate, light to move, simple to handle. Users say they make \$11.00 per day cutting wood for the neighbors. 30 Days' Trial; 10-Year Guarantee. Let the Ottawa do your sawing 30 days to prove our claims. Free Book. OTTAWA SAW RIG COMPANY, 1276 Main Street, OTTAWA, KANSAS. Ottawa Ships 'em Quick.

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\$44 Buys the New Butterfly Jr. No. 25. Light running, easy cleaning, close skimming, EASY TO CLEAN. NEW BUTTERFLY Separators are guaranteed to be free from defects in material and workmanship. Made also in four larger sizes up to No. 5 shown here; sold on 30 DAYS' FREE TRIAL and on a plan whereby they earn their own cost and more by what they save. Rental basis Free Chicago Folder. Buy from the manufacturer and save money. ALBAUGH-DOVER CO., 2122 Marshall St. Chicago (Ill.)

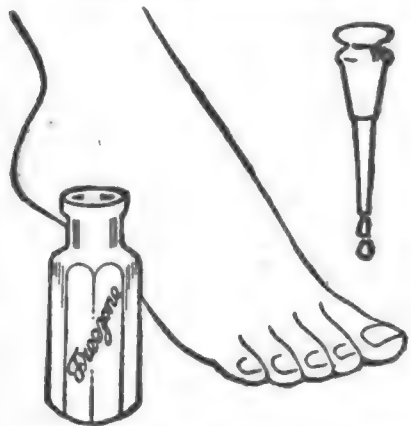
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Lift off Corns with Fingers

Doesn't hurt a bit and "Freezone" costs only a few cents



You can lift off any hard corn, soft corn, or corn between the toes, and the hard skin calluses from bottom of feet.

Apply a few drops of "Freezone" upon the corn or callus. Instantly it stops hurting, then shortly you lift that bothersome corn or callus right off, root and all, without one bit of pain or soreness. Truly! No humbug!

Tiny bottle of "Freezone" costs few cents at any drug store

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Say "Bayer"—Insist!



Say "Bayer" when buying Aspirin. Then you are sure of getting true "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin"—genuine Aspirin proved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians for over twenty years. Accept only an unbroken "Bayer package" which contains proper directions to relieve Headache, Toothache, Earache, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Colds and Pain. Handy tin boxes of 12 tablets cost few cents. Druggists also sell larger "Bayer packages." Aspirin is trade mark of Bayer Manufacture Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid.

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20 leading varieties, day old chicks. Safe delivery guaranteed. Postpaid. One of the largest and best equipped hatcheries in the United States. Catalog FREE. MILLER Poultry Farm, Box 501, Lancaster, Mo.

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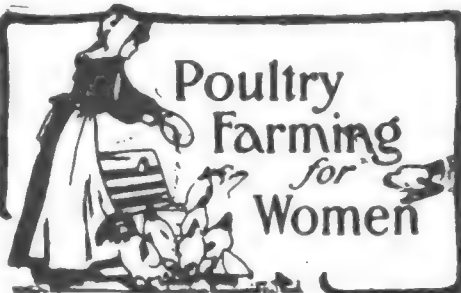
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Don't itch, use
Resinol



BY KATE V. SAINT MAUR.

About Yarding Fowls

IT is difficult to make farm people understand that fowls are better off kept in yards; in fact, that they must be so restrained if the highest egg records are to be reached. In way back times, it was considered a detriment to yard fowls, but for some years past professional poultry keepers have yarded their fowls, because they found it was the only way to reach the top notch. Even now, the general farmers cling to the free range idea, and I am convinced that it is not purely because they consider it necessary, but it saves feed and other bother. It has been estimated that a flock of common hens, such as are seen on the average farm, lay in a year less than a hundred eggs each. The figures are eighty to ninety. Farmers who have become breeders, and who thus give the hen decidedly more consideration, and still adhere to the free range system, have increased this yield to one hundred and fifty and better. Breeders who are following the strictly up-to-date methods and have yarded their layers, have obtained an average of one hundred and seventy-five eggs, and some have even reached the two hundred mark.

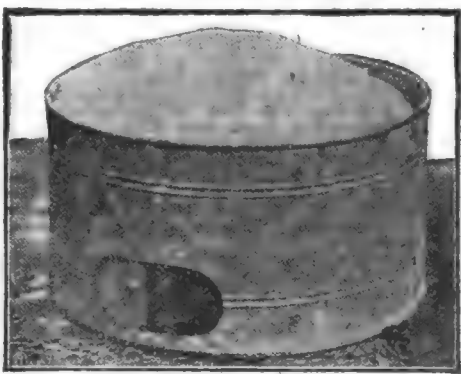
Please note that I say fowls or hens, and I do not mean this to include growing chicks. The line must be distinctly drawn between the two. The range cannot be too extended for growing stock. What we strive for in growing stock is frame, on which later we intend to put flesh. This frame can only be built by food, and plenty of it, converted into bone and muscle by exercise. After the chick has made the frame, we can safely yard her and put on the flesh, and thus convert her into a money-earning machine.

The advantages gained by yarding stock are manifold. First of all, by confining stock to a certain space, we are sure they eat the food provided, and in the quantity we mean them to have. Feeding layers to produce eggs is becoming every year a more delicate operation. Formula after formula is tried by different breeders as an experiment, with the hope of increasing the egg yield. If we can force each hen to lay ten eggs a year more, it means a considerable increase in the total of the flock, and a better return in dollars and cents to the breeder. Yarding stock is a means to this end. The food fed is converted, as we mean it to be, into eggs, and not into muscle. It is decidedly more trouble to care for stock in this way, and necessitates more labor and expense, but we are looking for the increase all the time, and are thus continually hoping to be compensated for the extra trouble.

Fowls in yards must be supplied with everything they require, which means all they would naturally seek when running at large. This includes, besides the grain we feed by formula, green food, meat, a scratching place, and dusting spot, and grit and water. Of all these I consider green food the most necessary, and the one thing to be impressed upon the mind, because it is the one thing too often forgotten. The ideal yarding of fowls is what is called double yarding—that is, a house in the middle and a yard on each side. These yards can be sown with rye or oats, and alternated so that the fowls will have a constant green run as long as the rye or oats will grow, which is until frost. Failing the double yard system, green food may be supplied by lawn clippings, whole cabbage, mangels, turnips, or any vegetable.

Meat can be fed in a variety of ways. Turning up the ground of the yards with a cultivator, or by shallow plowing, will bring the worms and bugs within reach, or sheep heads cut open and fed raw can be thrown in, and this is an ideal meat feed. Ground beef scraps softened may be mixed in mash—and last, and probably the best—cut green bone.

Yarded fowls need exercise. It must not be understood that because they are confined they do not get exercise, or as much as if let run at large. The yards should be at least one hundred and fifty feet long, if they are the width of the average coop, which is ten by twelve feet.



THIS IS A METAL FIRELESS BROODER BUT IT SHOWS VERY PLAINLY HOW TO CONVERT A BUTTER TUB INTO A COZY SLEEPING PLACE FOR BABY CHICKS.

Some breeds are decidedly more active by nature than others; for instance, the Leghorns as compared with the Cochins or Brahmas. This does not affect the health of the birds particularly. A Leghorn is no healthier because of her activity than a Cochin is. It is simply the difference in their natures, but because of this excess of activity of one breed over another, the one must have more room than the other. The Leghorn stands the confinement of a coop ten by twelve feet in winter, provided she can be kept actively hunting for her food; but the same bird would mope and become out of condition if confined too long in an exhibition coop in a show-room. On the other hand, the Cochin, being of a lazier nature, forages slowly, and wanders quietly over her yard, takes things easy in her winter coop, and stands the confinement of the exhibition coop excellently.

The foraging nature of any breed can be killed by excessive feeding. Even birds with free range, if overfed at special meal hours, will take but limited exercise, exactly as those treated the

same and yarded. Exercise is induced by short feeding. In other words, no laying strain should be fed all they can eat except at night. Hunger induces exercise, whether a fowl be let run or yarded. Therefore, fowls fed short and induced to run for more, will lay eggs, while those overfed, in the morning especially, will sit around moping in the sun, and convert the food into flesh instead of eggs.

Another advantage of yarding fowls is the certainty of finding all the eggs laid during the day, and then being able to guarantee them as strictly fresh. This is a point of great importance, and constitutes the difference between eggs produced by an up-to-date breeder with yarded fowls, and those sold by the "honest" farmer who collects them every day, and cannot swear that they were laid today—not two weeks ago.

It is strange that few people except the real poultry farmers realize that July is one of the most important months in the year. The desire to have eggs in zero weather invariably compels good attention to hens in the winter. Baby chicks arouse interest in the spring, but as the weather gets warmer, eggs are plentiful, and the pretty fluffy babies, developed into long, lanky creatures, seem nothing but a nuisance specially ordained to destroy the garden, so the poor things are shut up in small quarters, and woefully neglected. During the fall and winter I am repeatedly asked how to make pullets and hens lay, but I can rarely suggest a remedy, because nine times out of ten it is the result of blunders made the preceding summer.

If poultry is to be profitable, the old and young stock must have been kept apart, because it is impossible to feed correctly when they are all together. Young birds need plenty of nutritious food to push them along quickly, and laying hens must be put on special rations to bring about early moulting, which is the foundation of a good supply of winter eggs.

Moulting

About July 5th commence to cut down the feed gradually, until at the end of two weeks forty hens are having a pint of oats and a pint of wheat mixed, night and morning. Scatter it amongst cut straw or some litter, so they will have to scratch for every grain. The first of August, commence to increase the rations, and keep it up for a week, so that by the fifteenth they are getting two quarts of mash in the morning, a quart of meat scraps and a pint of cracked corn at noon—and wheat and oats or barley at night. Give them just about all they will eat up clean in fifteen minutes. The morning mash should be composed of two parts ground feed (corn or oats), one part white middlings and one part oilmeal mixed with scalding milk or water. The semi-starvation followed by the heavy feed forces the moulting season and allows plenty of time to get in condition before October, when their rations should be made up of the essentials for egg production, which are clover hay, bran, wheat, corn and animal food.

You see, it takes about three months for hens to get rid of their old feathers and put on a new coat, and if the process is not forced in some way, they will not commence before August,



THE PILLOW IS MUCH BETTER THAN LEAVING THE COTTON AND EXCELSIOR LOOSE. NOTE CLEATS FOR FRAME TO REST ON.

which would make it October before they finished. Of course, that would be time enough if it happened to be a warm, late fall, but if cold weather sets in, as it often does in November, hens would not lay before spring, as moulting leaves them in more or less of a debilitated condition.

Lots of people make the mistake of selling off hens as soon as they cease laying at this season, which means that they are usually parting with the birds that would make the real winter layers. Hens that lay through the summer and do not cease until the fall will be idle and unprofitable in the winter. It is the general disregard of the moulting period which causes so many failures in the winter supply of eggs. The rule should be to sell off all the hens that have been laying steadily through the summer and commenced to shed feathers in September. Growing feathers is a trying ordeal, and the consequence is that when the hen begins to moult she ceases to lay, for she cannot produce eggs and feathers at the same time.

Feathers are largely composed of nitrogen and mineral matter. That is why the food at moulting time has to be so very nutritious. To feed nothing but corn at such a time is simply waste, as the hen cannot produce new feathers on such a diet. If she is on free range she would have a better chance of gathering the necessary material, but even then if the feathering process is delayed too long, the hen becomes exhausted, and is susceptible to cold and all sorts of diseases. This is the real reason why roup and swelled heads are so prevalent in the fall.

Young birds hatched out in April or thereabouts, usually commence to lay in November, because they have not been subject to the drain upon the constitution caused by moulting. But chickens that have been hatched in February or early March are very liable to moult in the late fall, just when they should be commencing to lay. For this reason it is well to market all the first-hatched chickens, and hold over those hatched late in March or through April, to increase the laying flock.

Cull all young stock down closely. Don't keep a lot of young cockerels to eat up all the profits. Even pullets which are at all backward should be marketed, for they won't develop after cold weather sets in, and it does not pay to keep them for summer layers. Most of the failures made in the poultry business are due to people not having the courage to clean out unproductive birds. Just calculate how many quarts of feed ten growing birds will eat in seven months, and I think you will be convinced that it is unfair to expect the flock to support them and still show a profit. The trouble is that people don't realize that young stock stands still as soon as cold weather starts, remaining almost stationary until spring. Another evil of keeping undeveloped stock is that they occupy house room and crowd the older birds.

Correspondence

Subscribers are entitled to advice of our Poultry Editor, free, through the columns of this department. Address: Poultry Editor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. BE SURE to give your full name and address, otherwise your letter will receive no attention.

C. G.—I think you will have better success another year if you will feed the regular commercial chick feed, which is a mixture of cracked grains and small seeds. Give it to them four or five times a day for the first two weeks; then keep a self-feeding hopper always before them, filled with what is known as developing mash, and give the chick food as an extra

night and morning. If you have any special difficulty in getting these specially made-up foods, prepare them yourself. Take equal quantities of cracked corn, wheat and hulled oats. Crack them much finer than ordinary cracked corn, and then pass them through a sieve which will allow nothing larger than mustard seed to pass through the mesh. Crack charcoal, and sieve in the same way, then add white mustard seed and golden millet. For the dry mash to be used in the hopper, mix equal quantities of any good grade of stock or horse feed bran, and half the quantity of bone or beef meal for the first month, after which you can increase the bone or beef until you are giving an equal quantity. If the chicks have a warm brooder to run into, they can be out from the first day if the weather is not too cold, but they should have a brooder which registers ninety degrees the first week, eighty the second, and from then on until they are a month old seventy-five. Later in the spring the temperature under the haver need not be so high after the first week.

D. M. P.—The first requisite is a box two feet square and seven inches deep, with a lid at least five inches deep. Or if you can get two strong boxes the same size, which are six or seven inches deep, take off the lids, and use one of the bottoms for a lid. Personally, I prefer to use a lard or butter tub. Put two hinges at the back, and a hook and eye in front. Cut a hole three inches square in the center of the front, for the chickens to run in and out of. At both ends of the lid, or top box, make half-inch holes three inches apart and an inch from the top. This completes the outside of the brooder. Put cleats in each corner of the top and bottom boxes, two inches from the top. Then make a frame to fit inside the box and rest upon the cleats; cover it with burlap. At first, put the frame onto the cleats in the lower part of the brooder, with the fringed material hanging down, to make a comfortable covering for the chicks. After the babies are about two weeks old, the frame must be put onto the frame in the top part of the box, which will lift the material about three inches from the floor of the brooder. At first, when the screen is in the lower half of the brooder, fold a piece of cotton-batting and at carefully over it, filling in the entire space to the edge of the box. In the top half put a layer of excelsior about an inch and a half deep, then fill in with cotton-batting to the edge. The burlap on the frame being porous, and the cotton batting ditto, allows a perfect system of ventilation from the front opening to the top part of the brooder. Of course, when the frame is moved to the top part of the brooder, some of the cotton-batting has to be removed, but by that time the chicks have grown considerably, and furnish a great deal more animal heat than they did at first. As I have received three other requests for making fireless brooders, I am republishing pictures which show construction. After the babies are about four weeks old, it is well to take out the frame with the fringed woolen material attached, and use another frame covered with burlap, which is to keep the cotton-batting in place.

H. W.—I think the roosters must have rheumatism. Is the chicken house damp? Look for cracks and poor drainage. Perhaps the house is too close when shut up at night. The poultry house must be well ventilated. Fresh air never hurts birds. It is only damp and draughts that are dangerous. Better take out a window and cover the opening with muslin. If any more birds are attacked, rub the feet and shanks with equal parts of oil and turpentine well mixed. Went of vegetable food during the winter is apt to cause rheumatism.

J. M. W.—Please read answer to C. G. in this issue.

That Bad Headache

By H. M. Smith, M. D.

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NINE tenths of the headaches that we all suffer from once in a while come from some derangement of the stomach. for headache is not a disease in itself but only a symptom, a sort of cry for help from certain parts of the body that need attention. So do not fly for headache powders or tablets, most of which contain some of the coal tar preparations that are so injurious to the heart, and which should only be taken under a physician's orders; but try to get at the real source of the trouble.

If you wake with a dull headache every morning that either wears off or gets worse late in the day, you can be certain that there is either something wrong with your digestion or that your liver is sluggish. Take, on arising, a glass of vichy with the juice of an orange squeezed in it, or, if more convenient, a cup of very hot water with the juice of half a lemon. Then half an hour afterward take a cup of black coffee—coffee without milk or sugar. Very often this will entirely cure the pain while if you diluted it with milk and sugar it would have little effect. Then eat a light breakfast, a soft-boiled egg with perhaps a slice of toast or some whole-wheat bread, some cereal and milk will be enough. Be careful of your diet throughout the day and at night take a dose of castor oil and you should wake up without a trace of headache the next morning.

If you have a regular sick headache accompanied with nausea, the best remedy is hot salt water. Put half a teaspoonful of salt in a glass of warm water and drink as many glasses of this as is necessary to act as a thorough emetic. Then lie down for an hour in a quiet, well-ventilated room with a cloth wet with witch-hazel across the eyes. At the end of that time if the headache is not greatly relieved, take a high enema of a quart of warm water with a tablespoonful of salt in it. Then lie down again and after a little while take a cup of black coffee or a cup of tea if you prefer it, but don't take any solid food until you feel entirely well again. Such headaches can be kept away by a careful diet of plenty of fruit and green vegetables, meat only once a day and not much of that and plenty of water to drink, cutting out rich cake, pastry and much candy for a while. Often foods containing bran, bran bread or muffins or cereal or two tablespoonfuls of sterilized bran once a day will help wonderfully in keeping away headaches.

Sometimes the headache comes from an entirely different cause, which is lack of nourishment. Perhaps you have been working long past your usual lunch or dinner hour and begin to feel as if you never wanted any more food. You have a pain in the back of your neck and perhaps across the top of your head as well. What you need is light, nourishing food and a little rest. Take a cup of hot tea or coffee and some easily digested food and you will certainly feel better. If the pain in the back of the neck continues, lean your head back in an easy chair and put a hot water bag under the head at the back of the neck. If you are where it is impossible to do this, rub it with a strong pencil.

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It tells how you can rid your premises in three days of disease-carrying, damage-causing, food-destroying pests.

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Jersey City, N. J.

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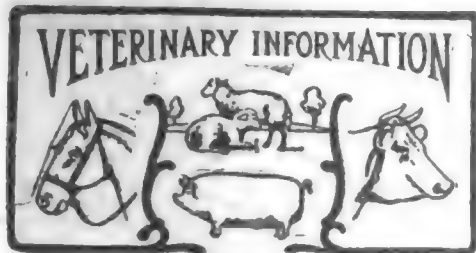


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Subscribers are invited to write to this department asking for any information desired relative to the treatment of animal troubles. Questions will be answered in these columns free by an eminent veterinarian. Describe the trouble fully, sign full name and give your address; direct all correspondence to the Veterinary Department, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. No attention will be given any inquiry which lacks the sender's full name and address, but we will print only initials if so requested.

Better Worm Medicine

SCIENTISTS have discovered recently that the tiny embryo worms of adult round worms of swine (*Ascaris suis*) when swallowed in feed by little pigs get into the blood stream from the intestines and are carried to the lungs where they may cause pneumonia or thumps. The latter disease was attributed wholly to over-feeding and lack of exercise, but now it seems that some cases may be due to the embryo worms. Many other ailments of little or growing pigs also are due to worms so that it is a matter of great importance to prevent worms getting into the stomach and to know what to administer if worms are known to be present. Prevention is accomplished by keeping pigs off old, contaminated pasture and away from wallows and drinking water used by old hogs which harbor worms. It also is necessary to keep all feeding and watering troughs clean and to keep pigs out of old hog yards.

A new method of administering worm medicine to hogs is to put the drugs into gelatine capsules to be given by means of a bailing "gun." That plan of administration works fairly well, but we have heard of some losses of pigs from gangrene of wounds of the gutlet caused by the nozzle of the gun. It is much better when medicine can be given in the feed to pigs and old hogs. If that cannot be done, some men have better luck in giving drugs in water as a drench than they have in administering capsules.

Here is a new combination of drugs for the destruction of worms in pigs and it may be given in a little slop: Withhold feed for 24 hours, then give each pig two and one half grains each of calomel and santolin, one dram of powdered areca nut and one half a dram of bicarbonate of soda in a little slop. That is the dose for a pig of 50 pounds. Increase or decrease the dose according to age and size of pig. Repeat the dose in 10 days. During the war santolin was so expensive that it could not be profitably administered in the large doses formerly prescribed;

Bone Spavin

Now matter how old the case, how lame the horse, or what other treatment failed, try Fleming's Spavin and Ringbone Paste, \$2.00 a Bottle (See last page). One application usually cures. Indicated only for established cases of Bone Spavin, Ringbone and Slickhorn. Money back if it fails. Write for FLEMING'S VETERINARY ADVICE. IT IS FREE.

FLEMING BROS., 325 Union St., New York, N.Y.

but the price has cheapened and the smaller dose suggested here will not prove too expensive.

LAME COW.—What was the matter with my cow? At first she was lame in the left hind leg and kept swallowing all the time. The next day she grew worse, the leg drawing up toward her head. She could not straighten it out, and suffering badly all the time. I finally killed her. She was a range cow and had run out on grass all winter and not been fed any hay. When I tried to feed her she would take a mouthful and spit it out as though it didn't taste good.

Mrs. T. W.
A. We suspect that the cow was attacked by a malignant disease, such as anthrax or hemorrhagic septicemia, which are incurable but preventable by vaccination. We should more suspect blackleg were the animal less than two years old. It would be well to consult the local graduate veterinarian about the matter, as it might be necessary to vaccinate remaining cattle.

THIN FILLY.—Please tell me how to fatten horses the quickest way. (2) I have a mare three years old that has had a bad cough for three months. She is quite thin but eats well. What can I do to get her into proper condition?

L. P. L.
A.—Have the teeth attended to by a veterinarian. Then feed five times a day, allowing crushed oats, wheat bran, ear corn, carrots and good mixed clover and timothy hay. (2) Teething keeps the filly from thriving and it is possible that she is also infested with worms. Have the teeth put in order, then mix in her feed twice daily for a week two teaspoonfuls of a mixture of two parts of salt and one part each of dried sulphate of iron (powdered copperas) and flowers of sulphur, then stop for 10 days and then give the powders for another week. Worms often cause cough, but it is possible of course, that heaves is the cause.

INDIGESTION.—I have a mare eight years old. She eats heartily and is thin, and when rode or driven a short distance, she pants. What is the cause and what should I do for her?

J. R.
A.—Clip the mare at once and also have her teeth put in order by a veterinarian. Feed crushed oats, and wheat bran, wet, and also carrots until grass is ready. Wet the hay, which should be sound and as free from dust as possible. Allow free access to rock salt.

THUMPS.—I have a bunch of shoats that seem to be affected with thumps in their sides. So far I have had none die and finally they get well and others take it. Never has been more than five or six to have it at one time.

Mrs. J. A. B.
A.—Worms are a probable cause of such symptoms. Thumps has been attributed wholly to over-feeding and lack of exercise, but it is now known that embryo worms in the lungs are at least a contributory cause. Starve the pigs for 24 hours and then give for every 50 pounds of body weight two and one half grains each of calomel and santolin, one dram of powdered areca nut and one half dram of bicarbonate of soda. Give it in a little slop or warm water and repeat the dose in 10 days.

PANTING HORSE.—I have a horse eight years old, weighing 1,600 pounds, that pants. He doesn't pant much when I work him, unless he has stood in the barn three or four days.

D. M.
A.—Never let any horse stand for a single day without work or active outdoor exercise, and when there is no work for him to do, greatly lessen or altogether withhold grain feed. Keep the bowels active. Do not feed any bulky feed at noon, if the horse has to work and do not feed over one pound each of grain and hay for each hundred pounds of body weight as a day's ration. So, fed, the horse in question may do better, if he was not overheated sometime when at work.

WARTS.—My cows and some of the calves have small lumps on their backs. They do not seem sore or itchy, but in the lump there is a dark worm of some kind. I would like to know cause and remedy.

P. W.
A.—The larvae or grubs come from the eggs of the ox warble fly deposited in summer. Squeeze them out by pressing down hard with the open mouth of a large bottle, then destroy the grubs. In some cases it will be necessary to enlarge the openings with a small, clean knife. Wash the affected backs twice a week with a 1-100 solution of coal tar dip.

GROWTH.—I have a mule that has a wart on his side. It has been there a year and keeps growing. It

seems to itch, for he gnaws it, keeping it raw. How can I cure it?

G. A. A.
A.—Have the growth cut out by a surgeon, who should cauterize the wound, then tie the mule so he will be unable to bite the part. If you cannot have this done, apply lard freely around the growth and then apply dilute nitric acid twice a week by means of a flat stick.

WEAK EYES.—I have a five-year-old mule that seems to have good eyes. In warm weather the flies bother him, causing his eyes to water. Is there any danger of his becoming blind, or anything I can do to prevent the flies from annoying him?

J. A.
A.—In such cases we commonly find the tear ducts obstructed so that tears flow over the cheeks, make the skin sore and so attract flies. This may be stopped by having the ducts cleared by a veterinarian. A little iodoform mixed with vaseline and applied daily to the skin will keep flies away.

THIN COW.—I have a cow that seems to be hidebound. She eats heartily but stays poor and will not fatten.

Mrs. A. C.
A.—It is to be suspected that the cow has tuberculosis. As the disease is incurable, contagious and makes the milk dangerous for man or animals, you should at once have her tested with tuberculin and disposed of according to law if she reacts.

UNHEALTHY SKIN.—I have a full-blooded mare, coming four, which is in poor condition. There are scabs on her tail and when picked off the hair comes with them. The roots of the hair are oily and gummy. Can you tell me the cause and give a remedy?

T. F. R.
A.—Hot stabling, corn feeding, lack of exercise and inadequate grooming cause such unhealthy conditions of the skin. Clip the mare and then wash affected skin with a 1-100 solution of coal tar dip. Wash the tail clean and then saturate the roots of the hair at intervals of three days, with a mixture of two ounces of flowers of sulphur, one half an ounce of coal tar dip and a pint of cotton-seed oil.

PITS.—I lost a pig seven weeks old that was taken as though the air passages were cut off, the pig opening his mouth and gasping with each breath. Could it have been croup, pneumonia or diphtheria?

M. G.
A.—The pig probably had a fit or convulsion. These are commonly caused by indigestion or worms, or from too fast drinking of milk or slop when very hungry. More careful feeding prevents such attacks and pigs should be kept free from worms.

WEAK STIFLES.—I have a mule, three years old, in good condition every way, except a popping of the hock joints when he walks. It doesn't seem to be making him lame, only making a noise like the slipping of a joint.

C. H.
A.—In such cases, it is the patella or knee cap of the stifle joint at the flank that makes a noise by slipping in and out of place. The hock joint is the next one below, often erroneously termed the "knee" of the hind leg. Rub stimulating liniment into the joints once or twice daily and they may improve. If not, a blister may have to be applied under direction of a qualified veterinarian.

DROPPICAL SWELLING.—My cow, when grazing on wild pasture, has a swelling under her throat. It is soft and goes down at night. It doesn't swell in winter. She eats heartily and appears to be in good condition. Is there any danger of tuberculosis?

O. L. P.
A.—Any debilitating disease may cause such a droppical swelling so it would be well to have the cow tested with tuberculin, as tuberculosis is a possibility. Such a swelling also may indicate imperfect circulation of the blood from heart disease, or may be seen in semi-starvation. Better feed the cow grain or meals in addition to grass.

Start Anti-Fly Campaign

In small towns where there are no sewer systems the problem of disposal of waste is a very serious one. In one such town in Oregon the members of the Home Economics Club, working under the direct supervision of the home demonstration agent, induced the city council to pass an ordinance requiring all privies to be made fly proof. This was a big step toward better sanitation and undoubtedly will lead to other improvements for controlling the breeding of flies.

—U. S. Dept. of Agriculture.

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Never again will you be bothered by such a wonderful bargain as this splendid, soft, durable, perfect fitting, comfortable, workable Work and Outing Shoe at our low special price. No use in paying \$6.00 for shoes that won't compare with these wonderful brown mule-skin leather shoes. Only one pair to a customer. You shouldn't lose a minute in gathering in this

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in New York City alone from kidney trouble last year. Don't allow yourself to become a victim by neglecting pains and aches. Guard against trouble by taking

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If you were not included in the census, perhaps you are just the kind that ought not to be.

Mabel McKinley—Niece of the Late President of the United States—Takes Nuxated Iron for Health and Strength And Says She Regards It as The Ideal Tonic For All Weak, Run-Down Nervous Women

Dr. George H. Baker, Formerly Physician and Surgeon Monmouth Memorial Hospital of New Jersey, Explains Why Iron Is One of the GREATEST OF ALL STRENGTH BUILDERS.

Says: He has found nothing in his experience so effective for helping to make strong, healthy, red-blooded women as Nuxated Iron.

Every woman who wishes to possess health, strength and beauty, should carefully read the statement of Miss McKinley who, after her personal use of Nuxated Iron tells of the results she obtained.

Miss McKinley says: "While I had often heard of Nuxated Iron I must admit that prior to using it myself I had no idea of its remarkable value for building up the health and strength."

"Following the strain imposed by months of the most exacting work singing for the soldiers in the various army encampments, together with my social engagements and charitable pursuits, I found myself in such a weakened, run-down state that I feared a complete collapse."

"It seemed utterly impossible for me to drop everything and go away for a complete rest, but I realized that as my condition was serious I must either do this or find something that would actually rebuild my waning strength and enable me to continue my activities."

"I had always been prejudiced against tonic preparations which, for the most part, I found

only acted as a temporary stimulant and usually left one worse off than ever. However, when my own family physician insistently recommended that I give a fair trial to Nuxated Iron, I consented to begin its use, with a result that after a few days the weakness and exhaustion from which I suffered began to be replaced by a feeling of renewed strength and vitality. In less than three weeks' time my whole system was tingling with energy and power and I was overjoyed to find that I was once more in superb physical condition."

"Nuxated Iron has accomplished so much for me that I regard it as the ideal tonic for all weak, run-down women. As a strength, health and blood-builder, I am convinced Nuxated Iron has no equal."

In commenting on Miss McKinley's statement, regarding the efficacy of Nuxated Iron, Dr. Ferdinand King, New York Physician and Medical Author, says: "It is my opinion that in practically nine times out of ten, unstrung nerves and failing strength and vitality are due to deficiency of iron in the blood. Many a woman who is run-down, nervous and who quickly tires out, suffers from iron deficiency and does not know it. I am convinced that there are thousands of such women who, simply by taking Nuxated Iron, might readily build up their red-blood corpuscles, increase their physical energy and get themselves back to vibrant and vigorous health. By enriching the blood and increasing its oxygen carrying power, Nuxated Iron will often transform the flabby flesh, toneless tissues, and pallid cheeks of nervous, run-down women into a glow of health, and make them look younger within a surprisingly short time."

Among other physicians asked for an opinion was Dr. George H. Baker, formerly Physician and Surgeon Monmouth Memorial Hospital, New Jersey, who says: "What women need to put roses in their cheeks and the spring-time of life into their step is not cosmetics

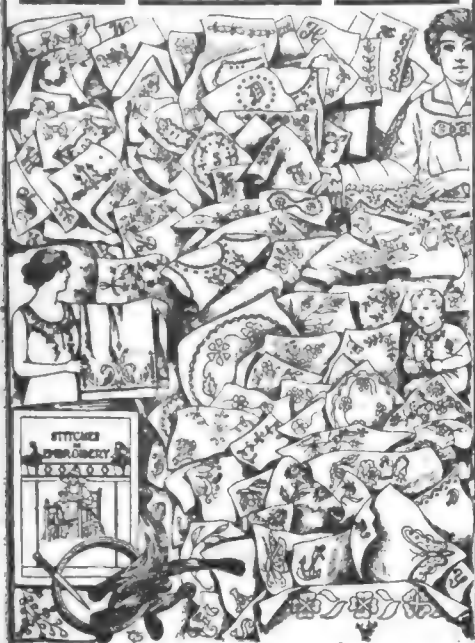


Miss McKinley has a voice of unusual quality and it was following her work singing for the soldiers that she became weakened and run-down and had recourse to Nuxated Iron. Once more in superb physical condition, Miss McKinley says she is convinced that Nuxated Iron has no equal as a Strength, Health and Blood-Builder.

or stimulating drugs but plenty of rich, pure blood. Without it no woman can do credit to herself or to her work. Iron is one of the greatest of all strength and blood-builders, and I have found nothing in my experience so effective for helping to make strong, healthy, red-blooded women as Nuxated Iron."

MANUFACTURER'S NOTE: Nuxated Iron which is recommended above by physicians is not a secret remedy but one which is well known to druggists. Unlike the older inorganic iron products, it is easily assimilated, does not injure the teeth, make them black, nor upset the stomach. The manufacturers guarantee successful and entirely satisfactory results to every purchaser or they will refund your money. It is dispensed in this city by all good druggists.

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COMFORT needworkers will welcome this splendid new transfer outfit consisting of five large sheets of patterns, five skeins embroidery cotton, different colors: hoops, bone stiletto and book on embroidery stitches. This grand pattern assortment, which easily surpasses anything we ever offered before, includes more than one hundred thirty new stylish motifs for all kinds of wearing apparel, table linen, towels, handkerchiefs and many beautiful articles of fancy work for home decoration. They may be used singly and in innumerable combinations. There are designs for corset covers, petticoats, collars, borders and sprays for dresses, lingerie, etc., borders for braid, towels, etc., anchors, repeat scallops in five different sizes, two sizes of fancy scallops, fleur-de-lis, French knots, child's dress, Dutch figures, scarf and for Bulgarian work, rose design for pillow, corners for table covers, centerpieces, lunch cloths, handkerchiefs, etc., etc., 17-inch butterfly centerpiece, dollies, one complete 12-inch Old English alphabet, one complete 14-inch initial block alphabet, one complete 1/2-inch initial script alphabet, and various other designs—over one hundred thirty in all. The patterns may be instantly transferred to any material by simply rubbing with bowl of a spoon or by pressing with a hot iron. They can be used at least six times with satisfactory results.

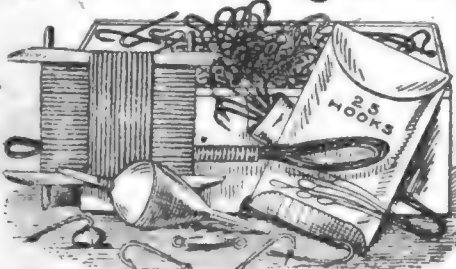
Remember—in addition to all these patterns, we also include free of charge, five skeins good embroidery cotton in different colors, hoops, bone stiletto and a book illustrating and describing all the principal embroidery stitches, making embroidery so simple that a child can do it.

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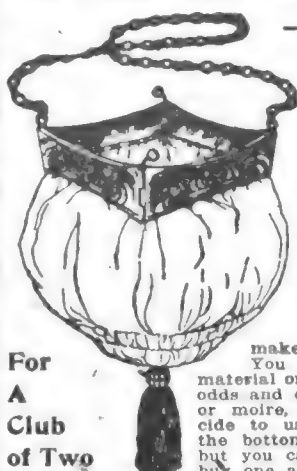
THE price of cloth has advanced tremendously within the past few years, but that does not prevent us from offering these stylish Scrim Curtains for the ridiculous small club of six. We make no money profit on our premiums—that's the reason. They are full size, each side piece measuring 2 1/2 feet in width and just long enough so they will hang a little below the window sill. The top piece or "valance," as it is commonly called, is 1 1/2 feet wide and 2 1/2 feet long. The insertion is a 3-inch band of Fillet lace. The color is White or Ecru—whichever you prefer. These Curtains are all the style now, so don't miss this wonderful opportunity to secure one or more of them absolutely free. And be sure to send in your order at once as our supply is limited.

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For A Club of Two

THESE pretty home-made bags are all the go now. Their great popularity is due to the fact that as each woman makes her own bag it is sure to be distinctive—a little different from other women's bags. It is very easy to make and inexpensive. You probably have the material on hand right now—odds and ends of silk, velvet or moire, whatever you decide to use. The tassel on the bottom is not necessary but you can easily afford to buy one as they cost only a few cents. Or you can make it yourself.

The bag-top offered you here is seven inches wide, made of handsome oxidized metal with a very deeply embossed floral design. It is the "gate-top" style—that is, each side opens out in the middle so that it really has four sides as shown in the illustration. It is also perforated along the edge with small holes to take the stitches necessary for attaching the bag. The chain is fourteen inches long.

Our Free Offer. For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you this handsome and stylish Bag-Top free by parcel post, prepaid. Premium No. 9692.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Pearl Necklace

FORTUNATE is the woman or girl who possesses a pearl necklace, as they are exceedingly stylish and growing more popular every day. The one shown is made of beautiful lmt. pearls of uniform size, is sixteen inches long and fastens with a gold-filled "Torpedo" snap. As these necklaces are not made in this country they are becoming scarce and prices are going up, so we consider ourselves extremely fortunate in having a supply purchased at a before-the-war price. However, we may not be able to secure more at any price, so please send in your order at once. You could not possibly select anything more stylish or attractive. This necklace can be worn with perfectly good taste with any dress at any time and on all occasions.

GIVEN! For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you one of these Pearl Necklaces free by parcel post, prepaid. Premium No. 7752.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Girls! This Jade Bracelet Is The Latest!

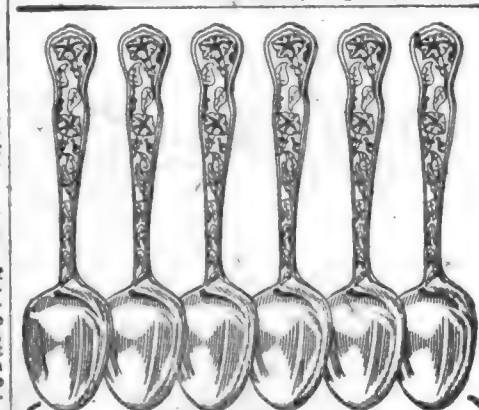


For A Club of Two

GRILS, you should have one of the new Jade Bracelets! It is the most popular bracelet ever introduced. All the rage in the big cities. Even wives and daughters of millionaires are wearing them in preference to gold, platinum and diamonds. Handsome, yet inexpensive, its very simplicity appeals to every woman of good taste. Three inches in diameter, will fit any wrist. The beautiful, rich Jade color makes a pleasing contrast with any dress. Practically indestructible and will always retain its luster. We know that the thousands of young ladies who read COMFORT want the newest styles so we have purchased a quantity of these popular bracelets to give away. You may have one or more of them absolutely free upon the terms of the following short-time offer. Please send in your order as soon as possible as our supply is limited.

Given To You! For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you this handsome and stylish Jade Bracelet free by parcel post, prepaid. Premium No. 9672.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Six Silver Teaspoons

The Beautiful "Morning Glory" Design

BY buying in large quantities we are enabled to offer our readers this handsome set of six teaspoons for the ridiculously small club mentioned below. They are six inches long, silver plated on a white metal base, so there is no brass to show through, and they will never have that dingy or tarnished appearance even after years of constant use. The design is the beautiful "Morning Glory" deeply embossed on the handles which are finished in soft, elegant French grey. The bowls of the spoons are perfectly smooth and bright polished.

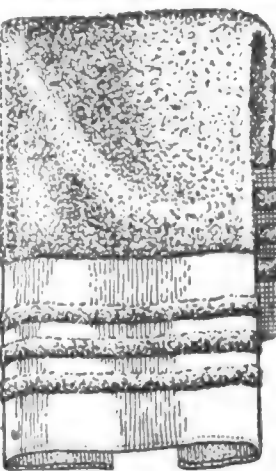
The rich design and splendid wearing qualities of these teaspoons combine to make this the most attractive premium offer in years. Our illustration does not do them justice. They must be seen to be appreciated. We know they will exceed your highest expectations.

Given To You! For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you six of these fine Silver Plated Teaspoons free by parcel post, prepaid. Premium No. 9682.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Two Turkish Towels

Good Size Soft And Fleecy



AFTER bathing there is nothing quite as fine as a good rub down with a Turkish towel. In fact it is the best towel for all purposes, whether for the bathroom, guestroom or everyday family use. They absorb the water much more readily than other towels and the soft fleecy-like surface imparts to the body a delightful feeling of warmth and well-being. They are also fine for baby's toilet as they will not hurt the tender skin.

The towels offered here are 15 inches wide and 32 inches long which is a good convenient size for all-round family use, and are of good weight, well made and finished. We will make you a present of two of these towels upon the terms of the following offer.

Given To You! For three one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you one pair (2) of these fine Turkish Towels free by parcel post, prepaid. Premium No. 8503.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Gold Birthstone Rings

THE most popular ladies' rings worn today are these beautiful birthstone rings. Not only is it considered lucky to wear one of them but they are now and always will be exceedingly stylish. We are able to illustrate only three of the rings but there are twelve in all—a different stone for each month of the year, and of course you should wear the stone that is symbolical of the month you were born. The following is a list of the twelve rings, names of the stones and the month to which they apply:

No. 8411, January, Garnet. No. 8421, February, Amethyst. No. 8431, March, Bloodstone. No. 8441, April, Diamond. No. 8451, May, Emerald. No. 8461, June, Agate. No. 8471, July, Ruby. No. 8481, August, Sardonyx. No. 8491, September, Sapphire. No. 8501, October, Opal. No. 8511, November, Topaz. No. 8521, December, Turquoise.

Each ring is guaranteed genuine gold filled, which looks exactly like solid gold and will wear for years. In fact we absolutely guarantee each ring for at least five years. The rings themselves are perfectly plain, the stones are solitaires and perfect imitations of the real gems. The setting of each ring is the ever popular "Tiffany" style. As a Christmas, Birthday or all-the-year-round gift for wife, mother, sweetheart or sister, nothing could be more appropriate and acceptable than one of these beautiful guaranteed rings set with the birthstone of the person to whom it is given. We will send you one of these rings free upon the terms of the following offer:

Given To You! For one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 50 cents we will send you one of these beautiful gold-filled Rings by parcel post, prepaid. Please be sure to give size and number of ring wanted.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

2-Piece Toilet Set

THIS is a good grade Toilet Set, consisting of comb and brush.



The comb is seven inches long, with coarse and fine teeth, and comes in the new popular "Malachite" green finish. The brush is nine inches long, two and a half inches wide, with firm white bristles, and is finished in the same beautiful "Malachite" green, with a silverine shield on the back. We have given away thousands of these sets and it never fails to please.

Given To You! For three one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you this Comb and Brush Set free and prepaid. Premium No. 8483.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Beautiful Silk Remnants

REMNANTS of real silk, in all shapes, sizes and colors. They are carefully trimmed and just what you need for making up quilts, tidily pillow tops and all kinds of "crazy patchwork." We will send you a package containing more than one hundred of these beautiful silk pieces and 5 skeins embroidery cotton in different bright colors, also an Instruction Book with eight full-page illustrations showing how to ornament seams of crazy patchwork and other work where fancy stitches are used, also how to work the Outline and Kensington Stitch, Arras and Chenille Embroidery, ribbon work, plush or tufted stitch, also directions for Kensington painting. All this is yours free upon the terms of the following special offer:

Given To You! For one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 50 cents we will send you one package of these Silk Remnants free by parcel post, prepaid. Premium No. 5561.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Four Lovely Ferns



THEY are the largest, handsomest varieties ever grown for house culture—the Asparagus Plumosus or "Lace" fern, the Roosevelt, the Boston or "Fountain" fern and the Whitman or "Ostrich Plume" fern. We guarantee these ferns to be strong, healthy and well rooted, and that they will reach you in perfect condition, ready to pot. If any of them fail to grow, we will cheerfully replace them free of charge. We are able to illustrate only one variety, "The Roosevelt," but remember you get all four ferns free on this offer.

Given To You! For one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 50 cents we will send you the above described collection of four beautiful ferns free by parcel post, prepaid. Premium No. 8581.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



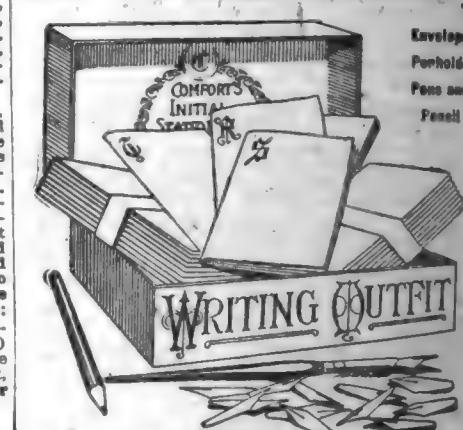
Camera Given

A **SPLENDID** camera, either for yourself or to give as a present to someone. It is the pocket "Promo," made by the Eastman Kodak Company, and it takes beautiful pictures 1 1/2 x 1 1/4 inches in size. Fitted with Meniscus lens and automatic shutter which allows you to take either snap-shots or time exposures. Uses the regulation roll film cartridge containing six exposures and this film may be put in the camera in broad daylight. Anybody can take good pictures with this camera. It is so simple to operate that even a child can use it.

CLUB OFFER. We will send you this Promo Camera with one six-exposure roll film cartridge and instruction book free and prepaid for four one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each. Premium No. 7944.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Box Of Initial Stationery

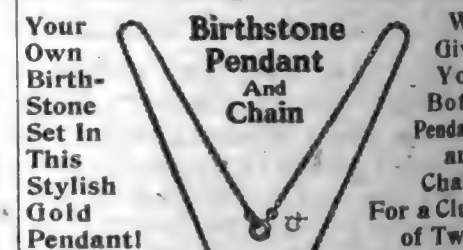


Latest Style Monogram

IT is now the height of fashion and evidence of the very best taste to use stationery with your own monogram initial or "crest" on it. In this offer we give you two dozen sheets white linen stationery 10 1/2 x 6 1/2 inches in size, each sheet beautifully embossed in colors with any monogram initial you desire, two dozen envelopes, one dozen best quality steel pens, one good grade pencil and one penholder. Just think how nice it will be when writing to your friends to have your own letter crest monogram initial embossed in colors on this high-grade fine quality stationery. Remember you get one full quality choice paper and twenty-four envelopes besides all the other articles in this complete writer's outfit. Don't hesitate to send for this premium today because you will surely be delighted with it.

Given To You! For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you a box of this Initial Stationery and Complete Writing Outfit free by parcel post, prepaid. When ordering, be sure to specify what monogram initial you want. Premium No. 9482.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



ONE of the most stylish of all neck ornaments. Women and girls who like to be up-to-date are Birthstone Pendant and Chain, also called Lavaliers. The one of design we found among all the other articles submitted for our approval manufacturer is the 15-inch gold plate—also made of gold—own birthstone and underneath the stone is turquoise pearl. Follow different birthstones represents. All of the are the most perfect real gems that we have dering be sure to birthstone wanted.

9552 Jan. Garnet, Symbol of Power.
9562 Feb. Amethyst, Symbol of Love.
9572 March Aquamarine, Symbol of Courage.
9582 April Diamond, Symbol of Purity.
9592 May Emerald, Symbol of Immortality.
9602 June Pearl, Symbol of Long Life.
9612 July Ruby, Symbol of Charity.
9622 Aug. Peridot, Symbol of Happiness.
9632 Sept. Sapphire, Symbol of Constancy.
9642 Oct. Opal, Symbol of Hope.
9652 Nov. Topaz, Symbol of Friendship.
9662 Dec. Turquoise, Symbol of Prosperity.

CLUB OFFER. For only two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you a Birthstone Pendant and Chain free by Parcel Post prepaid. Be sure to mention number of stone wanted.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Comfort's Information Bureau

Under this heading all questions by COMFORT subscribers on subjects not related to the special departments elsewhere in the paper will be answered, as far as may be. COMFORT readers are advised to read carefully the advertisements in this paper, as they will often find in them what they seek through their questions addressed to this Bureau. They will thus save time, labor and postage.

No attention will be given any inquiry which lacks the sender's full name and address, but we will print only initials if so requested.

B. P., Casa, Ark.—There is no institution of the sort you describe, and the nearest thing to it is the U. S. Army with the opportunities that are now being offered enlisted men to learn various trades and improve their education.

E. P., Concho, O.—Spray your rose bushes with a strong soap solution or not too strong solution made from one of the nicotine extracts now on the market would be most helpful in controlling the lice after they appear. You must spray thoroughly and as often as the lice appear.

Mrs. L. G., Whittles Depot, Va.—Apparently there are enough Stradivarius violins owned by COMFORT readers to have kept that old master fiddle-maker busy for several lifetimes of construction. We have often stated in this column that there are but about thirty genuine Strads known to be in existence, and these have been proven and listed by violin experts. There are, however, hundreds and thousands of instruments which have been falsely branded by fraudulent dealers in "old violins" who obtain a fictitious price from some credulous buyer who believes he is getting a genuine work of one of the famous makers. A genuine Stradivarius violin is worth many thousands of dollars and could never change hands at even the far from modest prices asked by dealers in the imitation article.

I. H., Ferryville, Wis.—The bunch on your canary's leg may be a growth caused by some parasite. We believe this growth should be opened and its contents investigated and removed, but it is a delicate operation for a veterinarian.

C. B. R., Garland, Ala.—The "Scientific American" gives this method for the repair of mirrors whose backing has worn off in places: Place mirror face downwards on any flat surface and with a piece of cotton carefully clean the place to be re-silvered. Now spread over the spot a piece of new tin foil a little larger than the place you are repairing. After spreading out smoothly and carefully, let fall on the center of the foil a drop or more of metallic mercury and rub the foil gently with a piece of camels until it becomes brilliant. Now place upon this newly made amalgam a sheet of smooth writing paper and pile books or other weights upon it and leave over night. The amount of weight need not be great. The amount of mercury used for any particular repairing should correspond to three drams to each square foot of surface to be covered. While this method reads simply, the job is one that requires practice to be neatly and successfully done. Everything connected with the silvers of mirrors is far from being a "home" or amateur trick of repairing.

A. B., Saratoga Co., N. Y.—The Latin-American countries are the Spanish and Portuguese speaking countries which are contained in North and South America. We cannot give space to list them here, but any atlas or geography will furnish you with a map whereby you can identify these republics.

Old Subscriber, Mt. Vernon, Ill.—To buy a pig in a poke means to purchase something one cannot see or examine in order to know its real value and whether it is worth the price paid.

Mrs. M. C. T., Sanford, N. C.—It will help your frost-bitten feet if they are bathed in cold water every night, and then well dried without much rubbing. Get some "relin ointment" from your druggist and have him add to every ounce of the ointment two drams of oil of turpentine. Rub this mixture well into the feet before retiring.

E. B., Burnsville, N. C.—Prior to the Civil War it was often suggested by various persons that the Federal Government free the slaves by purchasing them from their southern owners, but no such plan was ever adopted. Unofficial history has it that President Lincoln had a meeting in Virginia with Alexander Stevens in which he made a tentative offer which Stevens carried South with him, but the Confederate leaders had already gone too far with their secession plan to accept and nothing came of the meeting. Any good history of the Civil War will place in your hands all available information regarding efforts made for peaceable settlement of the slavery question before the first shots were fired at Sumter.

V. S., Pa.—Colorado is a great "health" state, and it necessarily contains more sanitariums than we would care to list in the small space available in this column. We suggest that you obtain the lists you desire from the editor of "Colorado Medicine," addressing this periodical at the Metropolitan Building, Denver, Col. Enclose a stamp for reply when you write.

Subscriber, Neb.—The proverb, "Much meat, much maladies," would mean that the eating of large quantities of meat tends to bring on various diseases. And the bearing of this proverb is quite in line with modern medical science and theories of diet.

Pepper Proved Big Bear's Undoing

Jim Cronin of Spokane, a mining man who is interested in a gold property in the Babine Mountains, intends in future to always make sure there is pepper in his camping outfit, says a dispatch from Vancouver. His mine was recently closed down for the winter, but Mr. Cronin made a belated visit there. Just as he neared the camp cabin he heard a terrible commotion. The stout log walls shook, the crash of the stove falling down, and the clatter of pans and smashing of tables and chairs caused them to approach the place with caution. As he drew near the door a mighty grizzly bear dashed out and darted past him like an avalanche going over a precipice. The animal was holding his mouth open, his eyes shut and was heading as nearly as possible for the river. Mr. Cronin investigated. He found the interior of the cabin a wreck. Lying on the floor was an empty can that once contained a half pound of red pepper. The bear's teeth-marks were plainly visible on the opened end. Mr. Cronin thinks bruin first sniffed, then snorted, and as a result filled lungs, mouth and eyes with the fiery powder, after which he sought madly to escape.—Boston Herald.



We also give magnificent Premiums and pay Cash for appointing agents. Special Extra Present of a High-Grade Granite 10 qt. Dish Pan, 3 qt. Sauce Pan and 3 qt. Pudding Pan FREE of all cost or work of any kind, if you write at once. You advance no money. We trust you. You have nothing to risk. Write today for our Big FREE Agent's Outfit. Don't delay.

THE PERRY G. MASON CO., Est. 1897, 636 W. Pearl St. CINCINNATI, O.

The Modern Farmer

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19.)

comes. Keep radishes, lettuce, endive, string beans, peas and green corn coming all season. Don't be afraid you will have too many vegetables. Can or dry the surplus and think of how good it will taste in the winter when you are far from a city market, or how finely it will help out when you must keep your expenses down as much as possible. Farm folks should have all the milk and eggs they need, and add to this all the vegetables they can use, what more is needed to set a bountiful and well-satisfying table?

So many times in the spring we are very enthusiastic and make wonderful garden plans but somehow when the warm weather comes we forget that this is really the time when the most important work in the garden is necessary. Planting and harvesting the first early vegetables is only the beginning of the truly successful garden. Keep coming all season long, by successive plantings, the good things and make the most of your garden plot.

Remember, again, a garden isn't just plowing, planting and harvesting. There is disease, ravages of insects, droughts and other enemies that must be fought and conquered. Blight and insects can be fought with Bordeaux mixture or arsenate of lead.

The hoe is the weapon to fight the weeds. Don't "slack" for a day on the weeds. Watch for them after a warm rain. A weedy garden is a failure; weeds use up the plant food, cause disease and harbor insects. Look out for dry weather. Keep top layer of soil so well worked it forms a dust blanket which keeps the moisture in. Don't disturb soil deeply. Just the surface well raked till it is a dust. It keeps the soil from getting baked and drying out.

Sometimes garden failure is caused by lack of plant food. On the farm there is generally plenty of fertilizer of barnyard manure to plow in in the spring. But in town sometimes our gardens lack for nourishment. Such plants as cabbage, Swiss chard, parsley, celery, etc., need lots of plant food.

A liquid solution of poultry manure, or sodium nitrate may be used. Don't apply the sodium nitrate too generously or you will kill your plants.

Cultivate and then cultivate—you can't do too much of it. More failures in gardens are caused by a lack of cultivation than any other thing. Cultivation keeps down weeds—which steal your plant food—holds moisture for the plants, lets in air which is necessary for development of root system, helps make food available to the plant, and prevents soil from baking.

"Spare the hoe and spoil the garden" is a good motto to adopt if you want to have a successful garden.

A Concrete Farm

No, a concrete farm would hardly be desirable—but a farm with all buildings made of concrete is the coming thing. We will soon see the day when many farms will be equipped with permanent buildings—cyclone and fire-proof. Such buildings are now being made of reinforced concrete.

Concrete silos, concrete hog-houses, concrete milk-houses, concrete block houses are now to be seen on every hand—and the final step, a concrete barn, is almost here. Then, with concrete tanks and concrete floors, farm buildings will be well-nigh indestructible.

Some Late Crops

It often happens that, through the use of poor seed or a backward spring or wet weather or from some other cause, we are forced to plant late crops after the regular planting season is over. What are some of these late crops?

For Hay

Use Sudan grass for hay. It can be planted late in hot weather—two weeks after corn planting is done. In fact, it does best if planted late, and for this reason should not be planted early. Twenty to twenty-five pounds of well-cleaned seed will cover an acre. It makes rapid growth and will yield two to three tons of choice hay to the acre. The time to cut for hay is when the plant is in full bloom.

Other late plants good for hay are the sorghums in the south and millet in the northern sections.

For Silage

Any of the above may be cut green directly into the silo. Soy beans, if mixed with any of the above, also make good silage. But the new silage plant that has received much attention during the past year or two is the sunflower. Sunflowers may be planted after corn, grow rapidly, yield heavily and make a very satisfactory silage. They are especially well adapted to the dry sections of the country. Several of the experiment stations west of the Mississippi are testing them as silage and thus far their reports are very encouraging.

Through the columns of this department subscribers may have free advice from the eminent specialists and experts of our Agricultural Staff on questions relating to farming, live stock and dairying.

Address Modern Farmer, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. Sign your true name and give your address. Name will not be published.

Questions and Answers

KILLING JOHNSON GRASS.—Can anyone tell me how to kill out Johnson Grass? We have a patch on our farm that we would like to rid of this weed.

Mrs. A. W. Young, Ark.

A.—A good plan is to plow deep and sow the ground to Essex rape, then fence it and let hogs pasture the patch until it is bare. They will root out the grass when the other feed is short. Plow deep again after the rape is gone and reseed to any crop that succeeds well in your district. After that crop has been removed, work to a cultivated crop like corn, tobacco or potatoes.

THE more we work
the more there is;
and more there is
the more to divide.

Only as all of us
do our part will we
contribute to this result.

EDWIN T. MEREDITH,
Secretary of Agriculture.

FREE

A 46-PIECE FULL SIZE
HANDSOME DINNER SET
NO MONEY NEEDED. WE PAY FREIGHT.

SELL ONLY 11 BOXES OF SOAP, each box containing 7 cakes fine Toilet Soap, and with every box, give as premiums to each purchaser all of the following articles: a Pound of Baking Powder, Bottle Perfume, Box Toilet Powder, 6 Teaspoons, Pair of Shears and Package of Needles and this artistically decorated Dinner Set is Yours. Many other equally attractive offers and hundreds of useful Premiums or Cash Commission for your time.

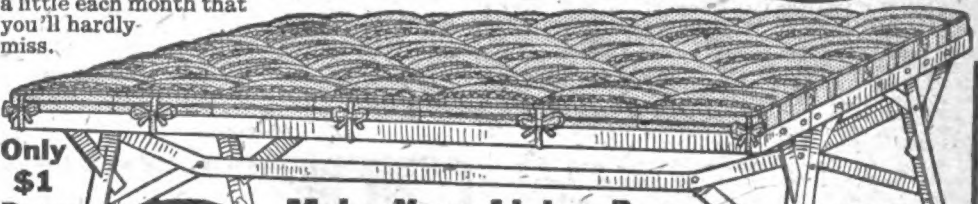
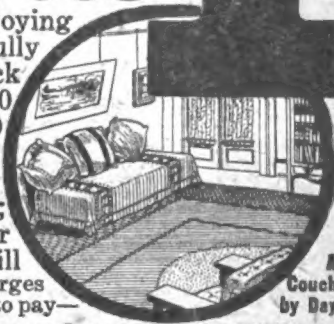
Special Extra Present of a High-Grade Granite 10 qt. Dish Pan, 3 qt. Sauce Pan and 3 qt. Pudding Pan FREE of all cost or work of any kind, if you write at once. You advance no money. We trust you. You have nothing to risk. Write today for our Big FREE Agent's Outfit. Don't delay.

THE PERRY G. MASON CO., Est. 1897, 636 W. Pearl St. CINCINNATI, O.

Send Only \$1

for This High Grade Sanitary Couch and Mattress

Only by seeing this outfit in your home and enjoying its supreme comfort and usefulness can you fully appreciate its truly wonderful value at our rock bottom price. One dollar brings it to you for 30 days' trial in your home—at our risk. If, after 30 days, you are not satisfied that it is the greatest bargain you have seen; if you are not delighted with its extreme usefulness and value in your home; if you are not thoroughly satisfied to keep it at our low money-saving price—return it to us and we will not only refund your dollar, but will pay transportation charges both ways. If you decide to keep the outfit, take a whole year to pay—a little each month that you'll hardly miss.



Make Your Living Room Produce a Revenue

This unusual outfit—a comfortable, good looking couch by day and a restful, full-sized bed by night—will make it possible for you to derive a real revenue from your living room.

Outfit consists of guaranteed Simmons Sanitary Couch and well filled Mattress. Sanitary Couch is made throughout of heavy angle steel, has Simmons' Patented Galvanized Twisted Link, rust-proof fabric attached to end angles by strong, flexible, helical springs. Width of seat when closed as Couch 22 inches. Sides raise easily and lock automatically, forming comfortable Bed with a sleeping surface of 43 1/2 inches wide by 74 inches long. Entire frame splendidly finished with several coats best quality Gray Enamel. Mattress is made to comply with all bedding laws of various States and is covered with an attractive flowered Art Ticking in serviceable colors and is well filled with splendid quality cotton lint. Pad weighs about 15 pounds. Complete weight of outfit about 75 pounds.

Order by No. 207BMA8. Price, \$13.85. Pay \$1 down. Balance, \$1.50 monthly.

FREE BARGAIN CATALOG

Thousands of bargains in furniture, rugs, curtains, stoves, ranges, dishes, silverware, jewelry, phonographs, clocks, washing machines, baby carriages, gas engines, sewing machines, kitchenware, cream separators, general farm equipment, etc.—all on our easy payment plan. Send coupon or postal for your free copy today.

HARTMAN FURNITURE & CARPET CO.
3913 Wentworth Ave., Dept. 2682, Chicago

Hartman Furniture & Carpet Co.
3913 Wentworth Ave., Dept. 2682, Chicago

Enclosed find \$1. Send the Sanitary Couch and Mattress No. 207BMA8 as described. I am to have 30 days' trial. If not satisfied, will send it back and you will refund my \$1 and pay freight both ways. If I keep it, I will pay \$1.50 per month until the price, \$13.85, is paid.

☐ Send FREE Hartman Bargain Book.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

Let the Turkeys Grow

The turkey is still a wild bird. All the efforts of the farmer and breeder have failed to domesticate this wanderer into a barnyard dependent that puts on fat at the whim of the owner. A chicken will put feed into fat at almost any age and at any time the crop is kept filled with the right kind of feed.

The young turkey, however, is a long-legged bug hunter until the winter that of feathers is put on and nature suggests that it is time to store up a reserve for rigorous weather. Turkeys will put on weight rapidly and economically at that season and raisers should take advantage of it.

This, too, is the season when fields provide plenty of feed that would otherwise go to waste and, in the case of weed seeds, would do damage to future crops.

STRIKING WEIGHT COMPARISONS.—Now, when we have need for every ounce of food that can be put into form for human consumption, whether ground by mills or gizzards, it is the soundest economy to let the young turkeys live through the fall bug-and-seed-hunting season.

A young gobble that weighs ten pounds in October will weigh twelve or thirteen sixty days later if given a little extra feed along toward the end of that period. A hen in the same time will fill out from seven pounds to nine or ten. Such satisfactory gains can be made at no other time in the bird's life. It is the season when nature is preparing for winter. The turkey hasn't learned to depend on the farmer's grain bins.

This is the time of year to exterminate mosquitoes by draining all stagnant pools, or by pouring oil on them, or by stocking them with small fish. Do not let water stand for days in barrels, tubs or horse troughs.



SEND NO MONEY!

Beauty, Comfort and Style Combine in these Boston Beauty Shoes. Easily cleaned, fashionable white canvas for the street or dress. Sent On Approval. Be sure to state whether you want low heel, or high. Pay our special low price of only \$2.98 on arrival. Choice of High or Low Heel.

Shoe Cleaner Free

A 25c package of white shoe cleaner if you will send the coupon at once. Clip now.

GUARANTEE

If these shoes do not astonish you by their remarkable value, and deliver by their beauty and fit, send them back at our expense. Your money back double quick if not pleased with purchase.

BOSTON MAIL ORDER HOUSE.

Dept. 2013, Essex P. O. Bldg., Boston, Mass.

Send postage prepaid pair of white shoes. I will pay only \$2.98 on arrival. I judge them on approval. I risk nothing. Send Cleaner Free.

☐ High Heel ☐ Low Heel ☐ Size.....

Name.....

Address.....



Remarkable Bargain

Men's Black Dress Shoes

A \$6.00 Value for \$3.98

Style A-104, Sizes 6 to 11

Comfortable, stylish, long wearing shoes. Note the comfort last, the medium oak sole of excellent wearing qualities; the neat, appearing, pliable, enduring, chrome leather vamp and tip.

Men's Oxfords, steamed toe springs.

Get FREE Book of Big Bargains for Whole Family

United Stores Co., Box 490, Lancaster, Pa.

Wrist Watch Given

You can get this fine Wrist Watch or other beautiful watch guaranteed for 5 years. Also Lace Curtains, Rogers' Silver Sets, Sea Lockets, La Vallieres and many other valuable presents for selling our beautiful Art and Religious pictures at 10c. each. Order 20 pictures when sold, send the \$2.00 and choose premium wanted, according to big list. RAY ART CO., Dept. 18, CHICAGO

"DON'T SHOUT"

"I hear you. I can hear now as well as anybody. How? With the MORLEY PHONE."

I've a pair in my ears now, but they are invisible. I would not know I had them in, myself, only that I hear all right.

The Morley Phone for the DEAF

is to the ears what glasses are to the eyes. Invisible, comfortable, weightless and harmless. Anyone can adjust it. Over one hundred thousand sold. Write for booklet and testimonials.

THE MORLEY CO., Dept. 766, 26 S. 15th St., Phila.

FIBRE LEGS

Light Weight—More Comfort, Strength, Wear—Orthopedic Braces for All Deformities. Send for Booklet.

Ray Trautman, 637 Dean Building, Minneapolis, Minn.

DO YOUR EYES BOTHER YOU?

Agents wanted to sell glasses. Send for catalog.

COULTER OPTICAL CO., Dept. B, CHICAGO, ILL.

FREE

Military finish air rifle. Sell 8 Boxes. Mouthpiece. at \$5.00.

S. Supply Co. Box 29, Greenville, Pa.

Comfort's Home Lawyer



Through the columns of this department subscribers may have free advice from our eminent legal adviser on all questions of law except divorce matters.

Address Home Lawyer, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. Sign your true name and give your address. Name will not be published.

H. A. C., Vermont.—If you can substantiate by the proper evidence that the easement you describe in your neighbor's land has been continuously used by you and the former owners of your property for a period of sixty years, we do not think your neighbor can now prohibit you from the use of the same.

Mrs. E. S., Kentucky.—If, as you state, your mother turned her money over to your stepfather 23 years ago, we do not think you can now compel him to account to your mother's estate for same.

S. E. H., Colorado.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that a married woman is entitled to the full control of her separate property and all of the increase thereof and she can sell and dispose of the same without her husband's consent except that his consent is necessary to the mortgaging or conveyance of property registered as a homestead; she has equal rights with her husband in the custody of their children, and in case of the separation of the parents the custody of the children is a question for the courts to decide.

S. B. B., Pennsylvania.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man or woman, leaving no will and leaving no child or descendant, the surviving spouse, if there are no other kindred, shall be entitled to the real or personal estate, or both, to the aggregate value of five thousand dollars in addition, in the case of a widow, to her exempted allowance by law and, if such estate exceeds in value the sum of five thousand dollars, the surviving spouse shall be entitled to the sum of five thousand dollars, absolutely, to be chosen by him or her from the real or personal estate or both, and in addition thereto shall be entitled to one half part of the remaining real and personal estate, it being provided by the intestate act that these provisions as to said five thousand dollars shall apply only to cases of actual intestacy of husband or wife and not to cases where the surviving spouse shall elect to take against the will of the deceased spouse.

A. M. H., Arkansas.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of your mother, if she leaves no will and does not remarry, her whole estate will be divided in equal shares among her children, the descendants of any deceased child taking their parent's share; the property which came to her from her first husband, as well as the property which came to her from her child by the first marriage, will, of course, be included in her estate.

Mrs. E. K., Florida.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that unless a married woman has been legally declared a free trader, her property is under the care and management of her husband, but she shall not charge for such care nor management, nor shall the wife be entitled to sue her husband for the rent, hire, issues, proceeds or profits of her said property; she is entitled to receive support from him, unless she abandons him without good cause, and he can be compelled to treat her in a proper manner.

Mrs. O. C., Michigan.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that if the road you mention is a public road, the owner of the adjoining property has no legal right to close same, because the public authorities have neglected to work the road; but if the road belongs to the man who closed it, he has a legal right to close same.

Mrs. I. B. R., Pennsylvania.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that your right to cut and remove the growing crop upon the farm you rent after the termination of your lease would depend upon the terms of your lease, if there is no agreement as to this in your lease, we think the custom of your locality would prevail; we think the custom of your locality is for the tenant to return and cut and remove his growing winter grain crops when they ripen after the term of his lease has expired.

O. E., Kentucky.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that the consent of the parents or guardian is necessary for the marriage of either males or females under 21 years of age; we think the age limit is lower in Tennessee.

Mrs. G. E. M., Connecticut.—Under the laws of your state, we think it possible for your husband to deed his real estate to you both as tenants by the entirety so that the whole of said real estate will, upon the death of one of you, become the sole property of the survivor; if your name is not in the present existing deed of the property, we think, upon his death without a will, you will only have your share in the property, and, if he desires you to have the whole property upon his death, it will be necessary for him to either have the deed so drawn or to make a will to that effect. We think you should have some competent local attorney attend to this for you.

Mrs. R. H. V., West Virginia.—Under the laws of your state, we think it possible for your husband to cannot be compelled to support his adult children, unless they are incapacitated and unable to support themselves; we think he should notify the merchants with whom they run bills in his name that he will not be responsible for their debts. We do not think your son by a former marriage will have any interest in his stepfather's estate, unless some provision is made for him by will.

Mrs. C. B. McC., Missouri.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that if your mother dies without a will, your stepfather will have an interest in her estate; just how much of your father's estate came to your mother upon his death and will be included in her estate upon her death, depends upon matters not stated in your communication. If she simply has a lower interest in her real estate, this would die out with her and such real estate would come to you and your brother upon her death. We think if your brother is now remarried to the wife from whom he was divorced, upon his death without a will, she would receive one half of his estate if your brother leaves no child or descendant; if he has not remarried his former wife, we think her interest in his estate, if any, would depend upon the decree of divorce and the validity of the same.

G. C., Kentucky.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that it is possible to procure good title to real estate through tax sales provided the same was legally conducted and all the requirements complied with and provided the period of redemption has expired; we think an examination of your title would be necessary to determine whether your title is good. We think tax titles are often set aside by reason of the failure to meet all the necessary requirements.

H. L. T., Michigan.—An unmarried man who is the head of a family has an exemption under the Federal income tax law of \$2,000; if he is not the head of a family and has no one whose principal support is derived from him and who is dependent upon him, his exemption is \$1,000.

C. B. W., New Jersey.—We are unable to form an opinion upon the fairness of a legal charge of \$150 for making the title search you mention without any information as to the amount of labor involved in making such search. (2) We think if the builder you mention refuses to return your building plans to you, it will be necessary for you to proceed against him for such damages as you have suffered.

M. U. H., Ohio.—Under the laws of Kansas, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a man, without any surviving wife or descendants, and without leaving a will, his whole estate would go to his parents or the survivor of them; if both are dead, the estate is disposed of as if they, or either of them, had outlived the intestate and died in ownership and possession of the property. In no event would the surviving husband of a daughter of the decedent who predeceased her father, leaving no child or descendant, receive any of the property unless some provision was made for him by will.

Mrs. E. O., Iowa.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon your death, without a will, and without a surviving husband, child or descendant, and without a surviving parent, your estate would be divided among your sisters and brother, the descendants of any such as may predecease you taking their parent's share. Such property as you inherited absolutely from your mother's estate would be included in your estate upon your death, but if there was any limitation in your mother's will as to the property you received from her, you are, of course, bound by such limitation.

H. H., Illinois.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that if the owner of the horse you mention insured your mares to be with foal, he is not entitled to any service fee unless such proves to be the case; if, however, the charge was for service, without any insurance, we think he is entitled to his fee.

S. W. S., Missouri.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that if the woman, you mention, who administered her husband's estate, purposely neglected to name her husband's son by a former marriage as an heir of her husband's estate, she was guilty of fraud and can be punished for her act; we think, in any event, the young man is entitled to his share in his father's estate and should proceed at once to enforce his claim.

Mrs. M. C., Oklahoma.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man, leaving no will and leaving a surviving widow and two children as his only heirs-at-law and next of kin, his estate would go to such surviving widow and two children in equal shares, the widow being entitled to remain in possession of the homestead until disposed of according to law; we do not think he can dispose of more than two thirds of his estate by will to any person other than his widow; we think he can select any person he may desire as his executor but that any person in interest can contest the qualification of such executor if he is incompetent or dishonest, and the courts have power to refuse the qualification of an executor or can remove him after qualification for proper cause. We do not think the wife can compel her husband to deed his property, or any part, of it, to her.



The Family Doctor

The remedies and advice here given are intended only for simple cases; serious cases should be taken to your local doctor.

Address: The Family Doctor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. Sign your true name and give your address. Name will not be published.

Mrs. F. W. L., Mt. Sterling, Ill.—You have, no doubt, chronic catarrhal deafness, and the only thing for you to do is to have intelligent local treatment by some good specialist. If you do not have this treatment you will undoubtedly get worse, and finally lose your hearing altogether.

Mrs. M. H., Moultrie, Ga.—It would take a week to answer all the questions you have asked, but they can be grouped and answered as follows: For removing the hairs, anywhere, the only sure treatment is the electric needle in skilled hands. Your general symptoms, dizziness, weakness, etc., can be helped by the use of a good tonic, such as Basham's mixture, taken in tablespoonful doses after meals. For the dandruff, wash the hair with some good tar soap and apply every other day a two per cent lotion of resorcin in grain alcohol. The tonic will improve your memory as you regain your strength. For the blackheads, steam the face and apply at night lotio alba, which can be obtained at any drug store.

Mrs. H. O. C., Scarbro, West Va.—Ovarian extract should be used only under the advice of your doctor.

Mrs. A. E., Pollock, Idaho.—You are overworking and have, no doubt, some local trouble due to the birth of child. You should be examined and, if torn, have the tear or tears restored. For the milk leg, try bandaging with a flannel bandage, wear the bandage during the day and remove it at night. You may need glasses and should have eyes examined by some competent party.

Mrs. J. McK.—Bust developers are, as a rule, harmless and no doubt have some effect in developing the bust. Massage with some good cream is advisable and will not hurt the sexual organs at all. Basham's mixture is best for a tonic. Take one tablespoonful in water after meals.

Mrs. E. W., Independence, Oregon.—You had better have your eyes examined and find out if eye strain has anything to do with the pressure on head, and also take some five-grain assafetida pills after meals for the nervousness.

Mrs. M. M., Larsen, Wis.—A great deal of your trouble is nervousness, and probably some five-grain assafetida pills taken after meals would help you. Also have your back ironed with a hot flatiron. Wring out several thicknesses of flannel in hot mustard water, apply to the back and then iron the back as so as to thoroughly steam the back. This will no doubt stop the backache, and may help you get rid of it entirely.

Mrs. H. D., Peaseville, N. Y.—Don't know anything about the anti-fa remedy suggested. The best way is by a simple diet on alternate days and on other days confining one's self to the skimmed milk diet only. The milk should be taken as follows: one glass in the morning, one at noon, another about four o'clock and the last glass at night, or on retiring. Also exercise is indicated and, as suggested, care in eating starchy foods on the alternate days.

Mrs. S. J., Fulton, Ala.—You, no doubt, have malaria. Better take teaspoonful doses of Huxham's tincture after meals, well diluted. If you cannot get this mixture you might try compound tincture of cinchona in tablespoonful doses.

Mrs. J. L. D., Colorado Springs, Colo.—Try, for the convulsions, five-grain doses of bromide of sodium after meals. Also limit the diet to good digestible food and keep the bowels open.

Mrs. M. H., Detroit, Mich.—Obstruction of the portal circulation of the liver and chronic constipation are the causes of hemorrhoids, or bleeding piles, so-called. If the bleeding is excessive, you had better be examined and, if thought best, be operated on for the hemorrhoids.

Mrs. J. P. P., Belham, Ga.—You can get cocobutter at any drug store as well as Basham's mixture.

The Bee Cell Supporter

A BOON TO WOMANKIND
Made from the purest, softest rubber.
Six cups or faces render misplacement absolutely impossible. Endorsed by the medical profession. Send us \$2.50 and we will mail you one postpaid in plain package. Money back if not entirely satisfactory. Write for descriptive circular. It's FREE.

The Bee Cell Co., Dept. 166 White Bldg., Buffalo, N. Y.

Don't Wear a Truss

We Guarantee Your Comfort
with every Brooks' Appliance.
New discovery. Wonderful. No obnoxious springs or pads. Automatic Air Cushions. Bands and draw the broken parts together as you would a broken limb. No salves. No plasters. No lies. Durable, cheap. Sent on trial to prove it. Full information and booklet free.
C. E. BROOKS
167 J State St., Marshall, Mich.

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18.)

circus tent to see what's going on without paying the price we all must pay to see the whole show, and that is death and the undertaker's bill. My advice is to let this thing alone. If there is life after death, death will come soon enough for you to realize all the facts, and if death means annihilation, then look what a lot of time you have wasted and what a lot of foolishness you have indulged in. The people who want to poke their noses into the next world are like the baby who wants to make a hole in the drum to see where the noise comes from. As soon as they get to the next world they will be hauling out their ouija boards and trying to communicate with another world and so on ad infinitum, never getting any real satisfaction out of any world. Dr. Manning, of Holy Trinity Church, New York, says that in the old Testament, the Jews were distinctly forbidden to try to communicate with the dead. And the mind of the Christian Church has always been against it. "The darkened room, the tipping of tables, the mystery, the medium, which may prove to be fraudulent, do not seem to be in harmony with a high and holy purpose." Dr. Manning asks if these alleged communications have added anything to our knowledge of life beyond the grave and most emphatically denies that they have. He asserts in many cases, spiritism produces positive injury to body, mind and morals: "The evidence does not show," he says, "that spiritism has any tendency to bring people to a deeper sense of their duty to God and a truer faith in Jesus Christ." Dr. Frank Crane says: "Most of the spirit messages are piddling. It is medieval. It bears the same relation to intelligent faith that astrology does to astronomy. It is the collapse of the mind, the childish confusion of the soul. For the strong it is of no use, for the weak it is that way madness lies." Sir William Barrett in "On the Threshold of the Unseen," says: "It is the weakening of the sense of personal responsibility that constitutes, in my opinion, the chief peril of spiritism. Hence your gates need to be guarded with jealous care, even the level-headed should walk warily, and the excitable and emotional should have nothing to do with it, for the fascination of the subject is like candle to moths, it attracts and burns the silly, the credulous and the crazy." In short, it is spook stuff.

League Shut-In and Mercy Work for June

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these ye have done it unto Me."

Written references from doctor and postmaster must positively accompany all appeals from shut-ins. Appeals unaccompanied by written references will be destroyed.

Mrs. Furley Mollett, Davisport, Ky. Sick, aged, blind and poor. Send her some of the sympathy that buys bread. Mrs. Lucinda Purdy, Stuart, R. R. 5, Va. Crippled from rheumatism. No means of support. Would appreciate second-hand clothing and any assistance you care to send her. Callie D. Barefoot, Four Oaks, N. C. Invalid for many years. Send her some cheer. Mrs. Mattie E. Leake, Spencer, Va. Widow, with one small boy, five years of age. Sick from rheumatism for a number of years and unable to work. Would appreciate second-hand clothing and any assistance you care to send her. No means of support. Well recommended. Miss Carrie Hall, Strieby, N. C. Cripple, 17 years of age. Would be grateful for second-hand clothing, reading matter and anything you care to send her. John Robinson, Buffalo Poor Farm, Springfield, Ill. Sixty-five years of age. Almost blind. Send him some cheer. Mrs. Jennie Agee, Spencer, R. R. 1, Box 35, Va. Sick, poor and needy. Do not forget her. Mrs. Polly Carter, Price, R. R. 2, N. C. Widow, 75 years of age. Sick, poor and alone. Would be grateful for second-hand clothing, also some financial assistance. Well recommended.

Be good and you'll be happy. The only way to be good is to do good. Faith without works is dead. Prayers, tracts and sympathy are all right but it takes money to buy bread. Christianity that is not practical cuts no ice in heaven or on earth. Now I've told you what to do. Open your hearts as well as your pocket-books if you want a blessing.

Lovingly yours,

Uncle Charlie

Comfort's League of Cousins

The League of Cousins was founded as a means of bringing the scattered members of COMFORT'S immense circle of readers into one big, happy family. Its aim is to promote a feeling of kinship and relationship among all readers.

Membership is restricted to COMFORT subscribers and costs fifty-five cents, only five cents more than the regular subscription to COMFORT which is included. The fifty-five cents makes you a member of the League, and gives you an attractive League button with the letters "C. L. O. C."—a handsome certificate of membership with your name engraved thereon, and the privilege of having your name in the letter list, also a paid-in-advance subscription to COMFORT. You continue a League member as long as you keep up your subscription to COMFORT. There are no annual dues, so after you have once joined all you have to do to keep in good standing is to keep your subscription to COMFORT paid up.

How to become a Member

Send fifty-five cents to COMFORT'S Subscription Department, Augusta, Maine with your request to be admitted into COMFORT'S LEAGUE OF COUSINS, and you will at once receive the League button and your membership certificate and number; you will also receive COMFORT for one year if you are a new subscriber; but if you are already a subscriber your subscription will be renewed or extended one full year beyond date of expiration.

The League has over forty thousand members, undoubtedly is the greatest society of young people on earth. Address all letters to COMFORT, Augusta, Maine, and they will promptly reach the head of the department for which they are intended.

Uncle Charlie's Poems the Funniest He Ever Read!

So says Harry L. Aten, Sugarloaf, Pa., and he thinks "So Did I," which, night after night, makes hundreds of people explode in laughter, the funniest of Uncle Charlie's Poems. You can secure a volume bound in cloth, containing within its covers the best of Uncle Charlie's life work, a touching sketch of his life and pictures of himself and assistants, for only three one-year subscribers to COMFORT at 50 cents each. Here is an ideal present for young or old. Don't deprive the young folks of a volume that will keep them and all the rest of the family happy for the balance of their lives. Work for it today.

Uncle Charlie's Songs Are Just the Thing for a Summer's Night!

When you sit on the veranda after a hard day's work—Uncle Charlie's Songs, soft, dreamy and melodious, or cute, funny and catchy, will bring joy to the heart and rest to the weary limbs. Why deprive yourselves of these melodious gems, songs for every and all occasions; full music for voice and piano; a handsome folio with splendid pictures of Uncle Charlie, when two subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each will secure these songs, the very things you have been looking for. Poems and Song Book free for a club of five. Work for them today.

UNCLE CHARLIE'S
Poems and Story Book, cloth bound, 50 cents each. Song Book 10 cents. Address: UNCLE CHARLIE, care COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

No More Wrinkles

BEAUTIFUL FIGURE
Superfluous Hair Vanishes Like Magic.
Eyelashes Beautified

Pimples and Blackheads Removed Forever
Let this woman send you free, everything she agrees, and beautify your face and form quickly.



This clever woman has not a wrinkle upon her face; she has perfected a marvelous, simple method which brought a wonderful change in her face. For removing wrinkles, her method is truly wonderfully rapid. She made herself the woman she is today and brought about the wonderful change in her appearance in a pleasant manner. Her complexion is as clear and fair as that of a child. She had thin, scrawny eye-lashes and eyebrows, which could scarcely be seen, and she made them long, thick and beautiful by her own methods and removed every blackhead and pimple from her face. Nothing is taken into the stomach, no common massage, no harmful plasters, no worthless creams.

By her new process, she removes wrinkles and develops the whole figure plump and fat. It is simply astonishing the hundreds of women who write in regarding the wonderful results from this new beauty treatment, which is beautifying their face and form after beauty doctors and other methods failed. She has thousands of letters on file like the following:

Mrs. M. L. B. Albin, Miss. writes: "I have used your beauty treatment with wonderful success. I have not a wrinkle on my face now and it is also improving my complexion, which has always troubled me with pimples and blackheads. My weight was 112 pounds before taking your treatment and now I weigh 117, a gain of 5 pounds. Your treatment is a God send to all the women. I am so grateful you may even use my letter if you wish."

The valuable new beauty book which Madame Clara is sending free to thousands of women is certainly a blessing to women.

All our readers should write her at once and she will tell you absolutely free; about her various new beauty treatments and will show our readers:

How to remove wrinkles in 8 hours;
How to make long, thick eye-lashes and eyebrows;
How to remove superfluous hair;
How to remove blackheads, pimples and freckles;
How to remove dark circles under the eyes;
How to quickly remove double chin;
How to build up sunken cheeks and add flesh to the body;
How to darken gray hair and stop hair falling;
How to stop forever perspiration odor.

Simply address your letter to Helen Clara, Suite A 354, 3511 Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill., and don't send any money, because particulars are free, as this charming woman is doing her utmost to benefit girls or women in need of information which will add to their beauty and make life sweeter and lovelier in every way.

BIG VALUE for 10 Cts.

6 Songs, words and music; 25 Pictures Pretty Girls; 40 Ways to Make Money; 1 Joke Book; 1 Book on Love; 1 Magic Book; 1 Book Letter Writing; 1 Dream Book and Fortune Teller; 1 Cook Book; 1 Base Ball Book, gives rules for games; 1 Toy Maker Book; Language of Flowers; 1 Morse Telegraph Alphabet; 12 Chemical Experiments; Magic Age Table; Great North Pole Game; 100 Conundrums; 3 Puzzles; 12 Games; 30 Verses for Autograph Albums. All the above by mail for 10 cts. and 2 cts. postage. ROYAL SALES CO., Box 118, South Norwalk, Conn.

LOOK UP YOUR BEST.

Make smooth white arms, face and neck in spite of sallowness, blotches, freckles, blackheads etc. If you want to be charming and attractive—Don't pay 50c but send 10c at once for sealed Package, which will transform your appearance instantly. Warranted TOILET COMPOUND CO. Box 1927A, Boston, Mass.

Grow Ginseng. Roots sell for \$15.00 lb. Package Seeds \$1.00. Mich. Ginseng Co., St. Joseph, Mich.

CARDS, Dico, Magic Goods, Novelties, Catalog Free. D. M. SMYTHE Co., Newark, Mo.

UNCLE CHARLIE'S LIFE & IN PICTURES

Uncle Charlie's Picture Book
Good as a Visit to His Home

Visit Uncle Charlie in his famous chicken coop and see how he lives and works. Big, beautiful, full page, half-tone cuts equal to photographs, that show Uncle Charlie and his charming assistants Maria and the Goat in every phase of their busy lives. See Uncle Charlie sitting in a chair for first time in nineteen years, and get a peep at his big son, mother, school and church, and see him as an actor playing many parts. A beautiful, intensely interesting, artistic book, 4 by 7 1/4 inches, free for two subs. at 50c. each—one dollar in all.



Or Help Wanted! the funniest story ever written. 160 pages of mirth and merriment, pathos and tears, illustrated and beautifully bound in silk cloth, stiff covers, gold topped. Free for three subs at 50c. each—one dollar and fifty cents in all.

Also bound in heavy fancy blue paper covers for only two subs at 50c. each—one dollar in all. Ideal birthday presents. COMFORT'S greatest premium bargains. Work for them today. Secure one or both of these superb souvenirs of this remarkable man who devotes his time and talents to the service of humanity. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Note. Full particulars of how to secure Uncle Charlie's splendid poems and song book will be found at the end of the League of Cousins Department.

The Emporium of Bargains and Opportunities

Pithy Little Advertisements that are Interesting, Instructive and Profitable to Read, for they put you wise to the newest and best in the market and keep you in touch with the world's progress.

AGENTS WANTED

Agents \$40 a week selling guaranteed hosiery for men, women and children. Must wear 12 months or replaced free. Agents having wonderful success. Thomas Mfg. Co., 2219 North St., Dayton, Ohio.

Sell Inlay Tyres, inner armour for auto tires. doubles mileage, prevents punctures and blow-outs, big profits. Details Free. American Accessories Co., Dept. 1110, Cincinnati.

Agents—Big Summer Seller. Something new; concentrated soft drinks. Just add water; delicious drinks in a jiffy—anytime, anywhere. Big sellers for home, picnics, parties, socials, etc. Guaranteed under pure food laws. Carry in pocket. Agents earning money \$2 to \$12 a day. Write for free outfit offer today. American Products Co., 2124 American Bldg., Cincinnati, O.

We Start You In Business, furnishing everything; men and women, \$30 to \$100 weekly operating our "New System Candy Factories" home anywhere. Booklet free. William Ragsdale, East Orange, N. J.

Sell what millions want. New, wonderful Liberty Portraits—Creates tremendous interest—Absolutely different—Unique; Enormous demand—30 hours' service. Liberal credit. Outfit and catalogue free. \$100 weekly profit easy. Consolidated Portrait Co., Dept. 14 1036 W. Adams St., Chicago.

Agents—Waterproof Apron. All sizes. No laundering, always clean, durable. Big Profits. Sells in every home. Write for samples. Parker Mfg. Co., 117 Call St., Dayton, Ohio.

Agents—Write for big soap offer. Quick seller. Big Money Maker. Ho-Ro-Co, 131 Locust St., St. Louis, Mo.

Agents: \$50 a week taking orders for Guaranteed Shoes for men, women and children. Must give satisfaction or replaced free. Brand new proposition. Write quick for territory and samples. Thomas Shoe Co., 3619 North St., Dayton, Ohio.

We Start You without a Dollar. Soaps, Extracts, Perfumes—Toilet Goods. Experience unnecessary. Carnation Co., 31 So. Main, St. Louis.

Agents—Make a Dollar an Hour. Sell Mendets, a patent patch for instantly mending leaks in all utensils. Sample package free. Collette Mfg. Co., Dept. 462-B, Amsterdam, N.Y.

The Prosperous agent is a Davis agent. Line up for the Big Bash—\$40—\$60 weekly. "Lucky 11" and our 37 other varieties out store price 1/2. Worth 100% to 200% for you. Davis Products Co., Dept. 608, Chicago, Ill.

Agents: Sell Neverfail Iron Rust and Stain Remover. Huge profits. Big line. Sample. Write today. Sanford-Beal Co., Inc., Newark, N. Y., Dept. D.

Agents get our big money maker monogramming Autos, etc., by transfer method. Catalog and particulars free. Motorists' Accessories Co., Mansfield, Ohio.

Photo Pillow Tops, Portraits, Frames, Sheet Pictures, Medallions, Patriotic Pictures, and Portraits. War Books. Prompt shipment; samples & cat. free to agents. 30 days credit. Jas. C. Bailey Co., Desk T 3, Chicago, Illinois.

Agents: Sell our accident and sickness policies in your spare time. Pay \$6,000 death, \$25 weekly benefit. Premium \$10 yearly. Permanent income from renewals. Easy seller. Liberal commissions. Insurance Co., Dept. P-10, Newark, N. J.

Sell Necessities. Everybody needs and buys the "Business Guide." Bryant cleared \$300.00 in July. Send for sample. It's Free. Nichols Co., Box 68, Naperville, Ill.

AGENTS WANTED

Biggest Money-Maker in America. I want 100 men and women quick to take orders for raincoats, raincap and waterproof aprons. Thousands of orders waiting for you. \$2.00 an hour for spare time. McDonough made \$513.00 in one month. Nissen \$19.00 in three hours. Purviance \$207.00 in seven days. \$6,000 a year profit for eight average orders a day. No delivering or collecting. Beautiful coat free. No experience or capital required. Write quick for information. Comer Manufacturing Co., Dept. J-127, Dayton, Ohio.

Sell Soft Drinks—Make \$10 to \$50 day. Just add cold water to our preparations and you have most delicious drinks you ever tasted. Ten kinds, Orangeade, Grape, Cherry, etc. Details 30 big glasses 25c. 50c clear profit selling by the glass. Ball Games, Fairs, Picnics, Dances, etc. Big Money selling various sizes to families, stores, stands. Send 10c for ten glass package and particulars postpaid. Morrissey Company, 4424 Madison St., Chicago.

Sanitary Wire-grip Brushes, Dustless Mops, Dustless Furniture Dusters, Automobile Brushes, etc., are the big money-makers of the year. Exclusive territory for live salespeople. North Ridge Brush Co., 18 Clark St., Freeport, Ill.

Here's a Winner. Patented Spring Maid Fire House Broom. Absolutely different. Exclusive features make it big seller, \$65 a week easy. Particulars Free. Sample \$1.50. Sterling Products Co., Inc., 42 S. Desplaine, Chicago.

Agents: \$100 Weekly. Automobile owners everywhere wild with enthusiasm. Marvelous invention—doubles power, mileage, efficiency. Saves ten times its cost. Sensational sales everywhere. Territory going like wild-fire. \$26 Sample Outfit and Ford Car free. Write quick. L. Ballway, Dept. 113, Louisville, Ky.

HELP WANTED

Men over 17, wanted. Railway Mail Clerks. \$110 month. List free. Franklin Institute, Dept. T12, Rochester, N. Y.

SALESMEN WANTED

Our men earn from \$150 to \$500 per month selling wonderful series of uncensored stereographs of the late World War. Everybody interested—a sure money maker—endorsed by men like Edison. Exclusive territory contract to live wires. Write today. Underwood & Underwood, Inc., Dept. B, 417 5th Ave., New York.

Salesmen—City or Traveling. Experience unnecessary. Send for list of lines and full particulars. Prepare in spare time to earn the big salaries—\$2,500 to \$10,000 a year. Employment services rendered members. National Salesmen's Training Association, Dept. F167, Chicago, Ill.

Sell Tires direct to car owner. 30 x 3 non-skid \$11.75. Tubes \$2.25; other sizes in proportion. Guaranteed 6,000 miles on liberal adjustment basis. Big commissions paid weekly. Experience or capital unnecessary. Auto Tire Clearing House, 1554 West 16th, Chicago.

Tobacco Factory wants salesmen; \$125.00 monthly and expenses for the right man. Experience unnecessary, as we give complete instructions. Piedmont Tobacco Co., R-19, Danville, Va.

POULTRY

Day Old Chicks for sale. Thousands per week. Better hatched, vigorous chicks. Circular Free. Old Honesty Hatchery, Dept. C, New Washington, Ohio.

Baby Chicks. Hatched and delivered right. 23 varieties. Catalog free. Mammoth Hatchery, Box 204, Glen Ellyn, Ill.

STAMPING NAMES

Stamp Names on key checks. Make \$15 per 100. Send 25c for sample and inst. Either Sex. C. Keytag Co., Cohoes, N. Y.

INVENTIONS

Inventions Wanted. Cash or royalty for ideas. Adam Fisher Mfg. Co., 91, St. Louis, Mo.

HELP—MALE AND FEMALE

Earn \$25 Weekly, writing for newspapers, magazines. Experience unnecessary; details Free. Press Syndicate, 461, St. Louis, Mo.

HONEY

Finest Quality Clover Honey. 30 lb. can \$8.50. 10 lb. cans \$2, and 5 lb. cans 30 cents per pound. Every order carefully packed and promptly shipped. Sample 15 cents. Price list free. M. V. Facey, Preston, Minn.

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\$35 Profit Nightly. Small Capital starts you, no experience needed. Complete outfit sold on easy installments. Atlas Moving Picture Co., 448 Morton Bldg., Chicago.

Make Money Fast. Small capital buys professional machine and complete outfit. Easy payments. No experience required. Openings everywhere. Catalog free. Monarch Theatre Supply Co., Dept. 529, Address nearest office. Ellsworth Bldg., Chicago. 420 Market, St. Louis, Mo. 228 Union, Memphis, Tenn.

MISCELLANEOUS

Verse Writers! Expert Criticism. Let me help you. Short poem \$1.00. E.D. Kramer, Westminster, Maryland.

Genuine Hoopa Indian Baskets. Fine souvenirs—almost a lost art. A few rare caps left. Fox, Willow Creek, Humboldt Co., Calif.

Best pre-school educational system in world. \$5 cash and 3c a day. At home. Send 10c for literature. 219 Monasnock Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

Look. Pure Homepun Tobacco 50c a pound. Sample 10c. Lewis Armstrong & Co., Duke-don, Tenn.

FARMS FOR SALE

150-Acre Farm With 2 Horses, 16 Cattle and Brood sow, poultry, wagons, machinery, cream separator, tools, stove wood; splendid community, near town, beautiful lake; machine-worked fields cut 60 tons hay; 20-cow spring-watered pasture; valuable wood, 400 sugar maples; 8-room house, spring water, maple shade; big basement barn, silo, other fine buildings; owner called away. \$6,000 takes all, easy terms. Details page 14 Strout's Catalog Farm Bargains 35 States, copy free. Strout Farm Agency, 150 BQ, Nassau St., New York City.

Want to hear from party having farm for sale, give particulars and lowest price. John J. Black, Comfort St., Chippewa Falls, Wis.

PATENT ATTORNEYS

Patents—Write for free Guide Book and Evidence of Conception Blank. Send model or sketch and description for free opinion of its patentable nature. Highest References. Prompt Service. Reasonable Terms. Victor J. Evans & Co., 641 Ninth, Washington, D. C.

Inventors—Desiring to secure patent should write for our book, "How To Get Your Patent," send model or sketch and description for opinion of its patentable nature. Randolph & Co., Dept. 112, Washington, D. C.

Patents Promptly Procured. Personal, Careful and Efficient service. Highest references. Moderate fees. Send Sketch or Model for actual search and advice. George F. Kim-mel, Master of Patent Law, 270 Loan & Trust Bldg., Washington, D. C.

Patents—Send for free book. Contains valuable information for inventors. Send sketch of your invention for Free Opinion of its patentable nature. Prompt service. (Twenty years experience). Talbert & Talbert, 4206 Talbert Bldg., Washington, D. C.

MALE HELP WANTED

All men, women, boys, girls, over 18, willing to accept Government Positions, \$108.33, write immediately, Ozment, 194, St. Louis.

Firemen, Brakemen, Baggage-men \$140—\$200 Colored Porters by Railroads everywhere. Experience unnecessary. \$28 By. Bureau, East St. Louis, Ill.

Be an Expert Penman; Wonderful Device guides your hand; corrects your writing in few days. Complete Outline Free. Write C. J. Ozment, 68, St. Louis, Mo.

Auto Experts—\$75 week. Earn while learning. Sample lessons free. Franklin Institute, Dept. T810, Rochester, N. Y.

FEMALE HELP WANTED

Ladies earn money crocheting, sewing, tatting, making aprons, and caps from our especially designed economical patterns. Apron and cap sets made \$30.00 per doz. Material supplied. No canvassing. Send 35c for the patterns—returned if desired. Kenwood Pattern Co., 6236 S. Park Ave., Chicago.

Women—Be Dress Designers. \$150 month. Sample lessons free. Write. Franklin Institute, Dept. T 831, Rochester, N. Y.

Ladies Make Your Own Hats. Individual lessons by mail. Beautiful Mid-Summer Hat Free. Chicago School of Millinery, Dept. C, 105 W. Monroe St., Chicago.

Wanted—Women Railway Mail Clerks. Average \$140 month. Particulars, write. Franklin Institute, Dept. T9, Rochester, N. Y.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

"How to Win" is the story you can get by addressing postcard to Abner Davis, Fort Worth, Texas.

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Photoplay Ideas Wanted By 48 Companies. \$25-\$500 paid. Experience unnecessary; details Free. Producers League, 311, St. Louis.

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Old coins wanted. 24 page buying catalogue, 10c. A. Kraus, Kraus Building, Milwaukee, Wis.

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Wanted—Men and women ambitious to make money writing Stories and Movie Plays. Send for wonderful Free Book that tells how. Address Authors' Press, Dept. 31, Auburn, N. Y.

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Special Trial Offer. Your next Kodak film developed 5c. Prints 2c each. Moser & Son, 2122 St. James Ave., Cincinnati, O.

For 10c we will develop and furnish prints from one 6 or 8 exposure film, or enlargement 5 x 7 your favorite negative 10c to show quality and service. Associated Photo Company, 814 A. 16, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Kodakers—Your money back if we fail to convince you that our enlarging and finishing of films excel what you are now getting. You can't lose. It's worth a trial. Your next film and 25c, and we will surprise you. Better do it now. Moreau's Photo Finishing Service, (Established 26 years) 622 Nicollet Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.

Special Offer—Your next Kodak Film Developed 10c and first six prints 2c each. Best workmanship. 24 hour service. Enclose money with order. Write for price list "G". Johnston & Tunick, 63 Nassau Street, New York.

Kodak Films developed, any size 5c each. Prints, any size, 3c each. This is not a special trial offer, but our regular price. Superior service. Locke & Co., 279 Ludlow Ave., Cincinnati.

World's Finest Kodak Prints, all in frames. New, never seen before. Trial roll dev. 5c prints to each. Malden Art Co., 5, Cin., O.

Why trust amateurs with your valuable films? Mail to professional photographers. 6 prints for 10 cents. Developing free. French Studio, Union City, Michigan.

Mail Us 20c with any size film for development and six velvet prints. Or send 8 negatives any size and 20c for 6 prints. Roanoke Photo Finishing Co., 228 Bell Ave., Roanoke, Va.

POULTRY PET STOCK ETC.

Raise Rabbits. We pay up to \$10 each. Contract and book 15c. Co-operative Supply Co., Dept. 26, St. Francis, Wis.

Raise Giant Rabbits For Me. I furnish breeders cheap, and buy all you raise at 90 to 95c per pound alive. Hundreds make big money. Send 10c for Breeders Instruction Book, contract, price list, etc. N. Cross, 6407 Ridge, St. Louis, Mo.

STORY WRITERS WANTED

Authors—Stories, poems, photo plays etc. are wanted for publication. Submit Mrs. Literary Bureau, 64, Hannibal, Mo.

MICH. FARM LANDS FOR SALE

Landseekers! Good land opportunities in Antrim and Kalkaska Counties, Mich. Big yields of grains, fruit, truck. No swamps or stones. \$15 to \$35 per A. Easy terms. 10 to 150 A. B. H. markets, schools, churches. Good fishing, hunting, fine climate. Write for free booklet. Be independent. Swigart Land Co., 11246 First Nat'l Bank Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

FARM WANTED

Wanted To hear from owner of good farm for sale. State cash price, full description. D. F. Bush, Minneapolis, Minn.

Two Wheel Chairs in May

556 is COMFORT'S Total to Date

The two May wheel chairs go to Clarence Virgil Hudgins, Fort Spunkie, Texas, 142, and Fannie Margaret Ball, Ellis, La., 82. The figures after their names indicate the number of subscriptions sent in by them or by their friends for them.

Clarence Virgil Hudgins, age 15, was stricken with a fever in infancy which paralyzed his legs and they have never developed but are crooked and twisted and entirely useless so that he has never been able to walk. The upper part of his body is nearly normal and he drags himself along with his arms. He will be able to make good use of his wheel chair which will be a joy to him.

Fannie Margaret Ball, age 5 years, has been crippled from birth by paralysis of her lower limbs. As she can use her arms she will soon learn to get about in her little wheel chair.

Last month I sent out five wheel chairs and the month before six, but this month the subscriptions warranted an award of only two wheel chairs, as above specified. It is a pity that the wheel-chair subscriptions should fall down so at this season when the unfortunate crippled shut-ins are most in need of wheel chairs to get them out into the air and sunshine.

I know that with the advent of spring you are all very busy with your affairs; but try to spare some time, even in your busy season, to get subscriptions to help provide wheel chairs for the shut-ins.

You will be interested in the following letters of thanks and Roll of Honor.

Sincerely yours,

W. H. GANNETT,

Publisher of COMFORT.

P.S. For the information of our many new subscribers let me explain that for each and every 150 one-year subscriptions to COMFORT, at 50 cents each, sent in either singly or in clubs by persons who direct that they are to be credited to COMFORT'S WHEEL-CHAIR CLUB instead of claiming the premiums to which they would be entitled, I give a FIRST-CLASS INVALID WHEEL CHAIR to some needy crippled shut-in and pay the freight, too. It is a large expensive premium for me to give for that number of subscribers, but I am always glad to do my part a little faster each month than you do yours.

COMFORT Wheel Chair a Joy to This Boy and a Help to His Mother in Caring for Him

Raven Rock, W. Va.

Dear Mr. Gannett:

I wish to thank you and all kind friends who helped get my boy Earl a wheel chair. The first day he had it he wheeled himself into the kitchen. It is a joy to him and a great help to me in taking care of him. I wish you continued success in your good work of helping the cripples.

I will send you Earl's picture as soon as the weather is warm enough to have one taken of him in his wheel chair out-of-doors.

I am gratefully Earl's mother,

(Mrs.) S. F. Johnson.

Everyone Thinks It a Nice Wheel Chair

Pickford, Mich.

Dear Mr. Gannett:

My wheel chair came in good condition and I am enjoying it. Everyone thinks it is nice. I thank you for your kindness and especially for the extra pains you have taken with it.

Truly yours,

Rose Thompson.

COMFORT'S Roll of Honor

The Roll of Honor comprises the names of those who have sent five or more subscriptions, or a dollar or more in money, to credit of the Wheel-Chair Club during the month previous. Following each name is the number of subscriptions sent.

Mrs. B. Robinson, La., for Fannie M. Ball, 80; Mrs. N. J. Weems, Okla., for Virgil Hudgins, 53; William Adlington, W. Va., for own, 21; Miss Goldie Hudgins, Texas, for Virgil Hudgins, 18; Miss Ida Priscock, Miss., for Mrs. Sarah Priscock, 16; Mr. Hurchell Parks, Miss., for Mrs. Sarah Priscock, 15; Lonnie Dillard, Texas, for Virgil Hudgins, 12; Miss Rosalie Koelsch, Okla., for Gladys Junk, 10; Mrs. H. N. Jacobs, Ark., for Mrs. Suda Coleman, 9; L. A. Smith, Ala., for Mrs. Janie Holliman, 8; Mr. Estrell Sullivan, Texas, for George Sullivan, 9; Zelma Sanders, Miss., for Mrs. Sarah Priscock, 8; Mrs. Henry Johnson, Ky., for Eliza

First Time He Knew It

Mrs. Suburbs—"What do you think, John, I found a dime in the craw of the chicken I dressed this morning." Mr. Suburbs—"Well, that's the first time I ever knew there was money in chickens."

Great Stunt

"You seem fascinated." "I was watching that mule twitch his ears." "Eh?"



"If I could do that what a comedian I'd be."—Kansas City Journal.

You Can't Believe a Girl

Evelyn—"Did you tell the reporter that your engagement was a secret?" Edith—"Yes, and the mean thing he never put it in the paper at all."

A Healthful Place

"Doc Gerow," deputy sheriff and dentist, told us a good one on a doctor who had chided a Yarmouth farmer whose first name is Hiram for having his pig pen so near his house. "Don't you think your pen is too near the house for good health?" asked the M. D. "Well," said Hiram, "I don't know. It's been there high on 20 years and I ain't never lost a pig yet."

In the Novels

"Her eyes flashed fire," This in a book. And then: "She froze Him with a look."—Detroit Free Press.

"She dropped her eyes."

The author wrote, Yet they were not Of glass, we note. —Denver Republican.

"She stabbed him with a glance"

—some joke, For, strange to say, He did not creak. —Portland Express.

Always His Fault

Teacher—"I shall not keep you after school, Johnnie. You may go home now." Johnnie—"I don't want to go home. There's a baby just come to our house." Teacher—"You ought to be glad, Johnnie. A dear little baby." Johnnie—"I ain't glad. Pa'll blame me—he blames me for everything."—Stray Stories.

A Seasonable Toast

Here's to woman, may kind Heaven bless her, And furnish the money it takes for to dress her.

Has Her Eyes on Him

"That pretty little widow gave me a box of cigars for my birthday."



"Ah, my boy, beware of widows' weeds!"

Reported Missing in Action

Copyright, 1920, by W. H. Gannett, Pub., Inc.

By Augustin W. Breeden

It was a wild March day. The wind had blown the pink into the buds of the peaches at the little mountain homestead where the Widow Saunders lived with her indigent father and her one daughter, Jewell. And the same wild March wind that had blown the color into the peach buds had blown the bloom into the cheeks of pretty nineteen-year-old Jewell Saunders. Or was it the note she had had that morning from the wild young man, Harold Joyce, telling her that she might expect to see him during the day and to be on the lookout for him, that had made her cheeks so rosy? At any rate, as she followed after her old grandfather and his bony old horse across the flinty steep rows that he was laying off, planting the corn that her mother, coming many rows behind, covered with a dull hoe, her eyes were bright like dew-wet pansies and her cheeks the color of the peach buds.

Every one said that Harold Joyce was wild, but Jewell knew better. True, he rode a horse that few could ride, he was the best shot in the Ozarks and the most daring boatman on the James River, and he walked with a swagger probably due to the fact that he spent so much time in the saddle, and spoke with a slow drawl supposed to indicate a dangerous fondness for a gun trigger; but the girl knew him to be the most tender-hearted of young men. She had once seen him, during the first year she knew him at the Academy of Highlandville, nearly break the back of a bully for mistreating a young boy. She had seen him stop in the midst of a wild chase after a dog and a raccoon to pluck a mid-winter violet. She had seen him sneak candy to the poor Sykes children when every one forgot them at Christmas time, and blush like a girl when he was caught in the act. This big red-headed youth from the lowland might chafe at restraint and scorn to walk between plow handles on his father's rich river farm, but he was incapable of anything coarse or low or trucking. Anyway, Captain Joyce, his father, needed him to watch after his herds of half-wild cattle in the mountains more than he needed him in the field.

As Jewell came over the hump of a hill in the field, she saw Harold waiting at the end of her row—carelessly leaning against the rickety rail fence. She laid down her corn bag and hurried to the fence to meet him.

"I've done it, little girl," he said. "I've decided to go to Canada and enlist. They seem so slow at Washington I'm afraid we'll never declare war and I just can't stand to stay out of it any longer. I'm off in two or three days. You remember your promise?"

"Yes."

"Can you meet me in Gentry day after tomorrow?"

"That's Saturday, isn't it, and the day Mamma sends the butter and eggs; but, Harold, I—I've nothing nice enough to be married in."

"I'll get you the best rig in town."

"Harold, you know I couldn't let you do that. Besides, Harrie, everybody would know; and you know you said it would be a secret wedding. You can't imagine how Mamma and Grandpa hate your father and you and all you low country people on account of this range war. They think you have no right to graze your cattle in the mountains and they call your father an aristocrat because he was an officer in the Confederate army. You know us mountaineers all fought on the other side."

"I know. And they say I'm wild. That I carry a pistol on my hip. If I didn't, some of these people would poison my cattle and shoot

me in the big road. But the wedding shall be secret. You're nineteen; you have the right."

"Yes, but they want me to marry my cousin Jim. Jim's a good boy, but I don't love him, and I saw him run that night of the dance on Dry Creek when the Rock County crowd got to shooting. I could never marry a man that is gun-shy."

"Then I tell you what you do. You come to that dance on Indian Ridge tomorrow night. I'll ride to Highlandville tomorrow and get the license and a preacher and two witnesses that will play shut mouth afterwards. It's not a quarter of a mile from where the dance is to the county line, so we'll marry in Rock County. Jim will bring you to the dance, and you and I can slip out between sets and be married when we get back. Coming?"

"Yes."

"Oh, you brave, brave little girl!" The young man caught the slim young girl to him across the fence and their troth was plighted.

"Jewell, Jewell." It was the mother calling. The old grandfather had turned the row and his horse's head could be seen coming over the hill.

"Poor Grandpa," said the girl, answering something in her own thoughts. "He is so feeble and we are so poor."

"I want you to keep Buster and Drum Boy and, and Dixie Kid for me while I am gone."

"But Harold—I will keep your dogs, of course—that would be a wife's duty, but the horse Dixie Kid—it might seem like—"

"I'll fix it O. K. Remember, tomorrow night!" Harold leaped upon Dixie Kid and galloped away.

"What you lookin' so pink and so foolish fur?" inquired the mother later, coming up with her hoe. "Hey you ben talking to that low down Joyce boy? I seed him ridin' away."

"Yes, Mother, I've been talking to him. He—he's going away."

"That's no news; he's allus goin' away some'er's when he ain't coming back. What's he goin' this time? Rock County or the Indian Nation?"

"He's going to war, Mother. He says he thinks any honest man ought to get on over there and help the Belgians and French; so he's going."

"An' good riddance of bad rubbish," snapped the mother.

The girl did not reply. Instead she dutifully dropped her eyes and started across the rocky field, dropping seed corn.

So it was that Jewell Saunders rode back from the dance on Indian Ridge with a ring on her finger that she had not worn going over, and which she was careful to conceal from her amorous cousin and all others; and Sunday morning the Saunders household awoke to find Dixie Kid grazing in their pasture lot with a note tied to his mane stating that Harold Joyce was lending him to Mrs. Saunders till he should get back from overseas. And tied not far from the Saunders cabin, and whining to be untied, were Buster and Drum Boy, but with no note tied to them; for no true mountaineer is ever unkind to a stray dog.

That was in March, 1917, and two weeks later the United States declared war. So Harold did not have to enlist in Canada, after all. In August of that year he passed through Paris on his way up to the Toul sector, where the Americans, a pitiful handful, were training for later efficiency. In the early fall he was transferred to the engineers, and following the battle of Cambrai he was reported "Missing in Action."

Not that he was reported soon after the big

battle was fought; the news came slowly, percolating through, drop by drop. In November, Jewell had a letter from him written in August. In December she had a letter saying he had been up at the front and found it "interesting." His mother also had three letters from him written at different times, but arriving in December. Jewell rode Dixie Kid to the big Joyce plantation and the mother showed her the letters. Then on New Year's Day the word came, "Missing in Action." On the same day that the girl got the news by way of the Joyce plantation she also got a very cheerful letter from Harold written a week before the battle of Cambrai. It seemed to the tearful girl as if she could see her husband and sweetheart alive before her as she read his brave words.

That day she got upon Dixie Kid and rode madly across the hills in the bitter winter wind. In the late afternoon, under a fiery winter sunset she met Harold's mother also riding madly across the hills. They stopped and talked.

"He was the best one of my boys," said the mother.

"He was the kindest hearted young man I ever met," said the girl.

"He scorned a lie," said the mother.

"He was the truest friend I ever had," said the girl.

"He often spoke of you to me," said the mother. "And of you to me," replied the girl.

"Missing in action," repeated the older woman to herself. "It is hard to bear. I could almost wish he were reported killed outright."

"Wasn't the report 'wounded and missing in action'?" asked the girl, with tears in her voice.

"Yes, I have a letter from a comrade of his, who said he left him in a shell hole. My brave boy begged him to run for it and save himself. You see, Harrie was wounded in the leg. The comrade left him, hoping later to return with help and bring him out of the zone of fire. But the Germans took the ground, and later when our men returned my boy was not there."

"He will be found," said the girl with a brave lift of the head. "He will be found alive."

"I have given up hope," replied the mother.

"I have been in almost daily communication with the War Office. They hold out no hope."

Thus the two, the bereaved young wife and the bereaved old mother, met and parted.

The girl rode toward home with her head held high and her eyes bright, but not merely with tears. The next morning she rode through a blinding snowstorm to the cabin where her cousin Jim was holding down a small land claim and keeping back.

"Jim," she said, "you're not making anything here, are you?"

"Not much."

"I thought not. Dixie Kid here is a good plow horse if he is a bit wild under the saddle. With him and Grandpa's old horse you could make a fine crop on our place, now couldn't you?"

"I shore could."

"Jim, what is your classification in the draft?"

"A 1, but I'm tryin' to git hit changed."

"I'll tell you how you can get it changed," persuaded the girl. "I'll lend you Dixie Kid. You come and support my mother and yourn and my grandfather. As the only support of your aunt and grandfather, you will never have to go overseas."

Jim's eyes gleamed. He thought he read more in the girl's words than she had spoken. "An' I'll support you too, gladly," he said with a sheepish grin.

"Me too?" asked the girl archly. "Now that is kind, but perhaps I can support myself for a time yet. You'll come and live with us?"

"I'll come tomorrow."

The next day Jewell rode Dixie to Gentry. She went to her old friend Tom Manning, who was in the lively business.

"What'll you give me for this saddle?" she asked.

"Why that's Harold Joyce's saddle, ain't it?"

"Sure is, or rather was. He gave it to me. What'll you give me for it?"

"Forty dollars."

"It's yours," said the girl, with a laugh. "And how much for this lariat and plaited horsehair bridle?"

"Eight, seein' hit's you."

"They're yours," repeated the girl.

Six weeks later found the girl on board the Touraine, a French liner, sailing for France with two dozen other girls and women young and old. Her progress had been difficult but swift. With a letter from the wife of Captain Joyce she had gone to St. Louis and applied for training in a hospital, but learning how slow that was as a method of getting overseas, she had at once gone on to New York. There she had called, always with her letter, on the three institutions she knew of, the public library, the Y. W. C. A., and the Butterick Pattern Company. At each place they had been kind to her, but offered no immediate way for her to achieve her desire. Then one night she was tramping footsore and discouraged toward her hotel and she passed a Salvation Army singing in the street. They were singing:

"We'll go over, yes, go over,
To the boys beyond the seas,
And we'll tell them there of Jesus,
And their troubles we will ease.
We'll go over, we're going over,
And we won't come back so long as we can please."

Then and there she set in to convince the kindly-faced matron that she "could please" by baking for the boys the finest kind of biscuit. And so on board the Touraine she went over. The war was now on in earnest. The news of the sinking of the Tuscania had gone over the country like wildfire. Every organization was straining to do its best, and the Salvation Army was in the forefront. The party that Jewell was with landed at Bordeaux, they were whirled up to Paris, they were rushed out to the Toul Sector in motor lorries.

Jewell had a sad but delicious feeling as she reflected that she was probably riding through the same streets and looking at the same houses that Harold had looked at only a few months before. Then she received the surprise of her life. The head of the committee which at Toul came out to receive their party was Mrs. Joyce, Harold's mother.

Then it was that Jewell, who had kept a tight mouth and told no one of her secret marriage and her secret sorrow, wept upon Mrs. Joyce's shoulder and told her all.

"You dear, dear child," wept the mother. "I thought myself a heroine for coming over, but no longer. You are the heroine. Do you realize you will sometimes be under fire?"

"Am I better than Harold?" asked the girl simply. "He went under fire!"

Events happened rapidly that spring in Europe. The two women had hardly settled together in a little room, when they were ordered farther west in the Champagne district. And on March 21, exactly a year from the day the girl was married and her soldier husband marched away, she received her first baptism of fire. All day long and then all night long the brave mountain girl celebrated the anniversary of her wedding by serving hot chocolate and biscuit to the wounded but cheerful men streaming back from the firing line. And all day and all night the shells screamed and burst in fireworks overhead like forty thousand Fourth of July rolled into one. At first the girl felt herself exhilarated



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Try this big, fluffy mop. \$1.50, worth double. At all dealers. Sold on approval.

BUFFALO SPECIALTY CO., 335 Ellicott St., Buffalo, N. Y.

Note:—Have you tried Liquid Veneer? If not, send for Liberal Trial Bottle and story of the \$150,000 World Champion Cow, all free.



by it all and then she had a visitation of what a bombardment could mean. The canteen was hit, and three girls, all acquaintances of hers, were killed.

The second night, what was worse, the Americans were forced to fall back. They started back, the soldiers protesting, the officers insisting. For four hours of shell-lit darkness in a blinding snow, the red cross lassies retreated with their soldier men. Part of the time clinging to bumping or creeping auto trucks, most of the time walking like good soldiers that the wounded might ride.

Then at midnight, there was a mixup, a battle, a skirmish, what you will. The Germans maneuvered a flank attack. Horror reigned in the darkness for perhaps half an hour, and at the end of it, Mother Joyce and Jewell, and a badly wounded Red Cross woman whom neither had seen before, found themselves prisoners under a German guard.

I shall not attempt to reveal all the horror and mental anxiety through which these women passed. One week later at Coblenz, the Red Cross woman died of her wounds. The other two were kept in a small city on the Saar, wholly among strangers, constantly under guard. They got no news from the outside world. They were not permitted to be visited either by the Spanish or Swiss authorities who were looking after the mercy work among prisoners in Germany. They were simply under the guard of the mayor and police of the little city, where they were permitted to live. They heard that Paris was taken. They were told that the channel ports had one after another fallen to the Germans.

In America, they were reported "Missing in Action" just as Harold had been so reported before them. The younger woman stayed constantly in the presence of the elder. At night they had to endure the sight of the mayor stationed outside their window and pressing his face to the glass and looking in from time to time, and in bad weather one was quartered in the little front entrance hall of their tiny house. They were not permitted to curtain their windows.

In July their worst annoyance began. An officer, a great German beast of perhaps forty-five, began to try to force his attentions upon Jewell. "Why not marry me, my little frau?" he begged. "You two will have to spend your days in de Vaterland anyway. Fy not become mine wife?"

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